EXCLUSIVE

★★★★ A New Gallup Poll Spotlights What American Youth Thinks About War, Religion, Jobs, Sex, Parents, Education and Themselves

The Saturday Evening POST

Combined Issues Dec. 23, Dec. 30, 1961

20¢

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Right!...the first car of its kind has the first V-8 of its kind!

The car is the Ford Fairlane 500 . . . so new you've never seen anything else like it . . . so fine you'll think the price is a misprint. The engine is the new Challenger V-8—created especially for this car by the world's largest builder of V-8's. Made possible by a new Ford precision moulding process, the Challenger V-8 engine is as strong as iron—but lighter than iron ever was before. It gives you all the wallop you want from a V-8—yet the gas needle clings to "full" as though it's been magnetized. (For even greater savings, you can select the new, standard Fairlane Six.)

Big in power, big in comfort, the new Fairlane 500 gives you full-size leg and headroom. At the same time, it's a foot shorter than other full-size cars, scampers through teeming traffic . . . parks where others can't. A fine car in every detail, the new Fairlane 500 has all of the service-saving features first introduced and proven by the Ford Galaxie. Routine service is reduced to a minimum—only twice a year, or every 6,000 miles.

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FORD FAIRLANE 500

RIGHT BETWEEN GALAXIE AND FALCON

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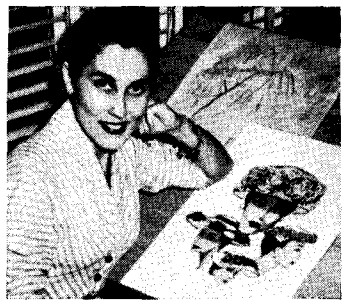
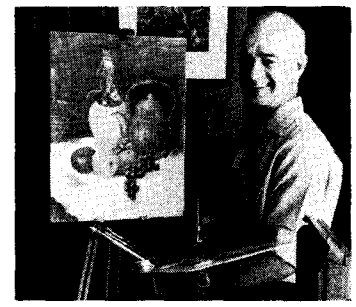
Earns $2,000 extra
"With yours as my only art training, I've netted over $2,000 from spare-time art work and landed a job as a magazine art director."
PATRICK MCGOWAN, So. Pasadena, Cal.



Gives up typing
"I had a dreary clerk-typist job. Today, I do high-fashion illustrations for one of Albany's largest department stores."
WANDA PICKULSKI, Rexford, N.Y.

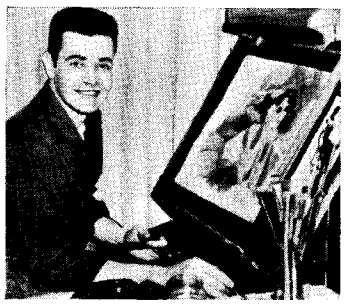
Clerk to cartoonist
"I was an airline clerk when I enrolled. Now, after winning Fifth Prize in a national cartoon contest, I've signed a contract to do a daily comic strip."
JOHN WHITAKER, Memphis, Tenn.

Becomes art teacher
"Thanks to you, my painting classes overflow with both children and adults. I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life."
MRS. RAE DOWDY, South Boston, Va.

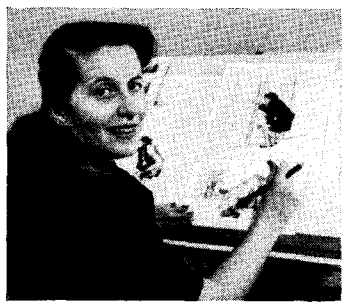


No more layoffs
"The plant I've worked for has closed its doors. But I'm not worried. Thanks to you, I have my art sales to fall back on."
JOSEPH BENNETT, Adrian, Michigan

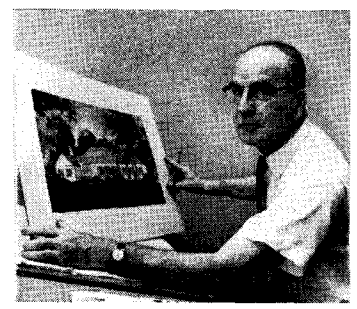
Wins prizes
"Thanks to you, I've won many prizes in exhibitions and have sold most of my paintings. Just last week I got a check from the Buffalo Art Gallery."
EN D. KAY, Kenmore, N.Y.



Boosts salary $2,000
"Without your training I would not have my present job as illustrator for the *Chicago Sun-Times*—at a $2,000 boost in salary."
PAUL BREWER, Chicago, Ill.



Gets "dream" jobs
"With no art training, I was getting nowhere in cartooning. Now I get syndication, greeting cards—really 'dream' jobs."
BETTE FILLEY, Seattle, Wash.



Retires successfully
"Thanks to you, I'm doing a satisfying business in my own art studio. I've found fun and profit in my retirement."
JOHN WARREN, Morristown, N.J.

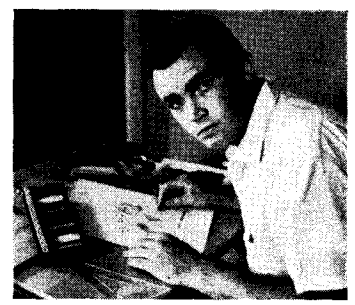
Adds to family income
"To think that a mother of six lively young ones, without domestic help, can study art and hold painting classes at home!"
ELIZABETH H. LINCOLN, Ware, Mass.

Doubles salary
"I was a pipefitter's helper when I enrolled. Now, I'm a commercial artist in the advertising department of the same company—at twice the salary!"
JOHN BUSKETTA, Uniondale, N.Y.

Cinderella story
"Mine is a 'Cinderella' story, thanks to your Course. I now paint five days a week to keep up with my orders—up to $400 each."
MRS. PATTI DOLEZAL, Yuba City, Cal.

Doubles income in spare time
"By the time I'd finished half the Course, my spare-time free-lance work was bringing in more than my job as bank teller."
KEITH MELLOR, Tucson, Ariz.

Better than medicine
"My doctor has said time and again that all the medicine in the world could never replace this Course and what it has done for me."
THEO. M. BRYANT, Whittier, Cal.



Carpenter to artist
"With no previous art training, I landed a commercial art job by saying I was a FAS student—and showing the work I had done for you."
KENNETH W. GUERNSEY, Springfield, Ill.

"We're looking for others who like to draw"... says Norman Rockwell

The people pictured above have changed their lives through art—so can you

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT—you must have toyed with the idea of "doing something" in art. Why not explore the idea further? If you show talent—a group of America's most famous artists stand ready to give you the art training you need.

These distinguished men (listed below) own and run the Famous Artists Schools. They spent years pouring all they know about drawing and painting . . . all their priceless trade secrets . . . all their professional know-how . . . into a monumental series of art lessons. As one of their students, you can share this vast knowledge and experience—no matter where you live. You study at home, in your spare time.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL	FRED LUDEKENS
JON WHITCOMB	BEN STAHL
AL PARKER	ROBERT FAWCETT
STEVAN DOHANOS	AUSTIN BRIGGS
GEORGE GIUSTI	HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK	ALBERT DORNE

You Are a Class of One

Your instructors—who are themselves practicing professional artists—correspond directly with you. For each assignment you send in, they spend as much as two or three hours showing you ways to improve your work. They make separate drawings and paintings especially for you. They write you personal letters of advice and guidance. Eventually, they become your friends, eager to hear news of your success, eager to help in any way they can.

As you can see—from the small sample of Famous Artists students pictured above—this training works well.

Find Out If You Have Talent

To find others with talent worth developing, the famous artists created a special talent test. Formerly, the School charged for the test, but now they offer it free and grade it free. If you show talent on the test, you are eligible for Famous Artists training. But there is no obligation at all. To get a copy of the test, simply mail the coupon. It could be your first step to seeing your picture on this page.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 5583, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____ Age _____
Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____

County _____ *State* _____

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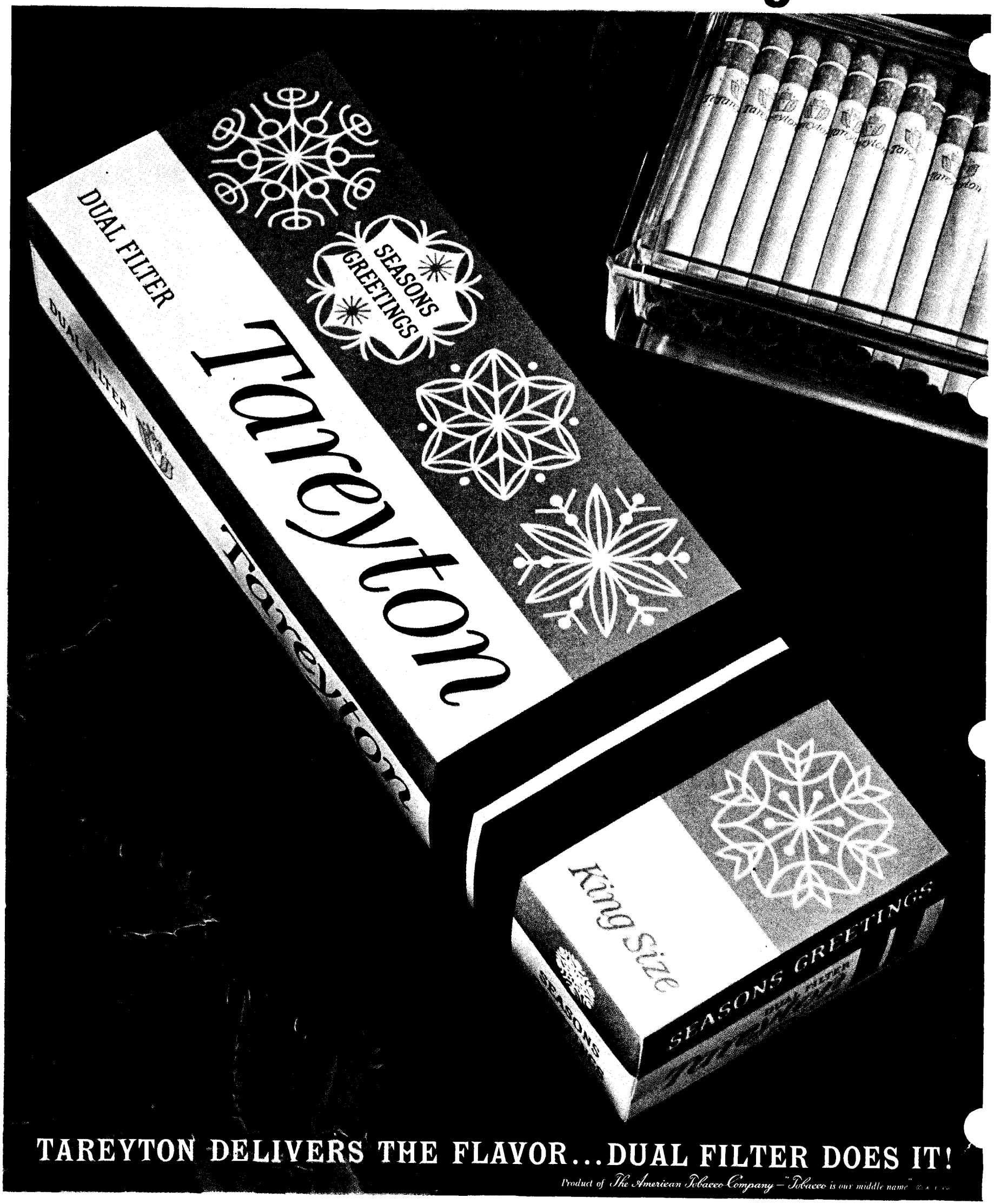
Christmas time...any time



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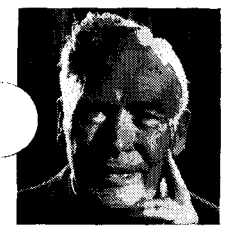
Youth: The Cool Generation. Are they pampered? Are they gutless? Or are they realistic, self-assured and the hope of the future? See the Gallup Poll's scientific survey of the manners and morals of American youth on page 63.



Author John A. O'Brien

Christian Unity is an ideal to which the Rev. John A. O'Brien has devoted much of his life and work. A Roman Catholic priest who now teaches at Notre Dame, Doctor O'Brien received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois, where for many years he taught the philosophy of religion to students of all faiths. In the '20's the campus chapter of Acacia, a social fraternity which at that time was for Masons only, gave him an award in appreciation of his influence for friendship and good will among young people of all religious beliefs. A Protestant ministerial association has presented Father O'Brien with a testimonial letter in gratitude for his defense of Protestant ministers against irresponsible and sweeping charges of Communism. His article "Can Christians Unite?" suggests that there is hope for eventual reunion of "the broken body" of the Christian Church (page 17).

Blackout on News (page 48). Author Burton W. Marvin found out for himself what it is like to live in a country without true freedom of the press when he spent nine months as a Fulbright lecturer in Iran. Did riots like those described in his article often interrupt the Marvins' daily lives? "No," he replies, "not any more than gangster shootings in Chicago affect the daily lives of most of its citizens." The Persians have a fine sense of humor, Mr. Marvin reports, and were friendly and hospitable to him and his family. The picture at right was taken on one of many occasions when they were entertained in Iranian homes. A veteran of ten years on the Chicago Daily News, Mr. Marvin has since 1948 been dean of the journalism school at the University of Kansas.

The Marvins and host Ferroukh Safavi (center)

Artists and Authors. New to The Post in this issue is artist GEORGE HIM, one of England's most successful graphic designers, who with humorist Stephen Potter created the fanciful land of Schweppeshire for the quinine-water firm's advertising. Mr. Him is Polish by birth, and we think that we detect a flavor of his native land in his illustration for Gene Coughlin's Christmas reminiscence, The Wonderful Merry-Go-Round" (page 56). . . . *Not* new to The Post is HERB LUBALIN, designer of our October 14 cover and many of our recent stories, including "Trail to Abilene," done with a photograph by Horn/Griner (page 34). According to author JACK SCHAEFER, Monte, the hero of the story, will soon take over a whole book. The adventure in this issue will be the first episode. . . . Making her second appearance in our pages, after more than eighteen years, is VIOLET RICHARDSON LOWE. Mrs. Lowe, a widow, spent ten of those years in the antiques business before returning to her native Texas to write. Holed up in a hotel room, she found it difficult to buckle down to her typewriter in the same room in which she slept, and persuaded the hotel to let her work in the room set aside for salesmen's samples. And there—amid stacks of sample shoes—she wrote "The Barefoot Prodigy" (page 44). . . . GERALD KERSH's Christmas story "A Walk in the Snow" (page 28) was inspired by the adventures of a little girl in Philadelphia some forty years ago. Her name was Flossie, and she ran away from home after being scolded for eating four pounds of cookies. The police picked her up, but fed her so liberally that she developed a taste for running away. "At the age of nine," explains author Kersh, "Flossie took to virtue and has since steadfastly persisted in it. I had the story from her own lips. I am married to her."

The Cover. The ten high-school kids in our cover picture this week are all from Glendale, California, and they all knew that one of the pictures they were posing for might be used on a Post cover. (For their names, turn to page 63, where "Youth: The Cool Generation" begins.) Coolly enough, one boy asked photographer Bill Bridges about the "pay scale" for people appearing on magazine covers. (The answer, in this case, is nothing.) At first Bridges's unrelenting shutter made the kids self-conscious. Then The Post's Los Angeles editor, Art Seidenbaum, loosened them up by tossing an unexpected volleyball into their midst. From then on it was rock 'n' roll on the radio and the twist on the side lines. Before the group broke up, one student returned to the subject of the cover. "Which one of you," he asked, "is Norman Rockwell?"

Picture Credits
Reading across pages, then down

3–Larry Fried. • 17, 18–Michelangelo paintings, sculptures, architecture by Ludwig Goldscheider, courtesy Phaidon Press, London. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27–Burt Glinn. • 28, 29–John Falter and Bebe Gershenzon. • 30–Shel Hershorn. • 31–Robert J. Smith. • 32–Hans Namuth. • 33–Robert Phillips. • 34, 35–Horn/Griner. 36, 37, 40, 41–George Burns. • 44–Garrett Price. • 52–Wide World. • 56, 57–George Him. • 63, 64–Bill Bridges. • 65–Larry Fried. • 66–Carroll Seghers II. 67–Bill Bridges. • 68–Carroll Seghers II. • 69–Bill Bridges. • 70–Carroll Seghers II. • 71–Arthur Rickerby. • 72–Carroll Seghers II. • 73–Arthur Shay. • 74–Bill Bridges. • 75–Arthur Rickerby. • 76–Carroll Seghers II. • 77–Arthur Shay. • 78, 79–Bill Bridges. • 80–Arthur Rickerby. • 88–Saul Bass. • 99, 101–Don Ornitz.

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LETTERS

THE KENNEDY STORY

Dear Sirs:

Since the Democratic Party convention in July, 1960, America has been flooded with stories by Harvard classmates, Navy buddies, Vassar school friends and goggled-eyed reporters on boyhood days of Jack, "How I Plan to Raise My Children in the White House," touch football, "I Cut the President's Hair" and other enlightening masterpieces! Now comes the crown! *Five* issues of *The Saturday Evening Post* devoted to PT 109: THE ADVENTURE THAT MADE A PRESIDENT [by Robert J. Donovan, Nov. 18–Dec. 16]. Of all the nauseating things! Thousands of other Navy lieutenants did the same thing and have gone unnoticed and unpraised. It was just considered part of their patriotic duty to behave in this manner.

CAROLYN LANPHER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I was all set to write my appreciation of Samuel Eliot Morison's article, THE LESSONS OF PEARL HARBOR [Oct. 28], when lo and behold comes another story of the war. Keep such reading coming. We who were there knew all too little about what went on.

ALLAN E. BOVEY, Farm Editor
The Marion Star
Marion, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Your articles constantly ridiculing our fine President not only make your . . . Republican readers happy; they make your magazine unfit to send into countries where they are badly needed.

ELWOOD LARSEN
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

On the basis of what I have read, Lieutenant Kennedy should have been severely reprimanded for dereliction of duty. . . . I am compelled to conclude that the only justification for this attempt to make a hero out of our President is . . . your desire to promote his political fortunes.

DICK BROWN
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

If you would like to print a real PT boat story, why not do an article on my brother-in-law. He commanded a PT

in the English Channel, was cited for gallantry in action, and managed to bring the Government property entrusted to him (the boat) safely back to New York.

LEWIS B. COE
Crown Point, Ind.

THOSE TEACHERS COLLEGES

Dear Sirs:

Undoubtedly Evan Hill's article [HAVE OUR TEACHERS COLLEGES FAILED? Nov. 11] is an accurate description of *some* of the teacher-education institutions in the United States, but the writer's description was one-sided and stilted, since little effort was made to describe in detail some of the superior programs presently in operation or the efforts presently being made, especially by the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education, to strengthen teacher education in this country.

MILT LEHR, ED. D.
Professor of Education
Northwestern State College
Alva, Oklahoma

Dear Sirs:

It gets to be rather a bore to pick up about every third or fourth issue of your magazine and find another blast at the school people in this country. . . . People in our field would like to have some of your so-called experts that write these "sensational" articles come into our classrooms and take over for a

EXIT THE BOSS

"The love of retirement," wrote biographer Samuel Johnson in 1750, "has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius."

The gentleman—and we would emphasize that word—who edits this magazine determined long ago that he would "retire" at age sixty. He has stood by that decision. By the time **Ben Hibbs** reached his sixtieth birthday last July, he had already announced, a couple of months earlier, that he would step down on December thirty-first, and Robert E. MacNeal, president of The Curtis Publishing Company, had appointed Executive Editor Robert Fuoss to succeed him.

The boss spent his boyhood in the pretty, little town of Pretty Prairie, Kansas, studied journalism at the University of Kansas, and edited newspapers in the Kansas towns of Pratt, Goodland and Arkansas City. In 1929 "the most gifted young squirt in Kansas"—as a Kansas City columnist called him—was hired as an associate editor of *Country Gentleman*, a Curtis magazine. He became editor-in-chief of that magazine in 1940 and two years later was given the job of reshaping *The Saturday Evening Post*. He asked Fuoss, then promotion manager of *The Post*, to be his managing editor.

Ben Hibbs has been a great editor. *Business Week* once called him "the second Ben," the first being our founder, Benjamin Franklin. His editorial judgment and sense of fair play have been lauded by countless commissions, movements, foundations and institutions of learning—and by our ever-growing audience. (As this year ends, our circulation is crowding 7,000,000 for the first time; when Hibbs became editor in 1942, it was about 3,250,000.) The years have been rewarding, but they also have been strenuous. There have been few weekday evenings during the past twenty years when the boss has not had to work until eleven P.M. or midnight.

Editor-elect Fuoss has said repeatedly that after January first Hibbs "will continue to do important work for *The Post*" from his home in suburban Penn Valley. He will appear on the masthead as one of our senior editors; he wanted no higher title. The staff is grateful that he still will be helping us with our chores—also that he at last will be able to share his evenings with Mrs. Hibbs, who is much better company than a pile of manuscripts.

Coincidentally, three valued members of our first-string team will retire this month:

Senior Editor **Erdmann N. Brandt** has served as a *Post* fiction editor since 1934, when we were publishing stories by the likes of Booth Tarkington and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Born in Savannah, Brandt attended Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, New York—an appropriate school for a literary man—where he distinguished himself one spring by pitching a no-hitter and batting over .400. Erd was decorated for bravery in World War I. He has been a sales manager for Hupmobile motorcars and a partner in the distinguished literary agency of Brandt & Brandt. His skill as judge and doctor of fiction is so highly regarded that expert story writers often call him long distance for help in unsnarling a knotted plot. Furthermore, he has served his fellow editors as a tower of knowledge on many subjects, including antique automobiles, rockets and archaeology—and as the most generous supplier of pastry for our twice-daily coffee breaks.

Senior Editor **Frederic Nelson** was hired by Hibbs in 1942 to direct our editorial page. Prior to that time he was editorial writer and London correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*. And a few years before that he was, simultaneously, a reporter for the Hartford *Times* and justice of the peace in Windsor, Connecticut, his home town. (He never tried a case.) A man of deep and well-reasoned convictions, Fred has been cited twice by the Freedoms Foundation for his editorials and criticized often by his colleagues for his cluttered desk and his "wanton kindness." He also is an amateur horse player, reasoning that horse players and editorial writers are spiritual brothers: Both check past performances before passing judgment.

We would emphasize that Retiring Editor No. 4—the best-looking of the group—has *not* reached retirement age. Associate Editor **Marione R. Nickles** is retiring early at her own wish. She is departing these offices, so help us, in order to open a *pensione* in Rome, Italy, a city which she feels can teach Philadelphia a great deal about food and climate. We could tell you what a delightful person POST SCRIPTS and cartoon editor Nickles is. Instead we urge you to see for yourselves. Spend your vacation dollars at Marione's place! Sleep in the only *pensione* in Rome decorated with *Post* cartoons! (Advt.) We can't, at this writing, tell you her address, but you should be able to locate her next spring by inquiring at the American Express office in Rome.

—THE EDITORS.

Editors Nickles, Nelson and Brandt.

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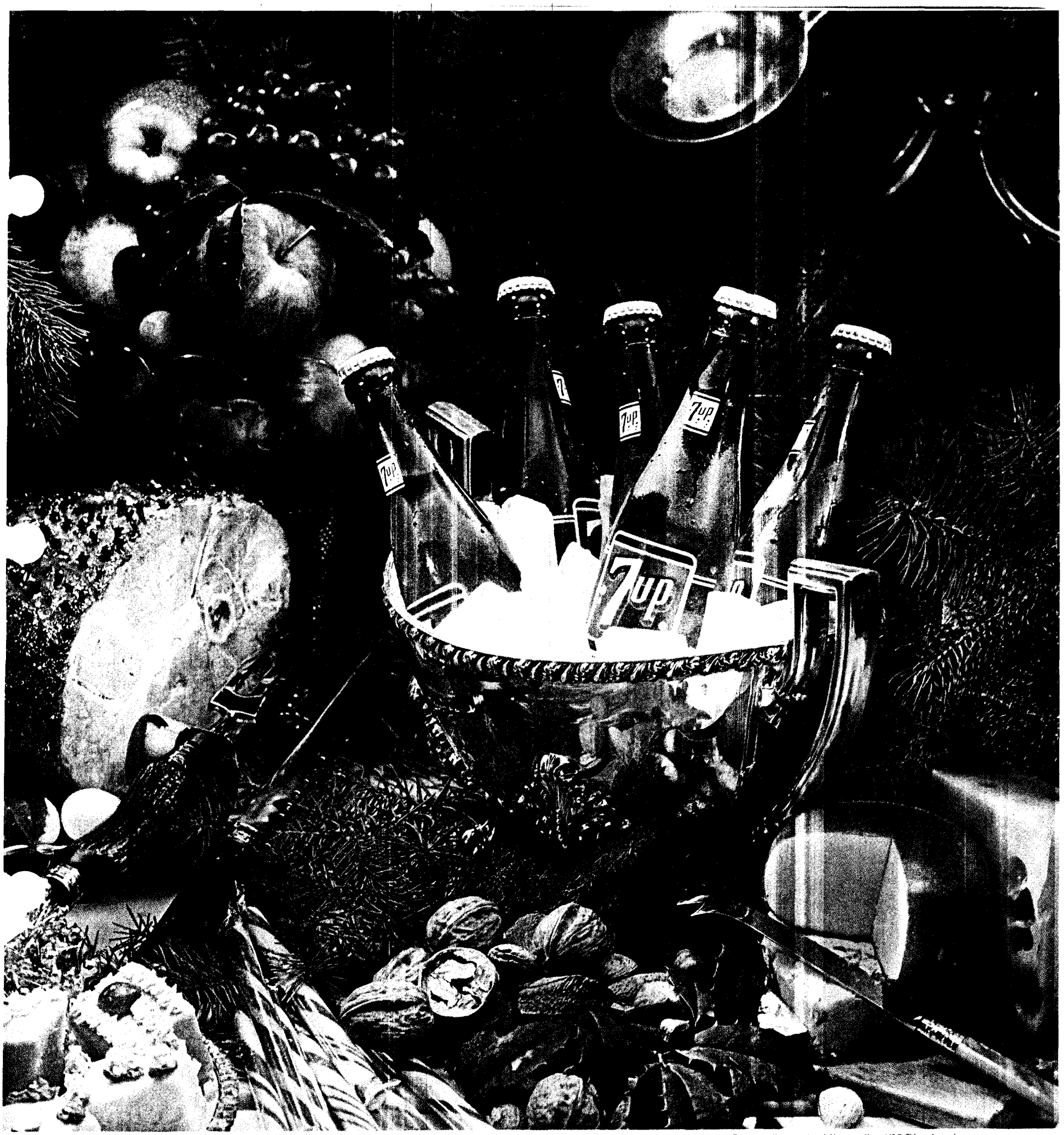

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Everything's ready! The holly's on the mantle. The cookie jars are bulging. And the 7-Up is chilled and waiting to welcome every Christmas caller. Seven-Up is perfect for Christmas. From its cheerful sparkle—to its fresh, clean taste! Why not order an extra case now? Christmastime is no time to run out of hospitality.

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They'll all welcome Whitman's!
Whitman's Sampler—America's
Favorite Christmas Candy.

$2 a pound A woman never forgets the man who remembers

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LETTERS

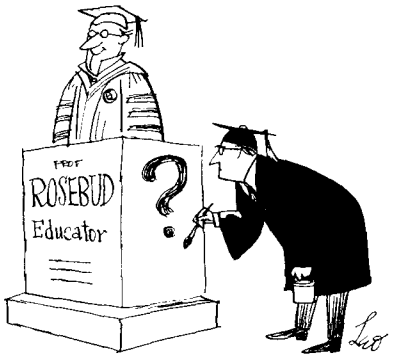
while. Let them handle a class of students with all levels of intelligence, all kinds of backgrounds and home life, and make students out of *all* of them....

We have a problem in our schools; it is a problem of educating *all* the children. Any system of education that can pick its students as they do in some other countries certainly can make a fine record with the select group. Do you want that for this country?

MILTON S. POPE, *Supervising Principal*
Indian Lake Central School
Indian Lake, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am delighted with your article. . . . At last "Professor Rosebud" has been recognized by someone other than the



students. I once had a Professor Rosebud, chemistry department, who made hour lectures on "What Are the High Schools Teaching You People These Days?" As a result, no time was available for chemistry.

BILL HUDGINS
Dalhart, Texas

Dear Sirs:

As the president of one of the state colleges in New Hampshire to which the article refers, I would be the first to agree that the public prestige and rewards enjoyed by teachers here do not ordinarily attract the top persons in intellectual ability or professional promise. You should know, however, that the admissions standards of these teachers colleges have steadily improved. . . .

The school-board member who said that we accepted some students who had failed subjects at the University of New Hampshire and graduated them to teach these subjects was correct. What he did not specifically point out was: (1) These students had previously met the university entrance standards which can be set as university officials see fit. (2) Failures in the freshman year at a large university are caused by a variety of reasons other than intellectual inability. The jolt of this failure plus some individual attention which a smaller institution can give often results in a student's putting unused potential to work and producing very respectable achievement. (3) Apparently these teachers are teaching the subject satisfactorily or the school-board member and his fellow members of the board are failing in their responsibility.

HAROLD E. HYDE, *President*
Plymouth Teachers College
Plymouth, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

As a teachers college graduate, I was greatly disturbed. I felt that my alma mater—as this "type" of institution—had certainly not failed. . . . I would like to know what Mr. Hill's occupation is that puts him in a place to criticize 1200 institutions of higher learning.

ANN P. STONE, *Teacher*
Union-Endicott High School
Endicott, N

Dear Sirs:

Be it noted that Evan Hill is superbly qualified to comment on teaching, as he was a superior teacher himself. I have never *dared* to forget one thing I learned in his journalism classes at Boston University.

In addition to thorough knowledge of and great interest in his subjects, Professor Hill was deeply concerned that his students learn. He was even more anxious that they *think*. . . . He worked at top capacity for his students and expected them to do the same for him. . . .

It was with deep regret that I saw him leave teaching for writing, but perhaps it was all for the best, for now his philosophy—which he practiced faithfully—can reach more people. The only flaw in his otherwise extraordinary teaching was his inability to see that Miss Atwood deserved better th B-plus.

SUSAN B. ATWOO
Braintree, Mass.

• *Author Hill also taught at Ohio State University during his seven years as a college professor, before becoming a free-lance writer four years ago. His first two years of undergraduate study were at a teachers college.*—ED.

FAILING CHURCHES

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you on your SPEAKING OUT: CHURCHES ARE FAILING THE CITIES [by G. Paul Musselman, Nov. 18]. . . . It seems ironic that the Protestant church, which began as a believer in the priesthood of all laymen and an opponent against materialism, has been so successfully seduced by the very materialism it sought to counteract. Whenever churches are most interested in getting money for the new carpet what to serve at the Ladies Circle mee ing next week, they neglect the one thing they were put there to do—serve *people*.

DOROTHY J. MOSHER
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

It is very possible that the churches of the National Council are too concerned with our social welfare and their own physical aspects, and are not concentrating their efforts on spreading the Word of God.

MRS. CARLOS R. MILLS JR.
Covina, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

A solution which would help the inner-city church would be the union of denominations with a central treasury from which all ministers received salaries on the basis of seniority. This would, of course, eliminate the status symbol of the suburban, overflowing church whose pastor is privileged to have adequate staff and spend the highest salary and be in the company of dignitaries. Also it would stop the movement of the experienced pastors detached service since they eschew mi town parishes.

DR. RITCHIE D. OCHELTREE
First Methodist Church
Bellingham, Wash.

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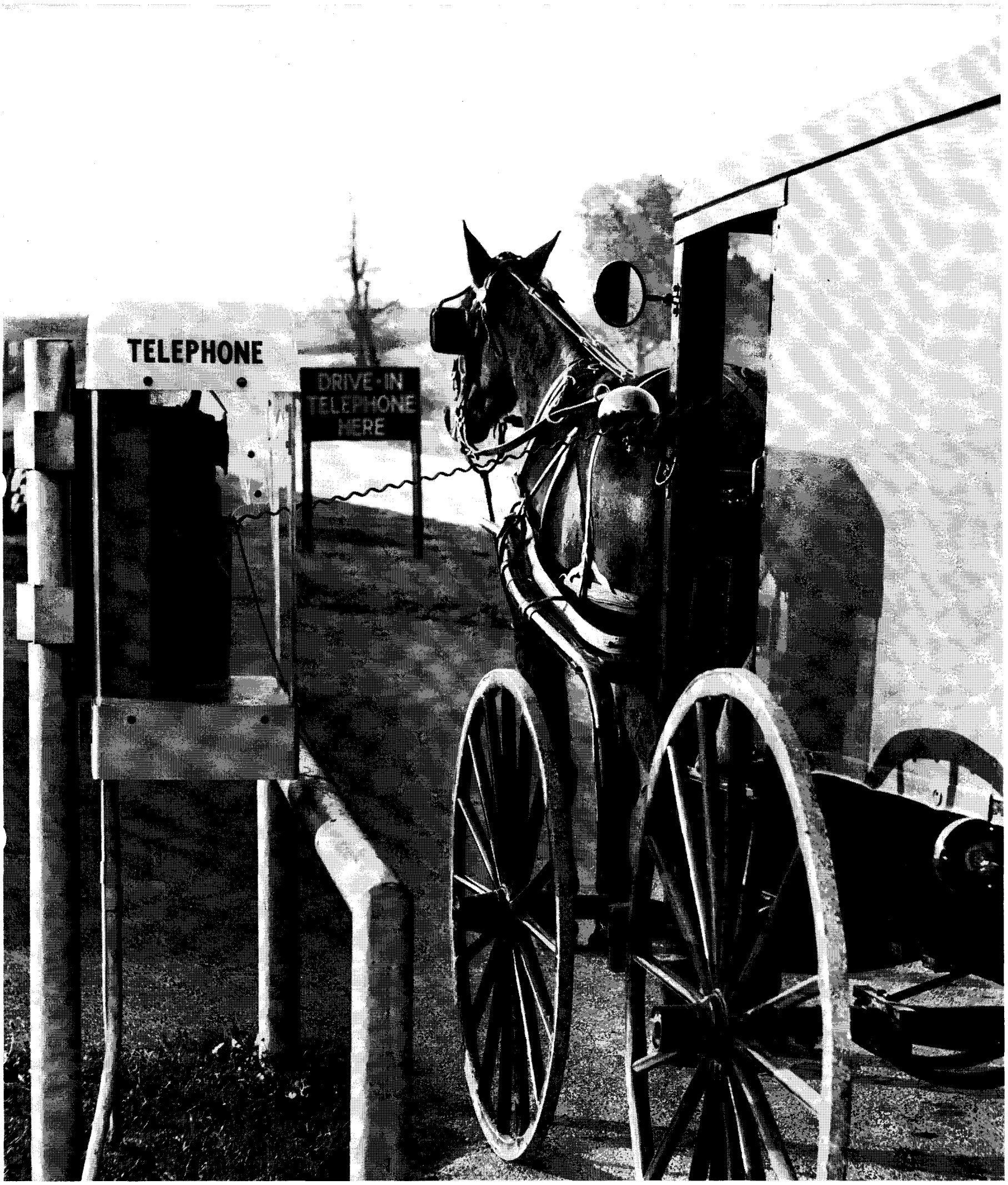

While the Amish people in Pennsylvania's Lancaster County remain aloof from most modern conveniences, they do use the telephone. With characteristic modesty, of course.

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SPEAKING OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WHY ARE THEY SPOILING FLORIDA?

By Philip Wylie

A frequent Post *contributor, Philip Wylie has lived in Florida since 1937. He says he lit into "mom" in his most famous book,* Generation of Vipers, *because he likes women so much that "every bad example gives me a special pain." He likes his adopted state too. "Its desecration hurts me more than if I were an indifferent resident."*

We Americans are plainly the greatest nest foulers in history. Most of our streams, rivers, ponds and lakes are polluted. Stretches of our seacoast are so contaminated that laws forbid the gathering of sea food in their sickly tides, and swimming is dangerous. Millions of American acres, lumbered, overplowed or overgrazed, lie spent and eroded, the source of dust storms and floods. Our cities strangle in crawling masses of cars whose exhausts contribute to a toxic smog. We have managed our continental rainfall so miserably that many industries move in search of adequate water supplies, and in some cities household faucets have stopped flowing.

The exploitation of natural resources, along with shortsighted or irresponsible planning and bad engineering, are acts of men. In my own state, Florida, such acts endanger the millions of residents, the added millions who hope to become Floridians and the many millions who visit Florida for vacations.

Each week 3000 *families* move to Florida with the intent to stay. According to polls, Florida is the third choice of states—after California and Hawaii—that every citizen would like to visit. The principal attraction, for new residents and vacationers alike, is the peninsular part, thrust into quasi tropics. This same two thirds of the state is the most threatened area.

One spectacular threat has risen from a universal urge of human beings to drain swamps. And South Florida is largely a colossal swamp of tidal wilderness and Everglades, the latter low-lying and thin-clad—at one time—with fresh water. The area contains the second-largest natural lake lying within the United States—Okeechobee—and it is fringed on its sea margins by the world's largest mangrove jungle; these salt- and fresh-water "wastelands" have an area equal to that of Switzerland.

To early settlers and eager natives Everglades drainage seemed a natural project. Save for its mangrove fringe, it is slightly above mean high tide. The underlying rock, marl and muck yield readily to dynamite and draglines. So at the century's turn men began digging drainage canals. They expected three benefits: Exposure of the seemingly rich black muck for cultivation, a drying-out of sawgrass wastes for cattle grazing and the emergence of land suitable for homesites. Today the mucklands serve as the nation's winter kitchen garden, cattle graze widely, and tens of thousands of homes have been constructed on these "reclaimed" lowlands.

But the price of this benefit, enjoyed by a few farmers, cattlemen and real-estate developers, is appalling. The ebony-velvet muck proved to be less fertile than it had seemed to river-bottom and prairie farmers from up north. Before it would produce crops it had to be fertilized. Moreover, when drained dry, this curious soil literally burns: air oxidizes it, and wind carries away the ash at a rate of an inch a year. Some muckland farms have already "burned down" five feet. The answer to that is more and deeper drainage canals. But the mucklands were originally only fifteen feet thick at most. All such truck gardening is, therefore, self-limited and a classic example of "soil mining"—of using up soil rather than just using it.

Real-estate developments also push across the drained lowlands. Myriads of homes have been built in once-wet tracts where their doorsills are but a man's height above ordinary high tide. Given an extra-heavy rainy season, the cloudbursts of a hurricane and the tides that accompany such storms, and those dwellings will flood. As long ago as 1946–47, ten thousand persons were evacuated from developments west of the Miamis because their homes were inundated. Many times that number are now as flood liable.

Few of the families who move to Florida each week—usually to the southern part of the peninsula—know much about living in the tropics. To endure, South Florida homes must be constructed strongly and of special materials. A house must also be tightly built and well-screened, for this is the national bug capital.

Nevertheless, irresponsible developers and builders are foistering upon naïve arrivals every sort of unsuitable site and inadequate house. Unwary northerners are also buying, sight unseen, "lots" staked out deep in the Everglades—lots accessible only by airboat, swamp buggy or helicopter—lots where alligators and egrets abound. If this land were to be drained, nobody, the buyers included, would have access to anything but water.

A grim example of wrong-headed development was dramatized in the autumn of 1960 by Hurricane Donna. There had been a thundering real-estate boom in the Keys since 1950. Before then the low isles had been dormant for a dozen years: two great blows in the middle '30's had taught a lesson all-too-briefly remembered. But in the '50's the forgetful, the optimists and the unknowing constructed an urban ribbon down the Keys. Its middle was bashed flat last fall. As in the '30's the people are "courageously" rebuilding, distressed only by the fact that this time it is hard or impossible to get hurricane insurance. Another Donna—or Harriet, Chloë or Martha—will put them out of business permanently.

Drainage of underground fresh water is another serious threat in the peninsula. As canal digging brought down water levels in the Everglades, sea water crept into the porous aquifer of the area. Cities—notably Miami—repeatedly redug their wells farther inland. But canal digging, canal widening and canal deepening continue. Engineering studies show that every additional attempt to sap the Everglades brings the salt-water table farther inland. Should the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic meet underground, a million and more Floridians would have to reach more than 200 miles north for a drink of water.

Tremendous springs could be tapped there—but another natural paradise would vanish. The endeavor would be like Southern California's present plan to obtain water from the northern part of the state. And the cost would probably be commensurate: $2,000,000,000 paid by *all* the citizens of the United States.

Army Engineers began some years ago to build immense dikes between

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//We pray

that peoples of all faiths/ all races/ all nations
may have their great human needs satisfied/

that those now denied opportunity
shall come to enjoy it to the full;

that all who yearn for freedom may
experience its spiritual blessings;

that those who have freedom will understand
also its heavy responsibilities;

that all who are insensitive to the needs
of others will learn charity;

that the scourges of poverty/ disease and ignorance
will be made to disappear from the earth/

and that/ in the goodness of time/ all peoples
will come to live together
in a peace guaranteed by the binding force
of mutual respect and love.//

This prayer, which expresses so many of the thoughts and feelings uppermost in our minds and hearts at this Christmas season, was offered by General Dwight D. Eisenhower in his farewell address from the White House. • It is our hope that all families throughout the United States and Canada will find in this prayer an abiding inspiration to devote themselves to the greatest of all causes: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

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Blanche Scott just broke her own speed record–by 8 weeks

On July 23, 1910, Blanche Stuart Scott chugged into San Francisco—the first woman to drive from New York to California. She bumped over desolate prairie where roads were faint trails. Once she got lost in the desert and had to drink water from the radiator! The trip took more than eight weeks.

Last month, Blanche again went coast to coast. This time, she traveled by TWA Convair 880 Superjet, powered to fly faster than 600 miles an hour by four General Electric CJ-805 engines. As Blanche puts it, "I went out, had a wonderful two-day visit and came back in less time than it took me to get to Cleveland in 1910."

Helping people travel further faster by jet is the job of General Electric's Neil Burgess, who headed development of the CJ-805. Neil had plenty of know-how to back him up – for it was back in 1942 that General Electric produced the engine that powered America's first jet plane.

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SPEAKING OUT

the wet 'Glades and "reclaimed" land west of the Palm Beaches and Miamis. After a shower of Federal funds had gone into the project, it was perceived that the dikes were no better than sieves. The usual wet season, which floods the Everglades faster than the canals can sluice them dry, brought water that surged under the levees through sponge-porous rock and came up on the residential side as if no dikes existed. The remedy for that, now being applied, is the installation of enormous—and enormously expensive—pumps, which, it is hoped, will toss back flood waters as fast as they leak under the 100 miles of dikes.

When a minority of Floridians, interested in nature and aided by Americans elsewhere, undertook to save for posterity a segment of the Everglades wastes by making it a National Park, opposition was violent. Large civic groups turned anti-Park merely on being told that nationalizing the mangroves would cut off a source of tannin and of wood for spools. Nobody in the Americas was making tannin of mangrove, or intended to. Commercially it doesn't pay. And nobody could be found who had ever seen, let alone used, a mangrove spool.

With the ultimate acquisition of more than 1,000,000 acres for the park, many people relaxed. They believed a splendid sample of the Everglades—unique both in its dazzling flora and abundant wildlife—was secure for the enjoyment and education of future Americans.

Not so, however. To obtain its essential curtain of fresh water, the park relies on areas outside Federal control. There drainage continues. As a result, the National Park is steadily losing its "perpetual heritage"—to a mere aridity that some plants and animals cannot tolerate and to the increasingly frequent fires set by lightning or cigarettes tossed from airboats in the dry season. So, for the benefit of a relatively few muckland farmers, cattlemen and irresponsible developers, South and even Central Florida may soon go thirsty; and our irreplaceable National Park may become a boneyard.

During the depression, President Roosevelt encouraged a program to build a sea-level ship canal across the upper waist of Florida. That project has recently been revived. True, it would shorten the sea route from the Atlantic to the Gulf. It might also, according to some embattled geologists, "salt up" the entire underground water table to the south. If so, the feat would be much like burning down one's house to toast marshmallows.

A second national park recently was established in the Florida area to ward off despoliation. Along South Florida and the Keys lies the only live coral reef of the continental United States. That weird and gorgeous underseascape of rainbow-tinted plumes, fans, corals and sponges, with its great numbers of butterfly-bright fishes, has been an angling paradise since man discovered it. But less than two decades of skin diving have wrecked scores of miles of that natural treasure.

Ignorant, don't-give-a-damn young people have gone out in hordes with snorkels and scuba gear, killing everything that moved and hauling away every pretty shelled creature, lovely coral or sea growth that could be broken free with a crowbar. Some were sold to proprietors of the dreary sea-curio shops that abound along our coasts, especially in Florida. But most such trophies were discarded as soon as the dauntless divers discovered that sea fans and starfish are alive and swiftly become rotted and noisome. Such stripping of the sea floor destroys its chain of life. Whatever fish escape the spear guns move away. Today, many square miles of Florida's once-splendid coral reef have become underwater deserts, untenanted and unfished.

The new national park is the only [illegible] anywhere completely under water. It will attempt to preserve forever a small sample of the submarine Elysian Fields. Fishermen will be welcome, for angling never harmed the reefs. Skin divers will be allowed to take nothing away—except photographs. For careless skin divers can undo in minutes what it has taken nature centuries to create.

Perhaps the most horrendous and unnecessary sabotage in Florida is the general custom of "land improvement" prior to house building. Bulldozers, working like trained elephants, push over every tree, bush and plant. These are shoved into giant heaps and burned. In the process the topsoil is churned up, to be washed or blown away. What remains is bare, broken rock. Builders are thus saved the inconvenience of avoiding trees when hauling up material.

The buyer of a home on such a site however, must bring in truckloads of t soil just for a lawn. Then, with dynam ing and expensive nursery material, he will try to provide his residence with shade, a winter windbreak and privacy. Trees that he plants when his children are born may grow enough to shelter his home when they reach high school. But in all those long, expensive years he might have had live oaks, gumbo limbos, cabbage palms, Caribbean pines, casuarenas and many more—along with topsoil for a lawn—at no cost. The native trees, moreover, would have been far less liable to storm damage and to Florida's insects.

Still another curse of much of urban America is more extensive in Florida than anywhere else—an "urban sprawl" of roadside slums. Each year Florida adds miles of unincorporated alleys outside towns and cities. Law enforcement is almost impossible there. Billboards spring up, grass withers, weeds riot, nobody picks up last month's picnic debris or last year's beer cans, and the very air gro tainted. Every fetid vice flourishes in the playgrounds of juvenile delinquents and criminals—and nobody cares. The sordid trailer camps, shanty towns, drink-dine-dance joints and rundown motels have one goal only: the quick buck—and no questions ever are asked.

The examples cited are merely samples of a process ubiquitous in our nation but in few areas as menacing as in Florida. Here the lust for quick profit that takes no heed of consequences is already rendering thousands of square miles of American land less and less fit for human habitation. Greed is threatening not only Florida's unique wilderness areas; it also threatens to make the tropical half of a great peninsula undesirable for large-scale settlement. Florida is the fastest-growing state. It appears also to be the fastest-dying state.

A Florida old-timer recently summed up the deterioration of his state's natural resources and the reckless exploitation by newcomers in these words: "It'd seem that anybody can do anything to everyth that belongs to everybody—or to nobo

The words perfectly describe Florida and, to some degree, all of our other states. They are directions—neat and absolute—for suicide. THE END

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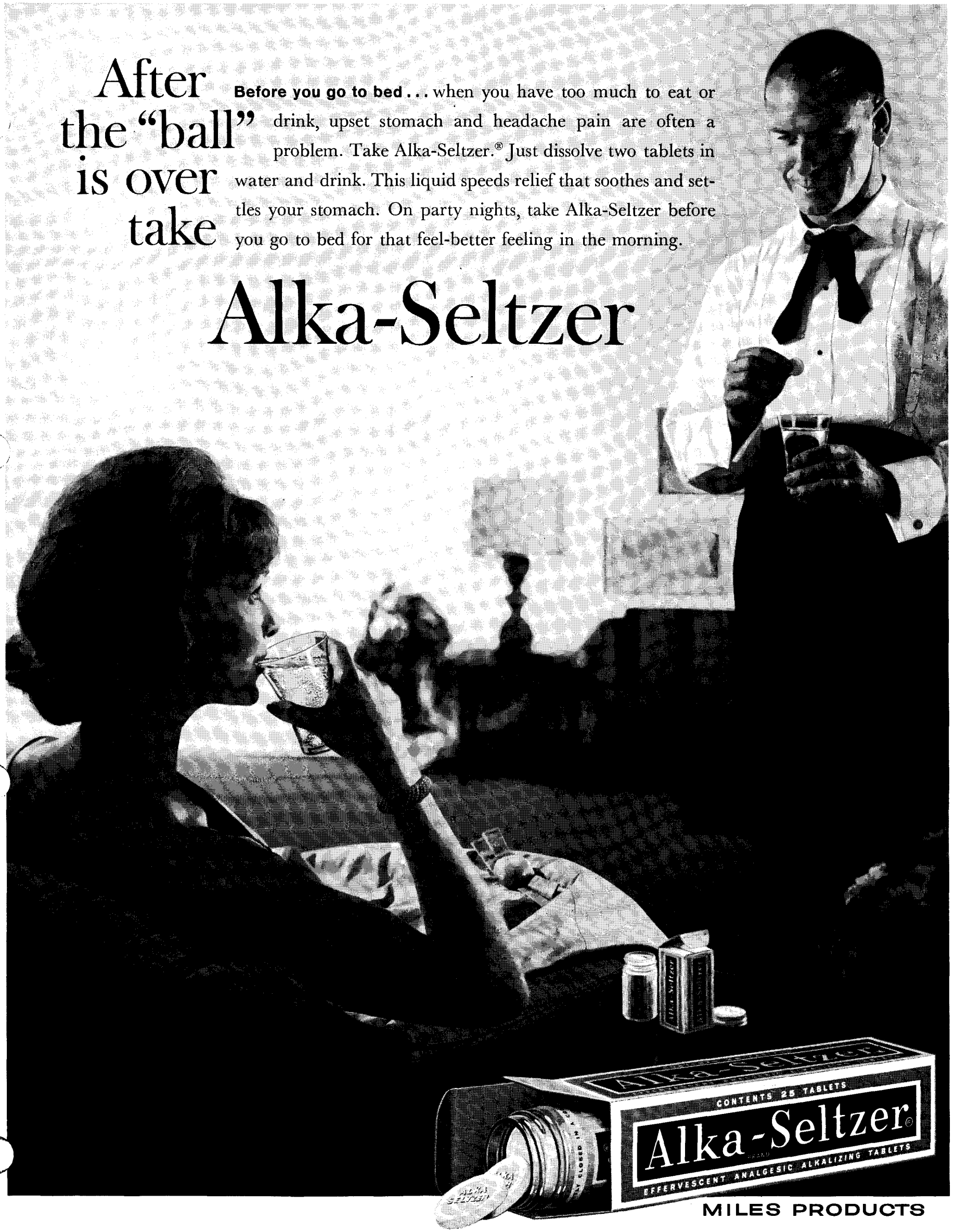

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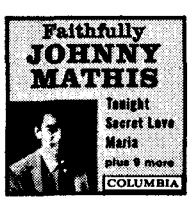
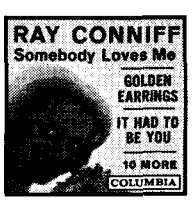
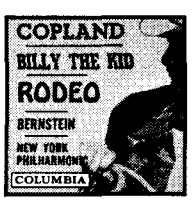


116. Also: And This is My Beloved, Blue Gardenia, etc.

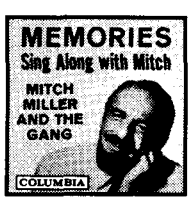
23. Just Because, I Walk the Line, Jealous Heart, 9 more



117. Also: You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to, etc.



111. "Their finest... both performance and recording"—High Fid.

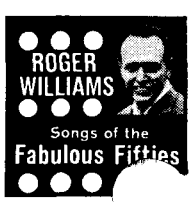


119. My Blue Heaven, Sleepy Time Gal, At Sundown, Dixie, etc.

118. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.

30. Misty, Gone With the Wind, How High the Moon, 6 more

112. "Glowing intensity, snap and brilliance"—High Fid.



12. Secret Lo... Sandman, Blue Tango, Too Young, 8 more

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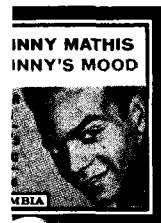
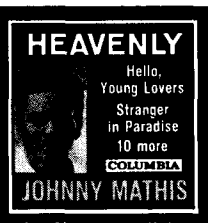
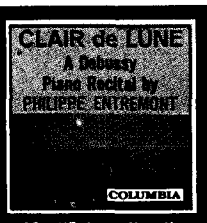


...m in the ...ove, How ...oon, etc.



3. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.



98. "Extraordinarily beautiful... brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times

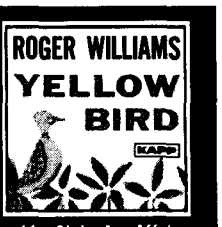
8. Also: Singin' in the Rain, Hello! My Baby, Ida, etc.

7. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 16 favorites in all

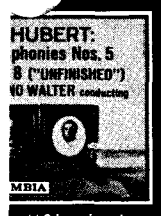
102. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming"-HiFi Rev.

61. All the delightful music from the year's gayest comedy

10. Also: Arrivederci, Roma; Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.

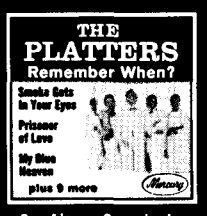


11. Gigi, An Affair to Remember, Greensleeves, 12 in all



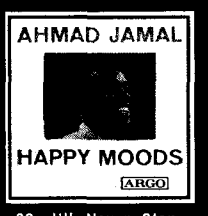
"Glowingly ...utiful, full of ..." N.Y. Times

1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



2. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.

57. "Champion blockbuster movie" —The Music Reporter



82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more

91. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.

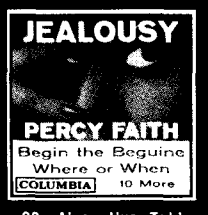
92. The Bonnie Blue Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom, Dixie, etc.

93-94. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections.) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orch.

Don't Blame Me, ...e Than You Know, ...You, 12 in all

53. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph" Kilgallen

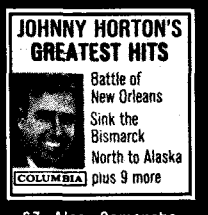
21. Also: Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.



22. Also: I've Told Every Little Star, Black Magic, etc.

5. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

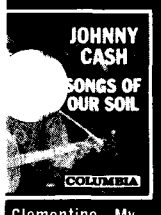
6. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.



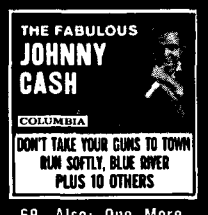
67. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

59. "Hilarious . . ." —L. A. Examiner. Not available in stereo

62. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

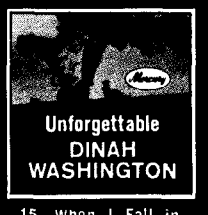


Clementine, My ...ndfather's Clock, ...k to Me, 9 more

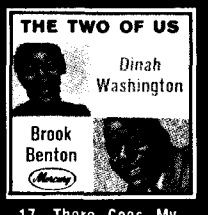


69. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.

95. "Fierce impact and momentum" N.Y. World-Telegram

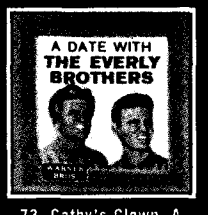


15. When I Fall in Love, I Understand, Song is Ended, etc.

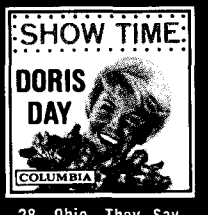


17. There Goes My Heart, Love Walked In, Call Me, 9 more

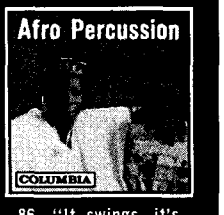
13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.



73. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.



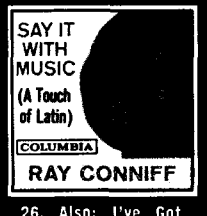
28. Ohio, They Say It's Wonderful, The Sound of Music, etc.



86. "It swings, it's full of excitement" Downbeat Magazine

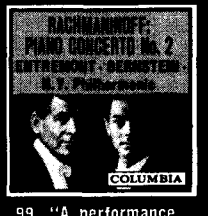
..."The most exciting ...reading I've ever ...rd"—High Fidel.

25. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all

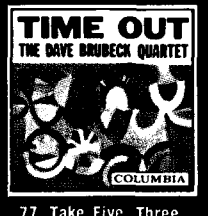


26. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.

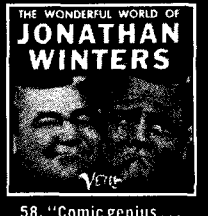
19. "Lighthearted, winning informality" —HiFi Stereo Review



99. "A performance of manly eloquence" —New York Times



77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.



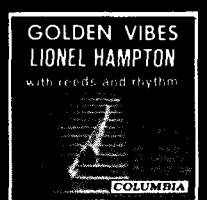
58. "Comic genius... continually hilarious"—HiFi Review

54. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

105. "A masterful account of this massive work"—HiFi Rev.

...yes, Two ...Hora Stac- ...4 in all

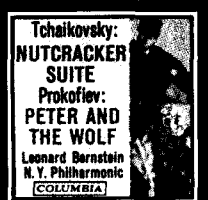
121. The symphony is "exquisitely played" —High Fidelity



79. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more

96. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

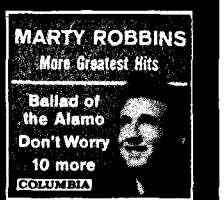
24. Also: Rawhide, Wanted Man, The 3:10 to Yuma, etc.



100. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid.

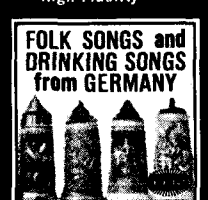
31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more

71. Also: Billy the Kid, Running Gun, In the Valley, etc.



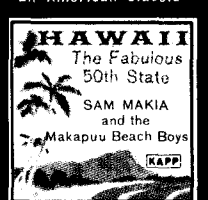
72. Also: Streets of Laredo; Ride, Cowboy Ride; El Paso; etc.

Also: Tony Bent... Smile; Vic ...mone ... Gigi; etc.



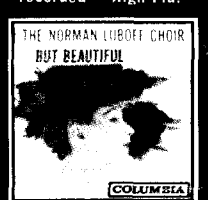
90. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

120. Remember, Till We Meet Again, Now is the Hour, 9 more

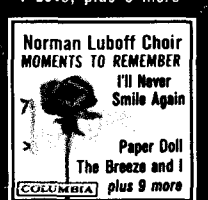


44. King Kamehameha, Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more

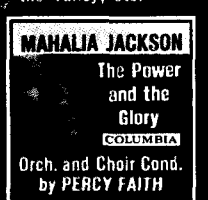
110. "Ormandy has wrought a small miracle"—HiFi Review



37. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, 9 more



36. Taking A Chance on Love, South of the Border, 10 more

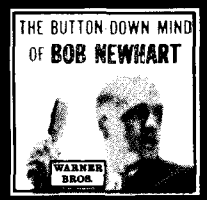


29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

38. Romance, Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more

Never Let Me Go, ...ngle Fever, Down ...the Riverside, etc.

88. "The recording is nothing less than perfect"—Hi Fi Rev.



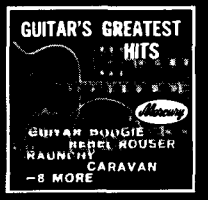
60. "Best new comedian of the decade" —Playboy Magazine

51. Includes stereo balancing test and book — STEREO only

33. Also: Love is a Random Thing, Are You Certain, etc.

114. "Serkin forges through both with brilliance"N.Y.Times

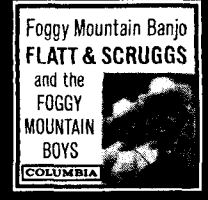
55. "A hit of gargantuan proportions!" —N.Y. Daily Mirror



45. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

84. Here's jazz at its best. Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.

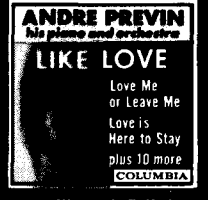
"Superbly play... exciting"—Amer. ...cord Guide



76. Fire Ball Mail, John Henry, Reuben, Sally Ann, 8 more

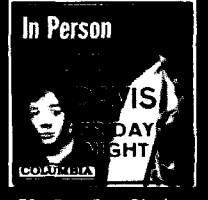
34. Siboney, Perfidia, Jungle Concerto, Poinciana, etc.

104. "Dynamic fourth and evocative fifth" —Amer. Rec. Guide



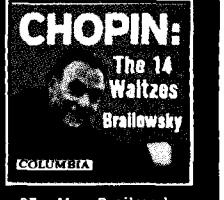
39. When I Fall in Love, Like Love, I Love a Piano, 9 more

47. One Mint Julep, Rib Joint, Mangos, Pink Lady. 7 more



78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.

89. Fandangos, Sevillanas, Alegrias, Tanguillos, 8 more



97. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano"—N.Y. Times

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Moves power forward for arrow-straight going

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'62 BUICK

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A distinguished clergyman reviews a question that has become more urgent than ever before in history:

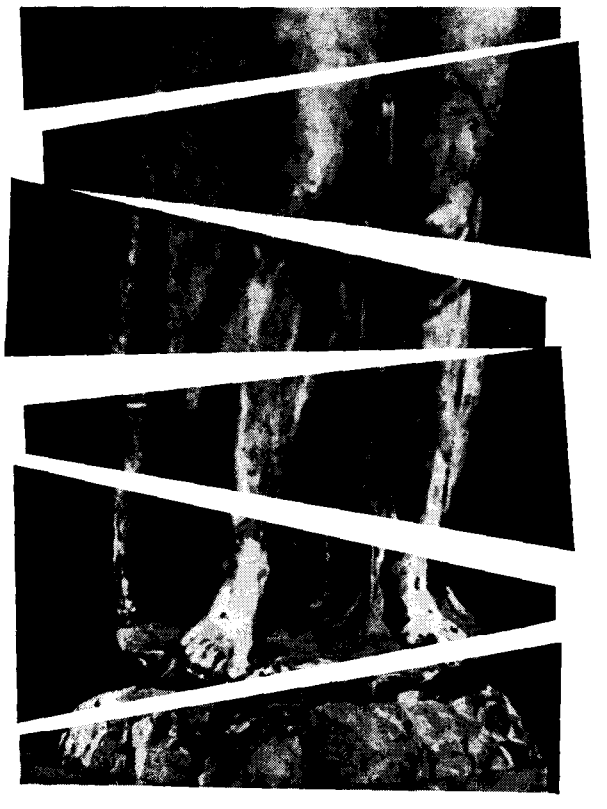
CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE?

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

With Communism striving to complete its conquest of the world by pulling the remaining free nations behind its Iron Curtain, the need for Christians to unite is imperative. Unable to present a united front, we are losing one battle after another in the underdeveloped countries.

The divided character of Christianity is so evident, even to the primitive peoples of New Guinea, that they have recently requested its competing emissaries to stay out. "The ex-cannibals of the world," says British Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Cecil Northcott, "are teaching us a Christian lesson: Can we not cease to be cannibals among ourselves? Instead of eating together at the common table, we tend to eat one another in a kind of blasphemous competition."

Is it any wonder that a united Islam is winning more adherents in some of the developing countries than Christianity? While conducting an educational survey in Africa last year, I was chagrined to have both Protestant and Catholic missionaries tell me that in some areas the converts won by Islam outnumber the combined gains of the Christian missions.



Christians constitute the largest religious body in the world, numbering 888,803,000—more than double the next largest group, the Moslems, with 430,325,000. Unfortunately, the Christian body is broken into three principal fragments: 537,533,000 Roman Catholics, 214,133,000 Protestants and 137,137,000 Eastern Orthodox. That fragmentation is mirrored in the United States, with its 62,543,000 Protestants, 42,105,000 Roman Catholics and 2,820,000 Orthodox.

A closer scrutiny of the religious complexion of this nation shows that it has more divisions than any other country in the world. To these shores the newcomers brought every variety of the Christian faith in the Old World. Instead of melting into one, as the languages and customs of immigrants have done, the transported faiths have sprouted myriads of new ones. The total reported in the last Federal religious census, taken in 1936, exceeded 250, and is now estimated to exceed 270, excluding the more ephemeral sects.

This endless proliferation of sects is generally recognized as the scandal of Christendom. It is the direct opposite of that unity which Christ said was forever to characterize His Church: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Shortly before His death upon Calvary, the Saviour prayed that all who believe in Him "may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee."

Reflecting this emphasis upon the necessity of unity of faith on the part of all Christ's followers,

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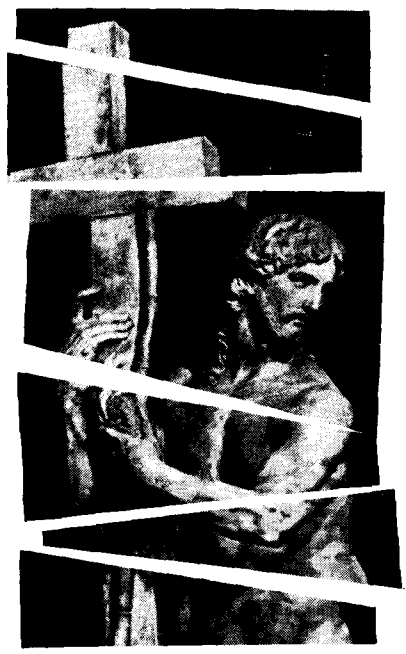

CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE?

the Apostle Paul declared: "There is one body and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." This is the note sounded so frequently by the Founder of Christianity and the Apostles that it runs like a refrain through the pages of the New Testament.

Christians squirm as they see an increasing multitude of conflicting sects tearing the seamless garment of Christ's Body into shreds and tatters. Their concern has given birth to the ecumenical movement, which seeks to achieve the unity of all Christians. This is the most significant, ambitious and far-reaching venture which Christian leaders have undertaken in the past fifty years.

Roman Catholics belong to a single church having unity of faith, worship, discipline and government, and all of them acknowledge the supreme spiritual authority of the pope. While sharing many doctrines with Catholics, the Eastern Orthodox belong to autonomous churches. Protestants belong to a great number of denominations with basic differences in matters of belief, worship, discipline and government. Establishment of religious unity among all these Christians is the goal of the ecumenical movement.

The most significant expression of the ecumenical aspirations of Protestants has been the convening of a number of unity-minded assemblies and conferences, beginning in 1910. In that year there was held at Edinburgh the World Missionary Conference. At Amsterdam in 1948 there was established the World Council of Churches, a loose federation of more than 150 Protestant and Orthodox bodies in some fifty countries.

Much of the pioneer work leading to the establishment of the World Council was done by three distinguished leaders: Dr. John R. Mott, an American Methodist layman; Episcopal Bishop Charles H. Brent, a Canadian-American; and Archbishop Nathan Soderblom, a Swedish Lutheran. A sounding board of Protestant opinion, the World Council of Churches has sponsored extensive studies of the nature of church unity and the means to attain it.

The most recent and dramatic expression of Catholic concern was the announcement by Pope John XXIII on January 25, 1959, that he plans to convoke an Ecumenical Council, one of whose purposes will be to explore the ways and means of advancing Christian unity.

While the concern of the council will certainly extend to all Christians, it will doubtless be especially pronounced in regard to the Eastern Orthodox Catholics. Sharing most of the traditions, articles of faith and practices of Roman Catholics, including the seven sacraments, the Eastern Orthodox belong to autonomous churches and regard their respective patriarchs, rather than the pope, as their supreme spiritual leaders. United with Rome for the first ten centuries, the Eastern Orthodox separated in 1054. Temporary unions were effected, but since 1453 the separation has persisted.

The announcement of the pope brought expressions of interest, pleasure and surprise from Orthodox and Protestant leaders in many countries. Edwin T. Dahlberg, then president of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., declared, "Anything that would bring together all the Churches of Christ would be blessed of God." The Archbishop of Canterbury indicated that, if invited, the Church of England would send an observer.

Dr. Marc Boegner, president of the Federation of Protestant Churches of France, commented, "There are barriers humanly insurmountable.... But it is no less true that a radically new climate has developed in the course of the last decades in the relations of the great Christian confessions among themselves."

It was doubtless this new climate that led to the history-making visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is also the primate of the Church of England, to Pope John XXIII in December, 1960. It was the first meeting of a Roman pontiff and an Archbishop of Canterbury since the fourteenth century. Rome's *Il Giornale d'Italia* hailed it as "the Christian summit meeting." *Il Messagerro* called it a "sign of Christian reconciliation on the plane of common spiritual defense." It showed that old barriers can be broken down. When Christian leaders meet and talk together, hopes for ultimate reunion are strengthened. This visit was followed by one from the Queen of England, who is the head of the Church of England.

Since World War II the *Una Sancta* (One Holy) movement in Germany has promoted dialogue between Protestants and Catholics, creating a new atmosphere of good will. The dynamism of the movement has brought the two groups much closer together than they are in this country. With the warm approval of Pope Pius XII, headquarters for a similar movement, *Unitas*, have been established in Rome. The leader of this organization is Father Charles Boyer, S.J., an ecumenical scholar of international reputation.

More recently a leading Lutheran clergyman Dr. Hans Christian Asmussen of Heidelberg, has formed *Die Sammlung* (The Gathering), which seeks to form closer ties with the Catholic Church. The organization stresses the sacramental character of German Protestant services, pointing out that "Luther never intended to bereave the church of her mystery." So strong is the trend toward the restitution of the pre-Reformation liturgy and sacramental practice that almost every German city now has churches where Lutherans can go to confession.

On the other hand, there is a growing movement among Catholics in virtually all countrie for an increased use of the vernacular in the Mas and for more congregational participation therein. This movement stresses also the use of the vernacular in the administration of the sacraments.

In speaking about the forthcoming Ecumenical Council, the pontiff said, "It will be a manifestation which we hope will be received by those who are separated from this Apostolic See as a gentle invitation to seek and find that unity for which Jesus Christ prayed so ardently to His heavenly Father." As a token of affection and good will toward those Christians who are separated from the Apostolic See, and to enable them to follow the work of the council, he established a special secretariat to promote Christian unity, of which Augustin Cardinal Bea, S.J., is chairman.

The most widespread expression of Catholic solicitude for the reunion of all Christians, however, is the Church Unity Octave, conducted in all Catholic churches throughout the world. The octave begins on January eighteenth, the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, and ends on January twenty-fifth, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. During those eight days, more than 500,000,000 Catholics pray for the unity of all Christians, and these prayers are characterized by humility and contrition. Catholics realize that all too often they have hindered the cause of reunion by their worldliness, lack of charity and disedifying example; by their pride and general failure to put Christ's law of love into daily practice. Acknowledgment of their guilt is mirrored in the following lines of the litany recited daily during the octave and frequently throughout the year:

For controversies marked by irony, suspicion and exaggeration, for lack of understanding, for unfeeling judgment concerning our non-Catholic brethren. Forgive us, O Lord. For the acts of violence and the injustices we have tolerated in the course of history against our Protestant brethren. Forgive us, O Lord. For proud complacent attitudes shown in times past toward our Orthodox brethren, and for our present indifference to them. Forgive us, O Lord.

Efforts of Protestants in the United State to achieve unity are proceeding with unprecedented vigor. Three mergers have taken place recently. The Unitarians and Universalists have combined into a single church with a membership of 175,000. Three independent Lutheran bodies have united to form the American Lutheran Church, with a total of 2,200,000 members. Another four Lutheran groups are uniting to form the Lutheran Church in America, with 3,000,000 members. Two separate denominations, the Congregational Christian Church and the Evangelical and Reformed Church, have merged into the United Church of Christ. A larger merger is that of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

The most ambitious plan, however, is that proposed by Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, chief executive officer of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern Presbyterians), that the Protestant Episcopal Church and Northern Presbyterians jointly invite the Methodists and the United Church of Christ to form a new Christian Church. Dismayed at the hundreds c divisions within Protestantism, Doctor Blak said, "I don't believe it is God's will to have so many churches in the United States."

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The proposal was welcomed by Protestant Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, who said, "The Holy Ghost is on our side whenever we break through the barriers between Christian bodies. He will increasingly provide guidance to show the ways in which we can defeat the complacent obstinacy of our national church bodies in this regard."

In similar vein, Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord remarked, "I am convinced that such a reunited church would make a tremendous appeal to . . . a growing number of people who stand aghast at the sin of denominational overlapping." Deploring the "silliness" of church competition at the local level, the Rev. Dr. Theodore Gill, Presbyterian president of San Francisco Theological Seminary, said, "The gun is at the church's head." If the merger is approved, the new church will have 18,900,000 members.

At the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Detroit in September of 1961, the House of Bishops considered the proposal to accept the invitation of the United Presbyterian Assembly. A whole day had been reserved for debate on the issue, and a huge crowd jammed the side aisles of the room in Cobo Hall to witness the fireworks. Within thirty seconds or so, the motion was passed unanimously.

"I'm quite speechless!" gasped presiding Bishop Arthur C. Lichtenberger. Three days later the House of Deputies, by a vote of 139½ to 18½, added its assent. Echoing apparently in the minds of all the delegates were the words of the prayer uttered by Bishop Lichtenberger just before the first vote was taken: "Look mercifully, O Lord, on the broken body of Thy Church."

The convention closed with a stirring appeal from the House of Bishops for the reunion of world Christianity. Declaring that the challenge is one that "in faithfulness to God we cannot evade," the bishops urged Christians "to work and pray without ceasing until by God's grace and in His time the divisions by which we dishonor our one Lord are done away."

Outstanding among all the Protestant leaders who have battled for a united Christian church is Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, who has been for many years the most articulate voice of *The Christian Century* on this subject. Speaking of the folly and the tragedy of denominational overlapping in evangelical Protestantism in North America, he says: "The way to end Protestant sectarianism is for denominations to *cease being churches*. It is their absurd and arrogant assumption of the ecclesiastical character and functions of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church that is the locus of our sectarianism and the sin of our disunity which the ecumenical spirit deplores and with which it cannot live."

The ecumenical spirit has prompted Protestants and Catholics to restudy the doctrines which divide them. Some results are astonishing. Typical of them is the conclusion of Professor Hans Kueng, a German Catholic theologian, that the doctrine of justification developed by Karl Barth, a protestant of the Protestants, is in reality precisely what the Council of Trent meant by justification. It is not too much to hope that objective re-examination of other theological beliefs will reveal that many of the controversies which divide us are traceable to a misunderstanding of the sense in which key terms are used.

Of course, there are still profound differences between Protestants on the one hand, and Catholics and Orthodox on the other. To many Protestants the ecumenical goal is simply the unity of all believers in the lordship of Christ, transcending all differences in creed, ritual and church organization. They would establish unity by the simple expedient of removing denominational labels, with all the differences still remaining. To Catholics, most of the Eastern Orthodox and many Protestants, unity means much more: a substantial oneness in faith and worship.

What concessions might the Holy See be expected to make to promote reunion? In general, it can be said that the Roman Catholic Church has the authority to modify any of its own legislation, but not to alter doctrines that it considers revealed by Christ. Its function is to transmit the deposit of such divine revelation unchanged to each generation. This whole question is, however, one which only the Vatican can answer; speculation by individuals as to the decisions which the Holy See might make would be premature and of little value.

There are two considerations which should add impetus to the movement for Christian unity. The first is the menace of aggressive Communism. Determined to stamp out all belief in God and to reduce the free countries of the West to vassal state, Soviet Communism has enslaved approximately one third of the world's population.

Faced with a menace more formidable than any other in its long history, Christianity must present the united front of her mighty membership of nearly 900,000,000 to a common foe. Even before complete creedal unity can be effected, means must be devised to secure the active collaboration of all Christians in promoting the social and political reforms that are obviously necessary to stem the spread of Communism. The late Pope Pius XII pleaded for the collaboration not only of all Christians but also of "all men of good will" in the battle against Communism, for the spread of the principles of social and economic justice, for the protection of human rights and for the peace of the world.

The second consideration is this: The numerous divisions within Christianity interfere with the spread of the Christian religion in developing countries. Happily, the ecumenical movement has prompted open-minded inquiry and discussion. Denominational leaders within the framework of Protestantism are meeting to explore ways and means of achieving unity. Catholic and Orthodox scholars are re-examining the causes of their unhappy separation, and both are meeting with their Protestant counterparts.

In Germany, Belgium, Holland and France, discussions between Protestant and Catholic scholars have been taking place with increasing frequency in the last few decades. In the United States, where Catholic ecumenism has been somewhat more conservative than in Europe, Protestant and Catholic scholars have been meeting informally to re-examine their differences in doctrine and organization. In recent years about eight such colloquia between theologians of Notre Dame and Valparaiso universities have taken place; they will continue on an enlarged scale.

Perhaps the most tangible fruit of such discussion is the book, *An American Dialogue*, wherein Professor Robert McAfee Brown of Union Theological Seminary discusses Catholicism and Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., of Woodstock College, considers Protestantism. The foreword is written by the noted Jewish scholar, Professor Will Herberg of Drew University.

Doctor Herberg terms the dialogue "a major event in American religious life and a convincing sign that we are really beginning to emerge out of the intellectual parochialism and self-isolation that has hitherto been so characteristic of American religious pluralism." Readers of this study will find a new dimension of sympathetic understanding of a religion other than their own by both writers, giving promise of a new era in a field too long preoccupied by controversy.

In the field of Biblical studies Protestant and Catholic scholars are working together with excellent results. Indeed, several of these scholars believe that agreement in scriptural research has reached such a point as to render a uniform English translation of the Bible acceptable to both Catholics and Protestants. In fact, the Jesuit-edited *America* has proposed that project, and the Protestant response has been most favorable.

The spirit of Catholic ecumenism has generated new sympathy toward Protestant efforts at achieving unity even within its own ranks. Instead of looking upon the World Council of Churches as a potential rival, the Vatican called it the "fruit of the inspiration of grace." Accordingly, when the council met at Amsterdam in 1948, the Dutch hierarchy called upon Catholics to pray for all taking part in the congress and for the success of their efforts for unity.

The positive points of agreement must be emphasized. Catholic ecumenicists are reminding their coreligionists that Protestants are baptized not into a denomination, but into Christ, and are therefore literally their spiritual brothers. They are pointing out that the first step along the road to reunion is kneeling together at the foot of the Cross in prayer and repentance.

In the humble acknowledgment that we are all sinners and need divine guidance to bridge the gap widened by centuries of misunderstanding, Christians create the only atmosphere out of which can come understanding, goodwill and ultimate reconciliation. Only in that climate can the prayer of Christ for the unity of all His followers find its ultimate fulfillment. Attitudes crystallized through group association for many years are not changed overnight.

What is impossible for men, however, is simple and easy for God. The foolishness of God is wiser than our wisdom and His weakness is stronger than our strength. Only God can bridge chasms so deep and so ancient. Through humble and persistent prayer, Christians believe, God will be moved to make up for our deficiencies, our awkwardness and ineptness, and thus fulfill the prayer of Christ "that all may be one." In penitence, humility, trust, confidence and persevering prayer we shall do our best and leave the outcome in the hands of the God who assured us that no prayer asked in the name of Christ will go unanswered.

THE END

Doctor O'Brien is research professor of theology at Notre Dame, a cochairman in the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the author of more than a dozen books on theology, philosophy and science.

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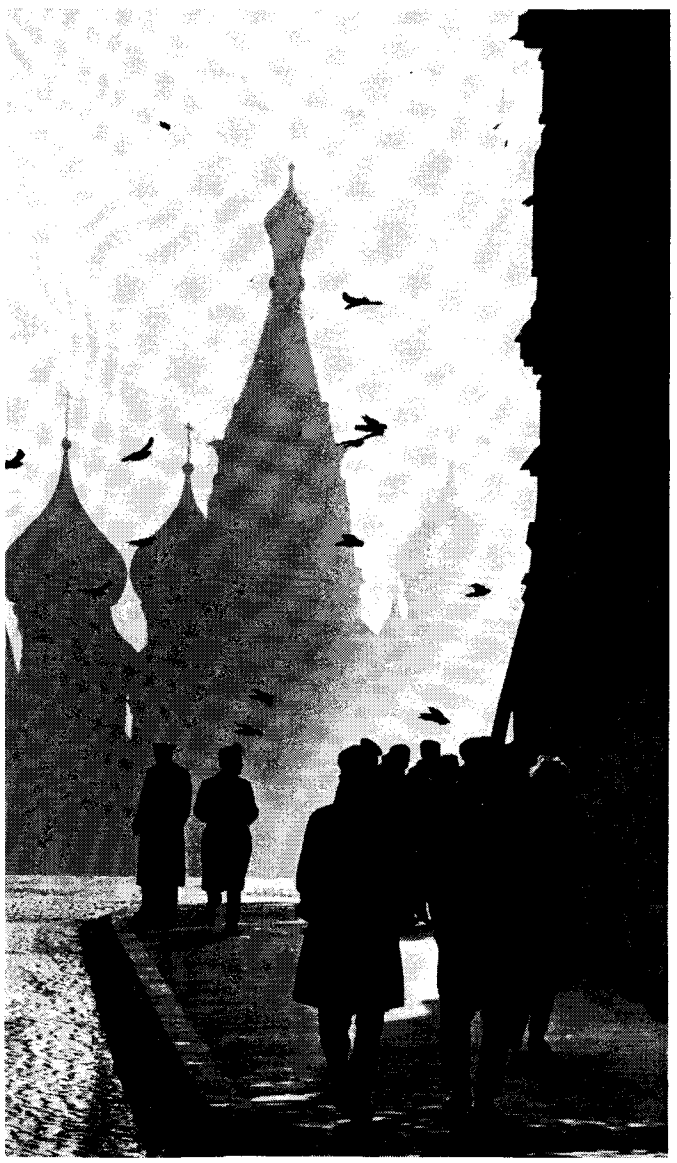
The Berlin Crisis:

KHRUSHCHEV'S STRENGTH

By STEWART ALSOP

"The fact that Khrushchev believes his own dogma is one reason why there is no real chance of a genuine and lasting world settlement. . . . It is also one reason why there is a real chance of war."

A *Post* editor's grim report from inside the Soviet Union.



The turrets and spires of St Basil's cathedral loom above the HQ of world-wide Communism, Red Square

LONDON.

Why is Russia so depressing? In the small isolated colony of Americans and Western Europeans in Moscow, this question provides a favorite subject of conversation. On Americans especially, the Soviet Union has a peculiarly melancholy effect. As soon as they set foot on Russian soil, almost all Americans begin to feel gloomy to the point of suicide, and to look forward to the day of their departure, as small children look forward to Christmas.

It is not easy to explain why this is so. Russians are polite to foreigners, and many Russians have a genuine personal charm, born in part of a certain childlike innocence of the world. A visitor to the Soviet Union lives high on the hog—the hotel rooms are huge, caviar lovers can swim in the stuff, balletomanes can spend every night at the wonderful Bolshoi Ballet, and art lovers will find in Leningrad's Hermitage one of the world's greatest collections of paintings. Even so, Russia is a damnably depressing place.

I found it so when I was first there six years ago. I found it so again when I was in the Soviet recently on the last leg of a reporting trip in the eastern half of Europe, there to weigh the strengths and weaknesses of the Communist side in the current world crisis.

Americans in Russia have all sorts of favorite reasons for disliking the place, ranging from the peculiar feeling of not being able to breathe easily, which is characteristic of a totalitarian state, to the fact that you hardly ever see a really pretty girl. I think the main reason Russia depresses me is that I keep asking myself: May not Mr. Khrushchev be right when he says that our grandchildren will live the way these people live? May not this dull, dreary anthill state really be the wave of the future? In the other European Communist countries such questions are much less likely to occur to you. There are, of course, striking superficial similarities between the Soviet-satellite countries and the Soviet Union—even the Communist slogans on the walls of the buildings are reproduced in the same shade of red. But these similarities are on the surface.

The underlying reality is that most of the people who live in Khrushchev's European empire hate the system which has been imposed upon them from without. They would give a great deal to be free of it—perhaps even, in certain circumstances, their lives. This, as suggested in a previous report in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is Khrushchev's essential weakness in the present crisis. But this weakness does not exist in Russia itself. Khrushchev boasts that Communism has created in Russia a "new Soviet man." For the great majority of Russians, the boast is true. Because it is true, the Soviet state is a stable society, in sharp contrast to East Germany and most of the other satellites. It is a stable society despite such strange surface antics as the savage attack on the "anti-party group," which occurred during the Twenty-second Party Congress when I was in Moscow, or the macabre business of the removal of Stalin's corpse from the mausoleum on Red Square. The existence of "new Soviet man" is one essential element of Nikita Khrushchev's strength in the current crisis. The second essential element is related to the first. It is the raw military power of the Soviet Union.

For an example of the first source of Khrushchev's strength, take Inna. I first met Inna in Brest-Litovsk, on the Polish-Soviet frontier. Tom Braden, a California newspaper publisher; Rowland Evans Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and I had hired a car to drive us from Brest-Litovsk to Moscow, with overnight stops in Minsk and Smolensk, the same route Napoleon and Hitler took in their suicidal attacks on Russia. We carried our luggage across the heavily guarded bridge over the Bug River, and there on the other side was Inna, who spoke English and who had been detailed by the Intourist office to greet us. With the help of a good hairdresser and a bit of dieting, Inna would have been a real beauty. As it was, she was that rare commodity in Russia, a pretty girl. We were all much taken with her, and we asked her to come along on our drive to Moscow. To my surprise—for things were not so casually arranged when I was last in Russia—she agreed, packed a little bag while we were eating an excellent lunch, and joined us in our chauffeur-driven ZIM limousine.

Inna had a lovely smile, and when we practiced our terrible Russian on her, she would say "Excuse me," blush prettily and go off into a fit of giggles. She had that charm born of innocence that many Russians have, and we all liked her very much. All the same, as we soon discovered, Inna was a "new Soviet woman." And because this was so, there was a barrier between us. Once, driving through the flat gray plains of western Russia in our ZIM, we gave each other a sort of political quiz to pass the time. Evans asked Braden and me to name the first nine amendments to the Constitution, and we were stumbling through freedom of speech, press, assembly and religion, when Inna interrupted to inquire politely, "Excuse me, but you are talking about the bourgeois liberties, no?" We said we supposed we were, and asked her what the Soviet liberties were. "The dictatorship of the proletariat and the union of peasants and workers," she replied. We said nothing, for there was nothing to say.

This was a Pavlovian response. Inna had been taught from childhood to think in this fashion,

Like a symbol of traditional Soviet suspicion, the eyes of Lenin scan the square.

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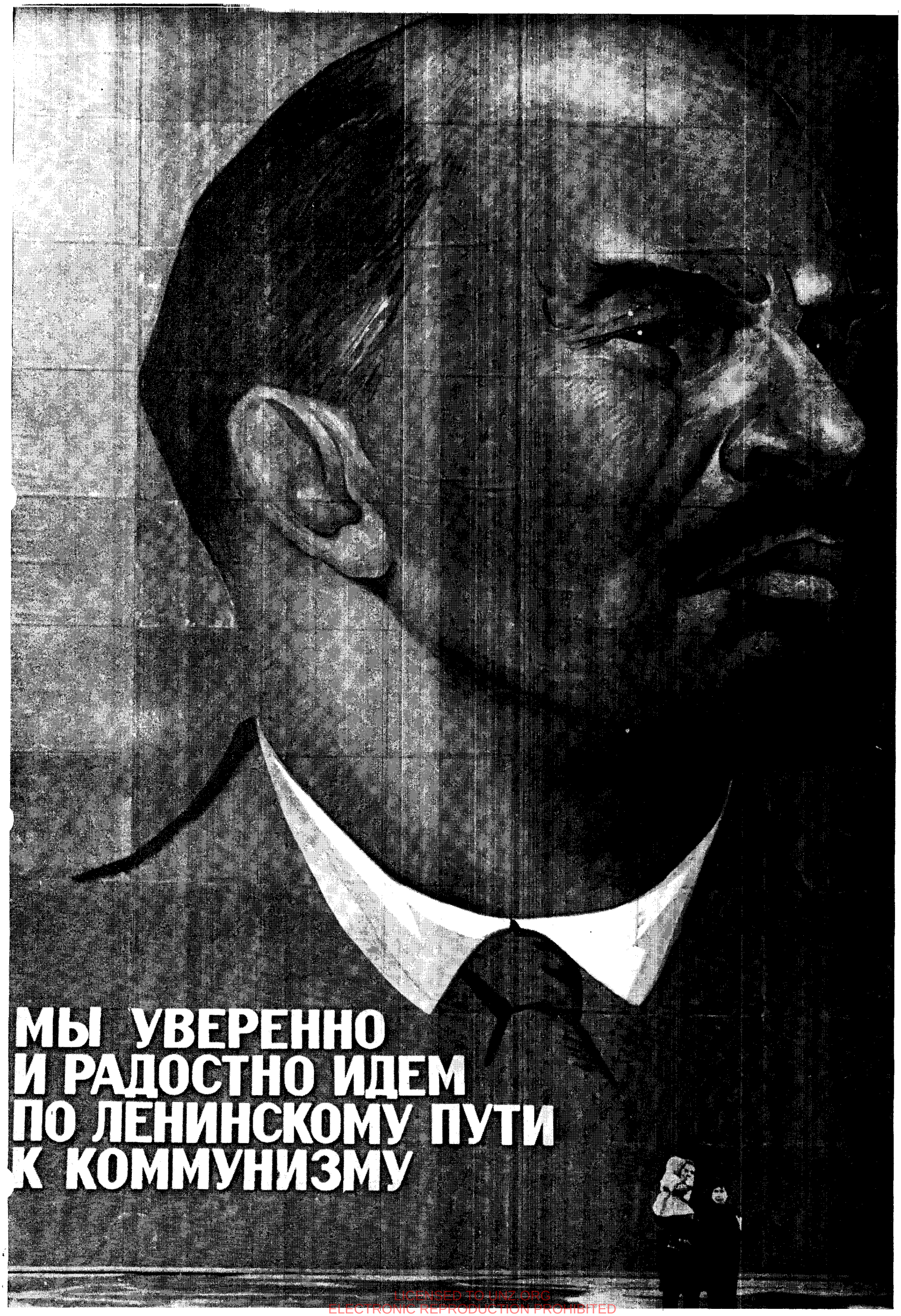

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Photographs by Burt Glinn

A glum Soviet officer shows typical Russian reaction to the news that Stalin's body would be disentombed.

as Russia's famous Doctor Pavlov taught dogs to salivate when they heard a bell ring. But this does not mean Inna's response was insincere. I am sure it represented a deeply held conviction.

In this, Inna is like millions of other people in Russia, who have been born and brought up since the Revolution. I don't mean to suggest that these many millions of people are all passionate Communists. But it simply does not occur to them, any more than to Inna, to doubt the basic tenets of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine. In a society where for forty years there has been no competition in ideas at all, such matters are simply not subject to argument. Communism has often been compared to a religion. Up to a point the comparison is valid. Between Brest and Moscow I saw about a dozen identical roadside signs. They looked like a Victorian religious print—they showed a demurely pious woman reading from a big black book in her lap to a little child clinging to her arm. But the book was not the Bible. It was marked, in big letters, LENIN.

The signs had, of course, been put up by the state. As this suggests, the pseudo religion of Communism is a state religion, and it is made to serve, at every point, the national purposes of the Soviet state. For Nikita Khrushchev this state religion of Communism is an important instrument of power. It related directly, for example, to the Berlin crisis. It is often said that the Russians want peace. This is true. Having known a war that cost them millions of lives, they long for peace. And yet, because almost all of them, like Inna, accept without thought the state dogma of Communism, Khrushchev can take warlike risks in Berlin or elsewhere which no leader of a free society could conceivably take.

Let me illustrate. In Moscow, a man called me on the telephone, introduced himself as a fellow journalist and asked to see me. I invited him to come to my hotel room. He would not have come six years ago, for in those days the memory of Stalin's regime—when to be alone with an American journalist was to risk death—was still green. But things have changed, and he came up to my room. He turned out to be a likable, earnest young man, and for a while we chatted amiably. Then inevitably the subject of Berlin came up.

Again there was the Pavlovian response. Why did the Americans want war over Berlin? There would be no risk of war, I said, if Khrushchev would permit the allies to continue to exercise in Berlin the rights which we had won in blood in the second war. Warming to my theme, I said loudly—I trust the listening devices were in order—that we were prepared if need be to shed blood again to maintain those rights.

He was visibly shaken by what I said—shaken in the way that a religious person might be shaken by a blasphemy. But no, he said, the Berlin crisis was the result of "Western aggression." It had to be. For—and he said this by rote, like a child repeating a prayer, but also with conviction—"A socialist state is incapable of aggression."

This is a basic tenet of the dogma, of course, and I am quite sure that it is accepted by most of the Russian people. Wherever you go in Russia you hear the same question—"Why do the Americans want war?" The question is not asked simply for the benefit of Communist officials who might be listening, either.

On the almost empty jet which took me from Moscow to London, where this report was written, there was an elderly American lady of Russian origin. She spoke very broken English, but she had a typical American reaction to the Soviet Union—she kept fondling her green passport and muttering, "God bless America." She had gone back to Russia to see her brother, who still lived there, and through him she had met many ordinary Russians. "Always they are asking me same question," she said. "Why you Americans want war? They believe we want war—all so believe."

The fact that "All so believe" suggests the pervasive influence of Communist dogma, which preaches that capitalist states "want war" because capitalists profit from war. I am sure that the importance of Communist dogma, both as a source of power to the Soviet state and a guide to Soviet policy, is much underestimated in the West. According to Communist dogma, it is a "scientific fact," as Khrushchev says at every opportunity, that Communism represents the future. Whoever resists the future—for example, in Berlin—is by definition an "aggressor." This definition of aggression is accepted by the Russian people. Thus, although the Russian people genuinely want peace, they will fight if they must, and fight hard, against "peacebreakers" and "imperialist aggressors" who threaten them. This is a basic source of Khrushchev's strength.

Moreover, it is important to understand that Khrushchev, who is in a sense the prototype of the "new Soviet man," believes his own dogma. On this point all those Westerners in Russia whose task it is to try to understand what lies behind Soviet policy are in essential agreement. The fact that Khrushchev believes his own dogma is one reason why there is no real chance of a genuine and lasting world settlement between the Communist bloc and the West. It is also one reason why there is a real chance of world war. It is an ancient illusion, which goes back to the days of Franklin Roosevelt, that a bit of tough but sensible talk will make it possible to negotiate an overall settlement with the Russians, on the basis of mutual give and take. I suspect that President Kennedy had this thought in the back of his mind when he went to Vienna last summer to meet Khrushchev. What made the meeting "somber," to use Kennedy's adjective, was his discovery that Khrushchev really meant what he said, when he said that he intended to "bury us."

This is a discovery which any visitor to the Soviet Union makes as soon as he sets foot on Soviet soil. The absolute seriousness of the Soviet purpose to Communize the world is all around you, as much a part of the atmosphere as the air you breathe. To be sure, Khrushchev has said that Communism will prevail globally without a war that might destroy the Soviet Union. But "peaceful coexistence," as he defines it, is simply a means of using the growing power of Communism and the growing weakness of the West to win the world victory for Communism.

It is another unarguable tenet of the Communist dogma that, when Communism is stronger, Communism must prevail. As Lenin put it: "As

Ten-year-old recruits in the Pioneers, a 20,000,000-strong school of Red discipline.

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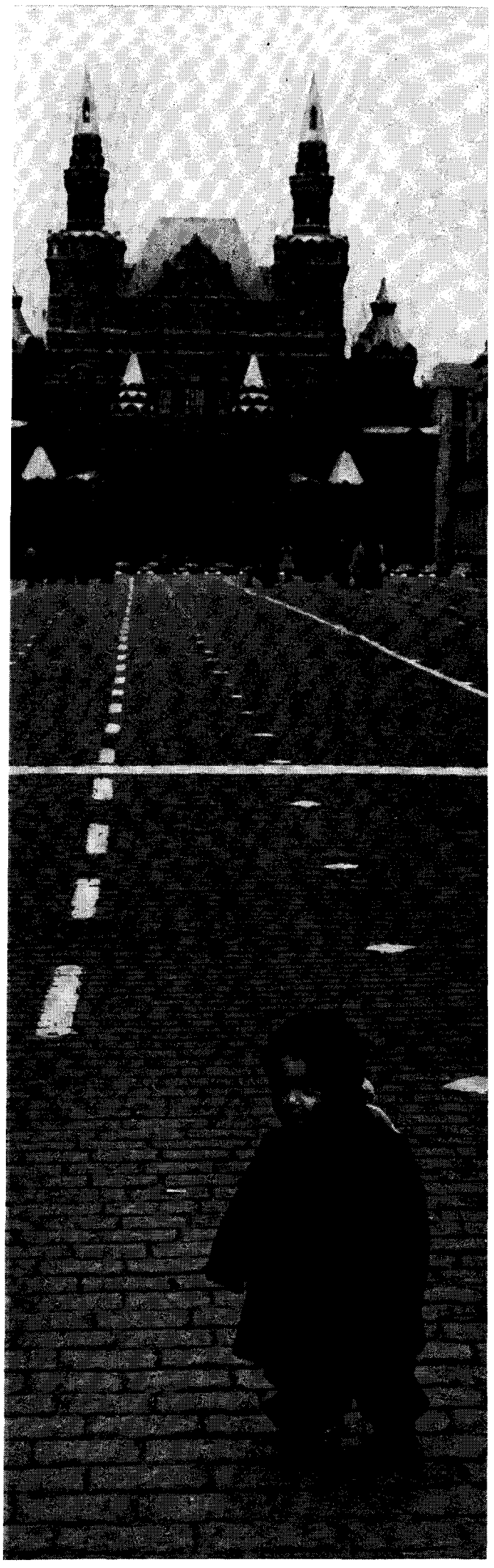

This small Muscovite belongs to a nation of at least 200,000,000. (Background: State Historical Museum.)

soon as we are strong enough to defeat capitalism as a whole, we shall take it by the scruff of the neck." Khrushchev boasts that he is a good Leninist, and he has no doubts about the weakness of "capitalism." At the party congress he derisively compared the Western powers to a "feeble, covetous, but impotent old man." And he has no doubt about the strength of Communism. As he confided to the congress, "We now consider our military forces to be superior."

He may well regard Berlin, where he still certainly hopes to inflict on the West a devastating defeat, as the scruff of capitalism's neck. The chief impression I gained in the Soviet Union, and also the most chilling impression, is that the Soviet ruling class is now supremely confident—confident of the correctness of the Communist dogma, confident of the power of the Soviet state. This impression was chilling for a simple reason: Confidence can become overconfidence, overconfidence can lead to miscalculation and miscalculation can lead to war. It has been a favorite theory in the West that the danger of war will recede as the Soviet grows richer and an educated, reasonably prosperous ruling class with an interest in maintaining the status quo comes into being. The theory has been put forward, for example, by former Central Intelligence Agency chief Allen Dulles. Alas, the evidence suggests that the increasing prosperity and power of the Soviet state are having a directly opposite effect.

Through Western eyes the Soviet Union does not look prosperous—the cities and the people still seem very drab. But as compared to the Russia of six years ago, there has been a visible increase in the standard of living. Those who knew Russia in the Stalinist era are amazed by the difference. The difference is not confined to a better diet for the workers or shoes with stiletto heels for the lucky wife of some Communist bureaucrat. The incredibly rigid discipline which the state imposed on the people even six years ago is also somewhat relaxed.

The state, mind you, still decides how well the people will live and what they should think. But in small personal matters people are allowed to make up their own minds, as when Inna came along or the young journalist came to my room.

In the restaurants, where people used to munch their food silently, staring straight ahead, they now chat casually with one another—and even dance, very badly, to jazz tunes which were outlawed as "decadent" less than a year ago.

To this extent the "thaw" in Soviet life is a real thing. But the thaw is not evidence of internal weakness in the Soviet state. On the contrary, it is striking evidence of the confidence of the Soviet rulers in the stability of the state, for they are now confident that the "new Soviet men" will accept Communist double-think and Communist discipline without serious question. And this internal confidence has made them more, not less, ready to take risks to extend Communist influence and the Soviet empire. The Soviet Union is passing through a belated industrial revolution, and the Russians are now feeling their oats in rather the same way that the British were a century ago in the great age of British imperialism, when they were passing through their industrial revolution.

British imperialism was a marriage between British nationalism and the mystique of the "white man's burden." And Soviet imperialism is a marriage between Russian nationalism and Communistic mystique. The analogy can be carried too far, of course. British imperialism was a far milder and more beneficent brand, and there were no fifty-megaton bombs in those days. But I suspect that a ghost from nineteenth-century Britain—perhaps Karl Marx—would find something familiar in today's Russia, in the combination of an underpaid industrial society and a confident ruling class with a sense of mission.

The marriage between Communism and Russian nationalism has its ludicrous aspects, of course. A few months ago, for example, Khrushchev's friend Mrs. Yekaterina Furtseva, Soviet minister of culture, discovered that rock 'n' roll was not decadent after all, and horrid imitations of Elvis Presley began to appear in Moscow dance halls. A simultaneous discovery was made that rock 'n' roll had really originated among the "peasants and workers of the Odessa Region." But however silly some of its symptoms may seem to us, this marriage of Communism and Russian nationalism is a formidable one.

"Despite the general dreariness," I wrote in my notebook on my second day in the Soviet Union, "one impression is clear. These people are tough, strong and competent, and they know, or they think they know, where they're going." That impression still stands. Much has been made of the fact that the Twenty-second Party Congress was not an unalloyed triumph for Nikita Khrushchev. That is true, but too much can be made of it.

Take, for example, the savage denunciations of the "antiparty group," culminating in the bizarre business of whisking the corpse of Stalin out of the tomb in Red Square. The violent attacks on Molotov, Kaganovitch and Malenkov, and the milder denunciations of such lesser members of the "antiparty group" as Bulganin and Voroshilov, sound fantastic to Western ears—the more so since these men had already been reduced to powerless cyphers. And yet the whole macabre business makes a kind of lunatic sense, in terms of the way the Soviet system operates. Despite the "thaw" the Soviet system still requires total control over all aspects of the lives of its subjects. This in turn demands a single dictator, a No. 1 man, what the Russians call "the vozd." On his way to becoming "the vozd," Nikita Khrushchev has unquestionably made innumerable enemies, because his rivals consistently have underestimated him. Given the logic of the system, all opposition to "the vozd" must be destroyed.

Like Stalin before him, Khrushchev adheres to the Machiavellian rule that "he who spares an enemy takes his own life in his hands." The process is a curiously impersonal one. Not long ago, Khrushchev was chatting with the wife of a Western diplomat at a Kremlin reception. "Poor Bulganin," he said, with the hint of a tear in his eye. "It was he who brought me the news of my son's death in battle, and he was most kind and thoughtful about it." But despite these sentimental memories, it never occurred to Khrushchev that Bulganin should not be made to pay the price for siding against him with the "antiparty

Tretyakov Museum, where "nonconformist" Russian works are stored out of sight.

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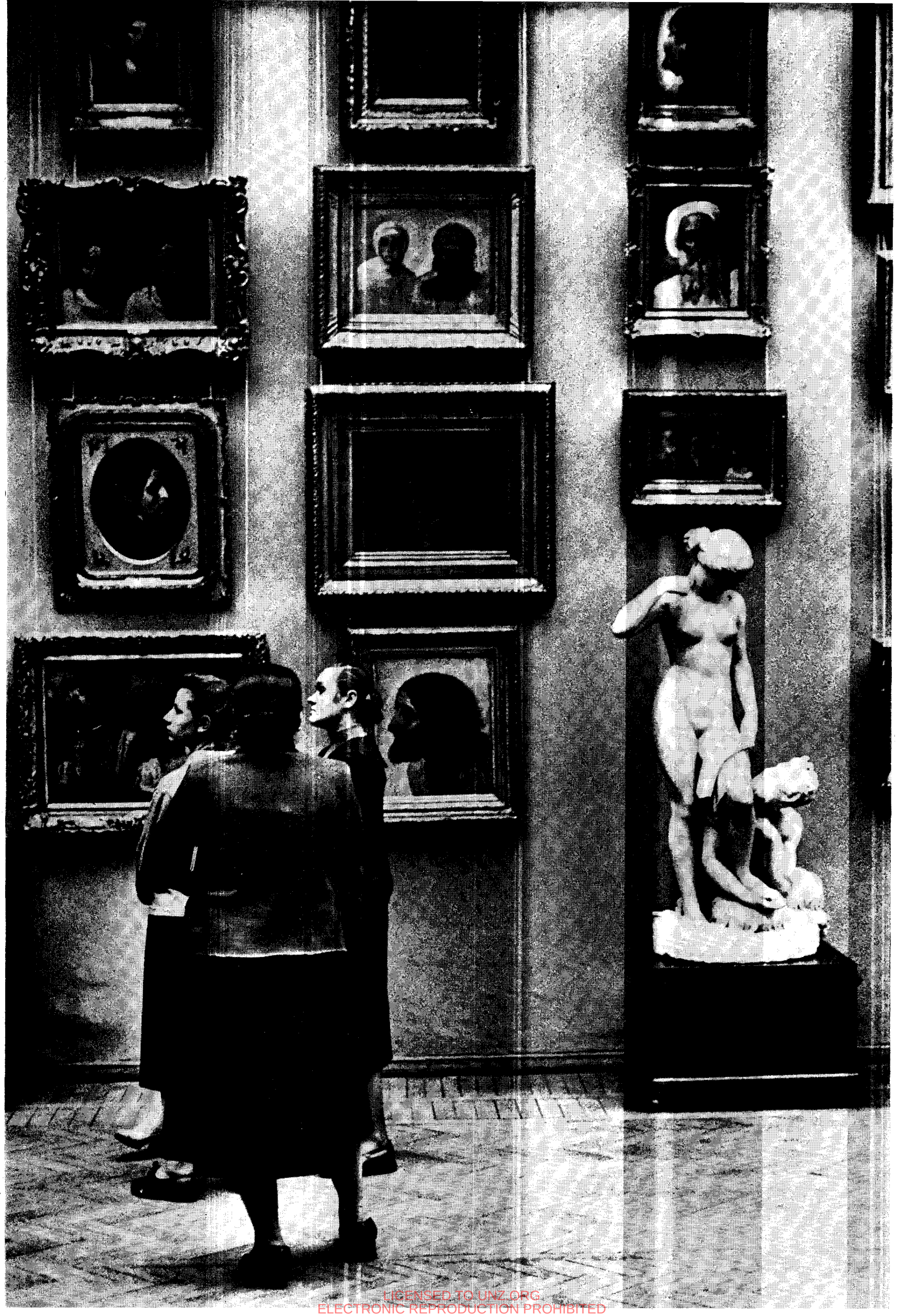

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group" in 1957. One of the oddest sights of the party congress was certainly that of Bulganin, a dim figure in an upper gallery, solemnly applauding the denunciations of himself, his goatee bobbing up and down in approval.

Yet the fact that Bulganin and other more important former rivals of Khrushchev remain alive is a further measure of the stability of the state. The regime is now strong enough so that constant bloodlettings are no longer required to maintain its authority. The final measure of stability was the public denunciation of Stalin and his removal from the mausoleum. Only a regime which was very sure of itself could have committed such sacrilege. Too much can also be made of the rivalry between the Soviet regime and Communist China, which erupted into the open at the Twenty-second Party Congress. There is no doubt that Khrushchev miscalculated. He was certainly taken by surprise when China, desperately dependent economically on the Soviet Union, defied him on the symbolic issue of the denunciation of Albania. He was even more surprised when a number of Asian Communist leaders followed the Chinese lead, and he has unquestionably failed to establish the total authority within the Communist bloc to which he aspired.

The Chinese-Soviet rivalry has, moreover, according to the best judges in Moscow, deep ideological and national roots. It has human and personal roots as well, to judge from the many stories told in Moscow about the numerous personal clashes between Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev. It is not at all hard to imagine why the ruthless but brilliant Chinese intellectual does not get along well with the brash and sweaty ex-coal miner. But, as in the case of Bulganin, such human factors have no final and decisive importance in the Communist world. And it is hard to see how the Soviet-Chinese rivalry will benefit the West. As one Western diplomat remarked to me in Moscow, "We have our troubles with De Gaulle, but that doesn't mean that he's about to join the other side." Moreover, the Soviets have certainly exercised a restraining influence on the Chinese, and it will not necessarily be good news for the West if that restraint is removed.

As suggested in a previous report, there are weaknesses in Khrushchev's position in the current great world crisis, and those weaknesses are entirely real. But so is Khrushchev's strength. Its first essential component is the "new Soviet man," for unless the Soviet masses had been brought to accept the essentially irrational Communist dogma, the irrational system which springs from the dogma could not be made to work. But it has been made to work—very badly in terms of human comforts and aspirations, but very well in terms of national power.

Power is the second essential component in Khrushchev's position, notably including the brute power of the huge Red Army. As soon as you cross the Soviet border, you begin to see soldiers everywhere. With their leathery faces, and their long overcoats and black boots, they look like serious soldiers who have learned the business of fighting. This superficial impression of military power is borne out by the facts.

When I was in Berlin in October, the Soviets were holding maneuvers on the West German borders. According to the intelligence reports, they fielded thirty-eight full divisions. The maneuvers were meant, of course, as a not very gentle reminder. The commander of the NATO forces, Gen. Lauris Norstad, commands a maximum of twenty-two divisions, several badly understrength, and with very little backup. In case war broke out over Berlin, according to NATO inelligence estimates, the Russians could field sixty powerful divisions almost immediately, and 130 within a month.

While I was in Moscow, Khrushchev gleefully exploded his fifty-megaton bomb, while Marshal Malinovsky told the party congress and the listening world that "any war must be a nuclear war." But if so, why do the Soviets maintain a huge standing army, when they know there is no danger of a nonnuclear attack from the West?

After weeks of travel through Eastern Europe, it seems to me that what the Soviets are up to is clear in its essentials. They hope to use a combination of megaton terror tactics plus their great conventional military superiority to force the West into at least a concealed surrender over Berlin. They are saying in effect: "Look, your pathetic little NATO army can't possibly defend Western Europe. So unless you let us have our way in Berlin—and ultimately elsewhere—there will be nuclear war, because you can't fight any other kind of war. And of course that would mean fifty-megaton bombs on your people."

For the present, we in the West can only say that we intend to defend our rights in Berlin come what may. If we say this, and if we persuade Khrushchev that we mean it, there is still a very good chance of avoiding war. For Khrushchev is not a madman, and he knows that America's nuclear power is still greater than his.

Yet, as Soviet nuclear delivery power grows, the time must surely come when we should be able to say to Khrushchev: "We can defend Western Europe, if necessary without nuclear weapons. And have a care. For we know, and you know, that you have an Achilles heel, in the hatred of your captives in Eastern Europe for the regimes you have imposed on them. And if you drop nuclear bombs on our cities, you know what will happen to yours."

The essential danger in our present situation is this. Khrushchev is well on his way to trump an ace, the American nuclear superiority. We have failed to trump his ace, the great preponderance of Soviet military power on the European continent. If NATO were today what NATO was meant to be—a genuine counterweight to the power of the Red Army—our whole situation would be transformed. The Western nations unquestionably have the resources and the population to create such a counterweight. But it has not been done. We have not lacked the means to do it. We have lacked the will.

As a result, the real power balance in Europe has shifted so heavily in favor of the "new Soviet men" that it is not unreasonable to ask whether Mr. Khrushchev is right when he boasts that Communism will ultimately prevail everywhere.

Can the will be found? A third report to *The Saturday Evening Post* will address itself to that question, whose answer depends as much on our European allies as on ourselves. THE END

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Confident and grim, dedicated to fight for a world dominated by the Red star

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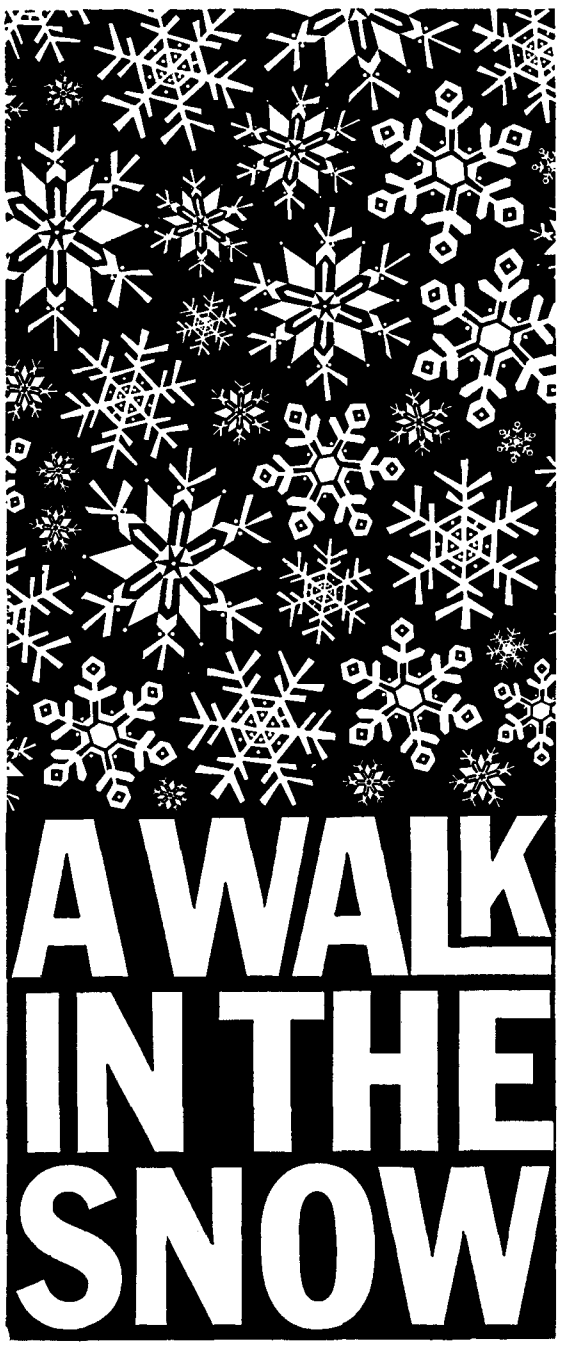

A WALK IN THE SNOW

The story of a lonely Christmas Eve

"You will get no stories out of me today," said that queen of comediennes, Bella Barlay. "No. There is something ghoulish about the public's interest in the youthful escapades of shriveled old has-beens like me."

I protested, "Dear lady, I must contradict on two points: firstly, you are neither shriveled nor a has-been; and secondly, there is no one like you."

She said, "Oh, don't expect to win me over by flattery, my friend. I am in one of my moods today. It would be blasphemous to suggest that this Christmas season is not for lonely old actresses as well as for the young. All the same, sometimes, at this time of the year—especially after dark when the radiators gurgle and give out heat without warmth—I feel like a disembodied chicken heart kept beating in serum in a deserted laboratory. And so I keep away memories of the past, not by telling idle stories about it but by decorating my tree."

The wide skirts of her white-satin tea gown made a sighing sound as she sank, somewhat in the attitude of Pavlova as the Dying Swan, to the carpet, and lifted the lid of an old leather trunk. It was full of Christmas ornaments elaborately wrapped in cotton wool. "These have been with me all my life," she said. "Some were my mother's, and some were my grandmother's. They represent the only property I have ever contrived to keep. All the rest, well—

"That which I gained I lost,
That which I saved I spent,
That which I gave, I have.

"Would you like to see something precious to me?"

With infinite care she unwrapped a strange little steel star, vaguely reminiscent of a snowflake. Looking closer, I saw that it was made of three crossed pieces of barbed wire strongly tied at the intersection.

"There was one Christmas," she said, "that I had to spend in a concentration camp in Eastern Europe. In that black frost, starving and sick to the heart, it seemed that there could be no holy dawn for us. Still, weak as we were, we found strength to pull up a tiny dead birch tree, and we threw water over it until the bitter night graciously hung it with clear crystals; and we made this star to crown it; and then we sent up such a song in the dark that even the guards who came to silence us hung their heads in shame! So, because the idea was mine and I had led the singing, I was given this star." Bella Barlay's brilliant black eyes became misty for a moment. Swallowing whatever emotion she must have felt, however, she smiled and said, "Still, it was cold. Yes, colder than the Christmas Eve of 1899 even!"

"What happened then?" I asked.

"I ran away from home," said she.

"What for?"

"Well, for what reason stronger than a disappointment in love does a girl leave a comfortable home?" asked Bella Barlay.

"Oh, come now—in 1899 you couldn't have been more than a baby!"

"No, I was ten years old. Lots of girls fall in love at that age. True, mine was an idealistic kind of passion, and its object was a boy of twelve. But such things are not to be measured with calendars and tapes. True, childish love does not live long or loom high. Neither does a flower. Is a rose, therefore, less real and beautiful than a hippopotamus?"

Then she shook her dainty little ragged-haired head in a parody of self-depreciation. Still on her knees, busy with her tree ornaments, she muttered, "It seems that I have talked myself into another silly story."

So she went on. . . .

On December 24, 1899, my dear father was ravished with delight by an unexpected visit of some people from America: Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Bestitude and their son Vernon, of Pennsylvania. I say ravished with delight because at that time my father, in common with many "progressive" romantics in Europe in those days, had a blind adoration for everything American. It is a fact; while ladies in American drawing rooms were singing of the glories of the blue Danube, we, in Budapest, were sighing of the romance of the place where the crystalline torrent of the mighty Monongahela embraces the voluptuous current of the Allegheny at the spicy and glamorous city called Pittsburgh. I had an English governess, and was better acquainted with the works of Fenimore Cooper than with our native classics.

When the Bestitudes came, merely in passing, to pay someone else's compliments, my father insisted that they stay to luncheon. Although I was too full of emotion to eat much, I never enjoyed a meal more; for I was smitten by the charms of young Vernon Bestitude. He kindled in my bosom a helpless adoration. I gaped at him, admiring his manly demeanor, his candid blue eyes, his serious pink chin, his curly yellow hair, while I listened, rapt, to the sonorous voice of his father as he talked of his family history.

Oh, to be a Bestitude! True, we Barlays have shed our share of patriotic blood since the eleventh century and have our noble antecedents. But nothing in my family history had ever stirred my blood half as much as our guest's stern pronouncement, "Mrs. Bestitude, sir, was a Shewangunk Yonker, but my mother was a Kerhonkson Schuyler." I imagined a Yonker to be a sort of contralto in war paint, and visualized a Schuyler as a climber of remote peaks. "My father," he said, "lost a leg at Chickamauga; but I came away from San Juan Hill without a scratch." There was mysterious music in these words.

After this enchanting luncheon the gentlemen smoked their cigars while the ladies withdrew to exchange small talk. I led Vernon aside and asked him, "Have you ever fought Indians?"

"Thousands and thousands," said he.

"And slain buffalo?"

He uttered a contemptuous "Ha!" And then I said, "My father has a great many guns. Do you like guns?" He nodded, and I led him to my father's study, the walls of which that most peaceable of men had hung with the most ferocious collection of weapons you ever saw in your life—needle-pointed Khyber knives sharp as razors, snake-shaped Malay creeses, spiked maces, murderous tulwars, samurai swords, spring-bladed Italian poniards; together with carbines, muskets, rifles, and bell-mouthed blunderbusses of all ages.

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"*They're* no good. Give me my old six-shooter!" said Vernon. I was abashed. Then I remembered that in the right-hand drawer of his desk, my father kept a loaded revolver, a very handsome revolver with an ivory handle inlaid with gold. With a certain thrill of conscious wickedness—for, in opening private drawers, I was breaking an irrefragable household law—I took this weapon out. I must win his respect at all costs.

"Like this?" I asked.

He cried, "Yay!" and snatched it from my hands. He looked at it with a cool, professional eye; brandished it, aimed it, said, "Bang-bang!" and twirled it by the trigger guard. He felt the inside of the barrel with his forefinger. "Pretty nice," he said. "Yes, sir; yes, siree; yes. . . ." His voice faded. A look of consternation marred the bright calm of his face. "My finger's stuck," he said.

And the harder he tried to get his finger out, the more firmly it established itself; so now, after a couple of minutes of struggle, my Vernon's big blond face seemed to crack, letting some of his manliness leak out. I said to myself, *He is not afraid—only desperate.* "Spit on your finger," I told him, "and while you keep still I will pull at the handle."

He did as I said. I laid a wiry grip on the revolver and tugged with all my might. How was I to know that two or three of my fingers were hooked over the trigger? Just as his finger came free the revolver went off with a bang that shook the house. And the recoil! It was as if I had been beaten from fingers to toes with a bundle of nettles, while a mule kicked me in the face—for the recoil sent that weapon up out of my hand to bruise my cheek. The bullet passed over Vernon's head, went through a Chinese gong and, penetrating the door, knocked the head off a marble Cupid on the landing. This head went bump-bump-bump down the carpeted stairs, to roll to rest at the feet of my father, Mr. Bestitude and the ladies.

My mother fainted dead away into Mrs. Bestitude's arms. The men came thundering upstairs. There we stood, Vernon and I, with the smoking revolver between us at our feet.

Our visitor shouted, "What in thunder is the meaning of this, Vernon?"

My hero stood foursquare. He looked his father in the eyes—aie-aie, my beating heart!—and said, "Dad, I cannot tell a lie. *She* fired that shot." And he pointed straight at me.

There was an instant of awful silence. Then my father ordered me to my room, saying, "Wretched girl! You might have killed this noble boy! Go to your room!"

And there I was, on the day before Christmas, of all days: in love, disenchanted, out of love, betrayed, heartbroken and exiled—all in one hour and forty-five minutes! Tolstoi's *Resurrection* was nothing to it, when you come to think of it. If only my bemused father had said, "You might have killed *yourself*," I shouldn't have grieved half as much. But his first thought had been for "this noble boy"; and that rankled. I knew that my parents had long dreamed of having a son. I felt unwanted; or, at the most, something *faute de mieux*, a next-best thing. My face throbbed where the pistol had kicked it. Nobody loved me, I thought; nobody cared.

I tickled my nose to make my eyes water, wept at the sight of my own tears, rehearsed a sob or two and made up my mind to leave home forthwith.

Never one to hesitate, once resolved I dressed myself in my warmest clothes, fur-lined coat and boots and all, and wrote a farewell note in the romantic style: DO NOT SEEK ME, FOR I HAVE FLED YOUR HOUSE FOREVER. YOUR WRONGED BUT FORGIVING—BELLA. P.S. PLEASE FEED CASIMIR. Casimir was my canary. I had a money box in the shape of a bank with Grecian pillars and a bronze door, into which I had dropped all the gold coins I had ever received as presents. I knew how to pick the lock with a hairpin; a little larceny comes natural to all women; all sorts of crimes are committed with hairpins.

So, with a heavy purse and a heavy heart, I crept past my governess's room and down the carpeted stairs and through the dim passage, past the kitchens which were foggy with the savory steams of Christmas cooking; into the winy old cellar, up through the flap and out into the back courtyard. Everything was leaden gray that afternoon, and cold, while the city froze between two snows. I said good-by to our great old acacia tree that stood naked now against the sky, and passed out of the little back door right into the wintry world. Where was I going? If you had asked me two or three hours previous, I would have said, "Pittsburgh." But now, if that sneak Vernon lived in the West, well my road lay east.

But where was east? There was no sun to guide me. I had a general idea that, if you look northward, the east is sharp right. So I turned right and walked steadfastly through the slush, with my ears in my fur collar and my hands in warm mittens. I would find a gypsy encampment, I thought, and go away with the free nomads. But as the sky grew steadily darker and more menacing, so the streets became narrower and meaner and more ill-lighted. I had never been out in the city alone, but I was not frightened—only curious. People's clothes became coarser and skimpier as the cold increased, and their manner and their accents more uncouth. No gloves here, no muffs—they blew on their fingers to warm them, and their breath looked like dragons' fumes in the frost. Once, I remember, a great staggering man pointed to my woolly scarf and let out a long whistle; whereupon, from far away, a siren hooted and there came a clashing noise of trains at a railway junction.

Nearby sounded the clangor of some factory, and there was a feverish flush in the sky. I could smell the river. And all the while it seemed that everything was getting narrower and narrower and rushing faster and faster, so that, with the wind having come up behind me, I might have been something whirling away in a funnel.

In spite of myself, I started to run, as fast as I could, between banks of terrible gray snow. But soon I stopped for breath. Now I was lost indeed, for I had put a labyrinth between myself and the lights of the city; and here were great slag heaps, sullenly smoking, and a conglomeration of huts huddling close by for warmth. The patchwork walls of these huts seemed to shed a thin rind of patchwork people, who stared at me as I ran, (Continued on Page 60)

By Gerald Kersh

PAINTING BY JOHN FALTER

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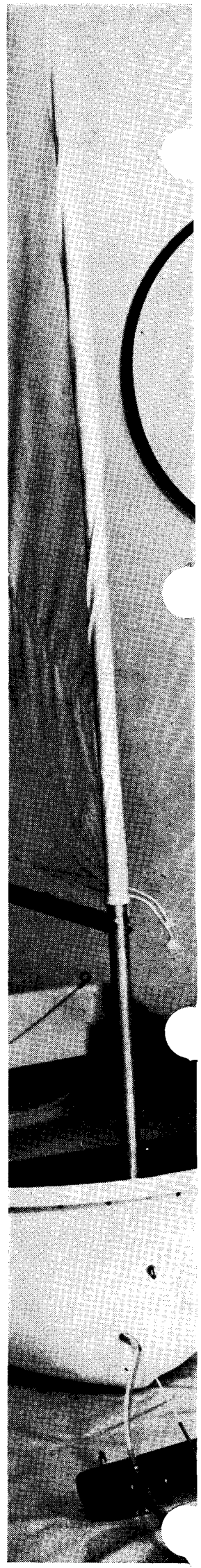
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Margaret Post: Airline Engineer. Stepping confidently to her duties, jaunty Margaret Post, 36, mothers a fleet of 31 airliners at Houston's International Airport and a brood of five children at home. Chief engineer for Trans-Texas Airways, English-born Margaret first worked with aircraft during World War II, as a draftsman for Britain's Bristol Airplane Company, came to the United States in 1946 as a war bride. In 1952, to help fatten the family income, she took a drafting job with Trans-Texas, three years later became chief engineer, despite her lack of an engineering degree—for which she is now studying at night. In the morning, before she drives to the airport, hard-working Margaret sees her four older children—aged 8 through 14—off to school, her husband off to his appliance-repair business, and leaves her one-year-old with a housekeeper. She finds that her domestic skills, such as making dresses for her three girls, can come in handy on the job. Once she had to direct the installation of $500,000 worth of modification parts on the airline's DC-3's. "Preparing those modifications," Margaret says, "was just like following a dress pattern. I put on coveralls and went right to work." PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEL HERSHORN.

Knerr and Melin: Funmakers. Two of Santa's happiest helpers are toymakers Richard (Rich) Knerr (right), 36, and Arthur (Spud) Melin, 36. Producers of the fabulous Hula Hoop, gadgeteers Knerr and Melin formed their Wham-O Manufacturing Company in 1947 while students at the University of Southern California. Their first factory was a Pasadena garage, their first product a slingshot, made with a band saw bought on credit. Today they turn out more than thirty toy and sporting-goods items, ranging from the 59-cent Frisbee Flying Saucer in Spud's hand to the $130 sailboat at left, and sell to 25,000 stores. Hottest number in their line: Limbo, a movable bar to wiggle under, lower and lower, to the music of a recorded tune called *Kookie Limbo*. Each partner has a specialty. Knerr is salesman and promoter, Melin the research-and-development expert. Both have playrooms where their youngsters—seven in all—can test-play their dads' brainchildren. The Wham-O owners now are plotting an invasion of the babyware business, also horsing around with pet supplies. "How can we run out of hot ideas," Rich asks, "when inventors submit more than a hundred to us each week?" "We can't," Spud assures him. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT J. SMITH.



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WAY UP

Janet Margolin: Talent's Daughter. Emerging from the shadowy confusion of adolescent ambition, gifted Janet Margolin, 18, stars as a gun-wielding murderess in a new Broadway play, *Daughter of Silence*. To win the title role, she had to read the part five times for author Morris L. West, outdoing 200 other hopefuls. "When they decided on me," she says, "I went limp." West was astonished too. His find, freshly graduated from New York City's High School of the Performing Arts, had only three slim credits: Prop girl once, a character in a soap opera once, actor in a half-hour TV drama—once. Janet grew up in Manhattan, lives there with her parents and three sisters in a skyscraper apartment. Shy and lonely as a youngster, Janet spent most of her time reading, visiting museums, and rowing on Central Park's lake. "I wore braces on my teeth and played with dolls past the age when most girls give them up for boys," she says. She recently flew to the West Coast for a screen test, decided she couldn't stand Hollywood: "It all seems so temporary, as though the place were kind of portable." But she likes acting. "It's a business," she says, "and it's wrong to use it as an emotional release. You play for an audience—not yourself." PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS NAMUTH

Pedro Sanjuan: Hospitality Salesman. Rolling out the red carpet for America's guests keeps diplomatic Pedro Sanjuan, 31, on the move. As assistant chief of protocol, Sanjuan travels about the Washington, D. C., area smoothing the way for African and Asian dignitaries who might become victims of racial discrimination. His rebukes to inhospitable hotel managers and restaurant owners are emphatic. "Refusing service to a foreign diplomat," he tells them, "can be just as damaging as passing secret information to the enemy." One Maryland café owner, vexed by his persistence, took a swing at him, missed when Sanjuan ducked. Born in Havana of Spanish parents (his father founded the Havana Philharmonic Orchestra), Sanjuan spent his early boyhood in Cuba and Europe, came to the United States at age 11. Because he spoke broken English, he was placed in the second grade. From there he zoomed through fifteen years' schooling in eight years, won a Phi Beta Kappa key. Among Sanjuan's qualifications for New Frontier service are a master's degree from Harvard, a three-year Navy hitch, conversance in nine languages, a pretty wife, (who helps write his speeches) and an offbeat hobby—painting abstract designs on all his furniture and the walls of his apartment. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

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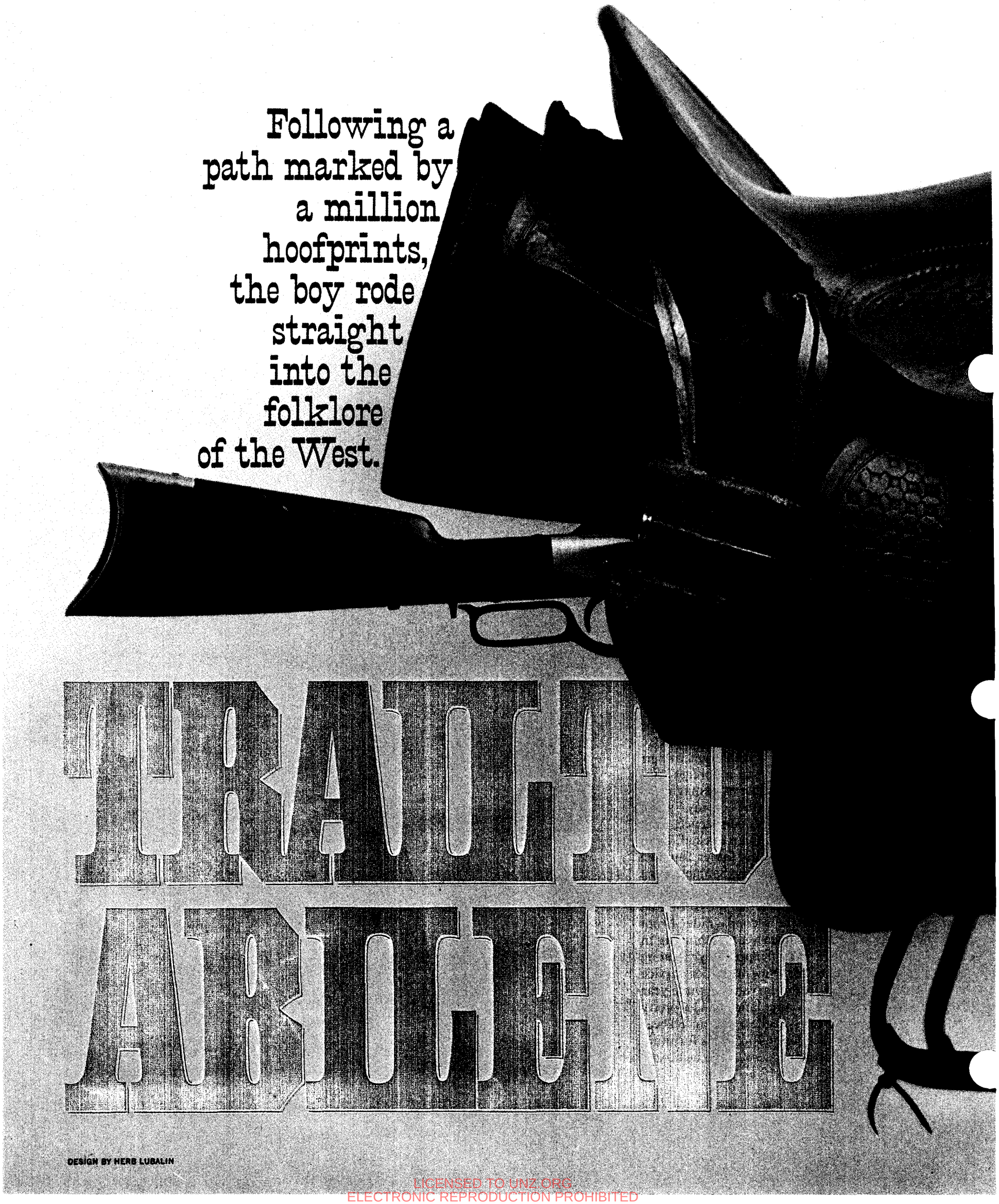

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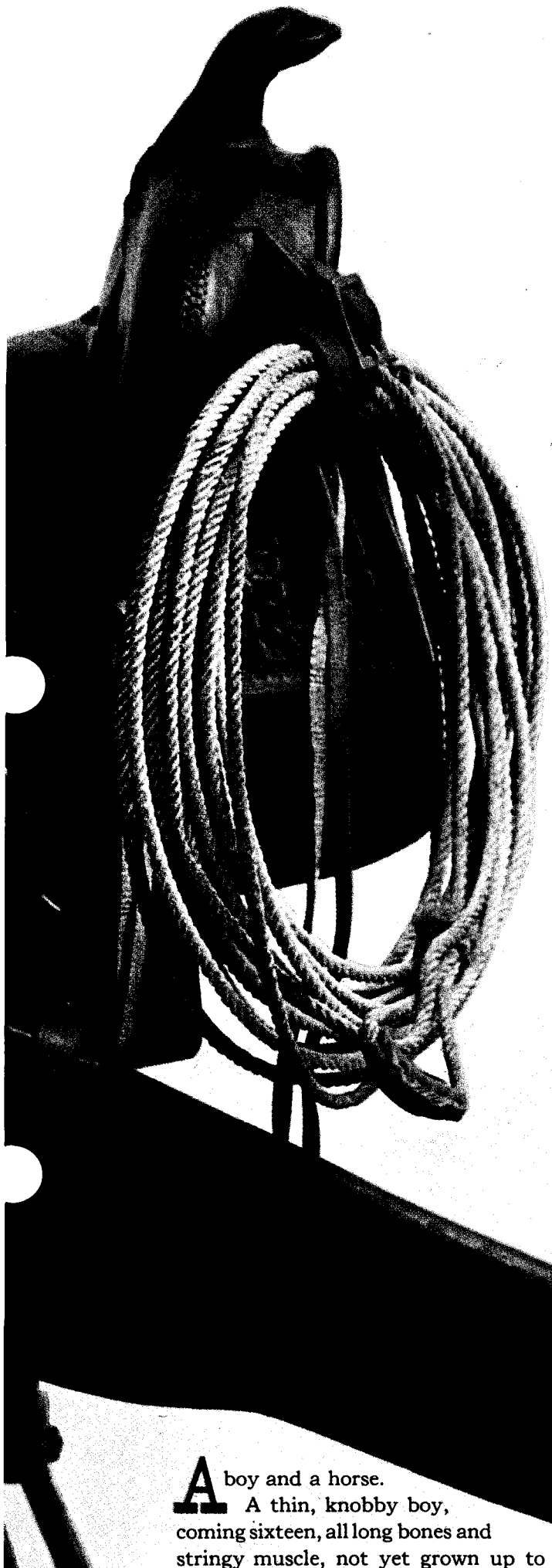

A boy and a horse.

A thin, knobby boy, coming sixteen, all long bones and stringy muscle, not yet grown up to knuckly hands and oversize feet, and a big, gaunt, old draft horse. They stood by the rickety fence of a half-acre enclosure, the boy leaning against a big foreshoulder, the horse waiting, patient, big haltered head sagging against a short lead rope tied to a fence rail. Off near the center of the enclosure the frame shack that served for a schoolhouse quivered on flimsy foundation as about fifteen children of assorted ages and sizes scattered from the doorway.

by Jack Schaefer

The boy leaned against the old horse and watched a stout, soft-stomached man appear in the doorway and walk toward the road running past the enclosure gate and take a small bottle from a pocket and raise it to his lips while he walked. Activity died away, and the boy watched the stout man dwindling toward the cluster of ugly false-fronted buildings a half mile down the road.

"Shucks," said the boy. "I've had about all I can take of that. He don't know no more'n me, which sure ain't much." He untied the lead rope and stepped back along the gaunt body, holding the rope, and in one easy movement was astride the bare back, and the old horse raised its head and swung to start toward the gate. Through and around a corner of the enclosure and the boy and the horse moved into the distance, sliding into distance of Colorado plain.

"You ain't much either," said the boy. "But let's see what you can do." Obedient and willing, the old horse leaned forward into a clumsy trot.

"Trying to wear out my backbone, aren't you?" said the boy.

The old horse swiveled an ear, feeling the current along the rope, the tingle in the thin legs down its sides, and leaned forward more into a lumbering caricature of a lope. The big old back swayed and bounced, and the boy sat flat to it, body moving in unthinking rhythm with it, a part of the horse beneath him.

Now another horse. Solid and compact, power-plain in muscles bulging under the sleek hide, pride in lift of the tail and arch of the thick neck, it stood by high end rails of a small corral beside a small barn. Fifteen feet away the boy leaned against side rails, chin resting on the top rail, looking over.

"Montelius! You, Monteeelius!"

The boy turned on too-big old work shoes toward the leaning two-room frame house fifty yards away. The woman in the open doorway had been tall once, and well figured, but was now stooped and becoming shapeless in a dragging, over-all tiredness.

"You, Montelius! Can't you hear me?"

The boy moved toward the house and stopped by the stone doorstep. She held out an earthen crock half full of potato peelings. "Chickens," she said. The boy took the crock and turned.

"You finished plowing that garden patch? Know what your father said."

The boy swung back. "Yeah. And you know how it is. I'll plant it, and I'll take care of it, and he never does a thing around here. Except holler at me."

"He pays for the food you eat," she said.

"Yeah," said the boy. "And I earn every crumb doing all that ever gets done. What's he ever do but hang around town and talk big?" The boy turned away again.

"Please, Monte. I saw you. Don't you go near that stud. You know how your father feels about ——"

"He ain't my father!" The boy turned back, scuffing dust. "My father's dead." He looked up. "What'd you ever have to go take up with this one for?"

"We been fed," she said softly. She brushed a hand across her face. "A woman's got to do something."

He saw the warning flush creeping up her cheeks, the mistiness forming in her eyes. "Aw, shucks, quit it, ma." He moved away fast toward the little lean-to chicken house by the barn.

He stood by the netted chicken yard watching the hens and one scraggly rooster peck in frantic busyness at the peelings, seeing but not seeing, ears attuned to the soft thuddings as the stallion moved in the corral on the other side of the barn. He became aware of the crock in his hands and set this down. Slowly he moved past the front of the barn to the corral and leaned against rails.

The stallion and the boy looked at each other, and the stallion raised its head higher and swung away, indifferent, looking into the distance of Colorado plain.

"Shucks," said the boy. "It's a horse, ain't it?" He looked toward the house. The door was closed. He moved into the barn and came out with a flattish pan partly filled with coarse grain. He crouched by the near side of the corral and slid the pan under the bottom rail.

The stallion's ears twitched, and it turned its head. The boy pushed the

Continued on Page 94

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By SEVERINO P. SEVERINO

How new medical techniques—including simple first aid that almost anyone can learn to give—help stopped hearts to start again.

REPRIEVE

This mechanical resuscitator, which revives cardiac victims by depressing the chest and simultaneously ventilating

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FOR HEART VICTIMS

ıgs, has been dramatically proved effective.

Dr. Claude S. Beck of Cleveland, Ohio, is perhaps the greatest mourner in the medical profession. To Doctor Beck it is a personal sorrow that more than 400,000 American men and women drop dead of heart attacks each year.

"Most of these people have hearts too good to die," he says. "It is a shameful waste of human life." For Doctor Beck not only believes that a "fatal" heart attack need not be fatal, he has proved it amply by his own achievements as teacher, researcher and chief of cardiac surgery at Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

Two out of three sudden victims of coronary attacks—those without heartbeat or respiration, and dead in anybody's language—can be saved, Doctor Beck insists, if we will be more aggressive in resisting death. And by "we" he means all of us, not merely doctors.

The Cleveland surgeon urges that everyone from teen age up learn a new, simple technique for restarting a halted heart. In principle it is like shaking or kicking a household appliance that stops or refuses to start. It involves pressing on the heart in a scientifically precise way.

There are three proven methods of reversing death from sudden heart attack. The first, a heroic technique for doctors' use only, requires a quick, bold slash between the ribs and the actual rhythmical squeezing of the heart by hand to keep pumping oxygen to the brain. The entire operation must be done within a precious three to five minutes to succeed.

The second technique is for everyone to use. Developed by a Johns Hopkins medical team, it features external massage of the halted heart by pumping the victim's chest. This pressure circulates blood from the heart to the brain. While some victims are beyond help, others can be saved this way. The steps to take:

1. Place the victim on his back on a table or the floor.
2. Raise his chin by extending his neck.
3. Place the heel of one hand on the lower third of the victim's sternum (breast bone) and the other hand directly on top of the first hand.
4. Press down firmly with both hands, then raise both hands from the chest to allow it to expand.
5. Repeat this sixty to eighty times a minute. (This fast rate of chest-pumping by hand isn't easy. The heart may begin beating within a few minutes; if it doesn't, the rescuer may tire and have to ask someone to relieve him.)
6. Have another person call an ambulance and alert the hospital that it is a stopped-heart case.

Mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration should be given with the chest massage. If the rescuer is alone, he should halt the massage every thirty seconds to ventilate the patient's lungs. If two persons are present, one should massage while the other applies breathing as follows:

1. Pull the victim's tongue forward in his mouth to clear an airway.
2. Pinch his nostrils closed.
3. Take a deep breath. Exhale it into the victim's lungs mouth-to-mouth or through a special S-shaped tube if one is available.
4. Allow victim to exhale.
5. Repeat process twelve to fourteen times a minute.

"This procedure is a priceless tool," Doctor Beck says. "It means that a housewife whose husband has been stricken can give him external massage at home while an ambulance is on the way. Anyone can now save a life. It cloaks all of us with a new responsibility, if death drops a victim at our feet. What we do in the first minute or two may decide whether a body is taken to the morgue, or a patient to the hospital."

A third heart-starting technique is a mechanized version of the external massage: a motorized piston, or "fist," which presses down on the chest with controlled force at a regulated rate. Three models have been developed: one by Doctor Beck and H. James Rand, a Cleveland inventor and industrialist; one by Dr. George A. Harkins of Boston Children's Hospital and a San Francisco engineer, M. L. Bramson; and one by a group at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C.

Reversing death is perhaps the boldest feat of modern medicine. Heart stoppage occurs in one of two ways. In both, the heart ceases to pump blood, and death instantly stakes a firm claim. The heart may quit beating and become inert, or it may go into fibrillation—an abrupt switch from a rhythmic beat to a convulsive, erratic action. In fibrillation the chaotic heart quivers, shakes, jiggles, but pumps no blood.

Even in this advanced day, fibrillation is the ghost that haunts every operating room. It develops unexpectedly, sometimes during the simplest operation, when everything seems under perfect control. In the old days when the surgeons saw it, they walked out of the room. It was death's calling card.

Doctor Beck, now sixty-seven, recalls that in 1921, when he was a young surgical intern at Johns Hopkins University, assisting a prominent surgeon in a routine heart operation, the heart of the forty-one-year-old patient suddenly stopped. The surgeon ordered a nurse to call the fire department for a pulmotor. When it arrived, ten minutes later, the patient was beyond help, although the firemen worked frantically for half an hour.

Dejected, Doctor Beck could not rid his mind of the picture of the surgeon standing helplessly over a dying man. Why did a surgeon have to turn to the fire department for aid? Was he negligent to give up as he did? Later the young intern realized that the surgeon had acted beyond the call of duty as then recognized. Most medical men walked out of the operating room when a cardiac arrest stopped the patient's heart.

After studying such masters as Dr. Elliott Cutler and Dr. Harvey Cushing, Doctor Beck went to Western Reserve University in 1924, eager to plunge into research. At the top of his project list was heart fibrillation. It was then little more than a laboratory curiosity that medical teachers pointed out as a baffling cause of death. Researchers shunned the subject as a waste of their time.

One day in 1929 Doctor Beck's feud with fibrillation became acutely personal. For the first

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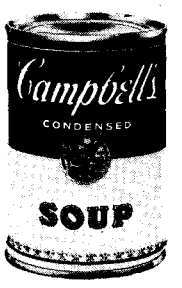
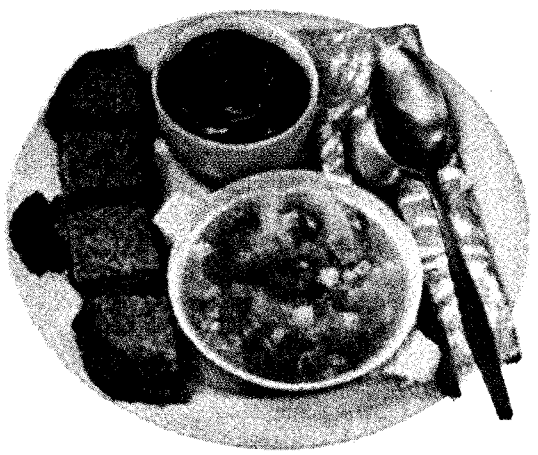
21 SOUP'N SANDWICH LUNCHES

Campbell's Soup makes any sandwich a good hot meal

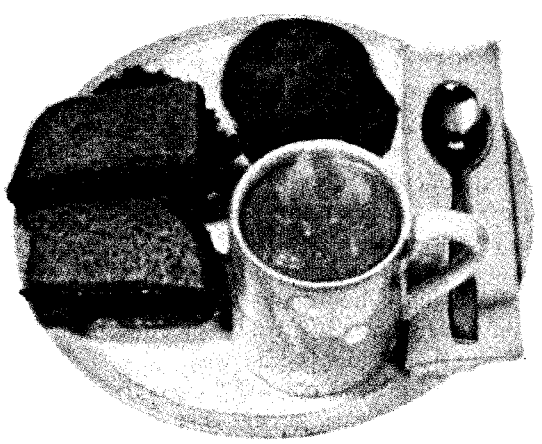


. . . adds good natural nourishment to every lunch, every day. Add the goodness of delicious sun-ripe vegetables with one of Campbell's vegetable soups. Add the sturdy nourishment of beef or chicken with one of Campbell's meat-based soups. Add the wholesomeness of milk with one of Campbell's good cream soups. *Save these pages* . . . they'll help you plan your daily soup and sandwich meals the whole year round.

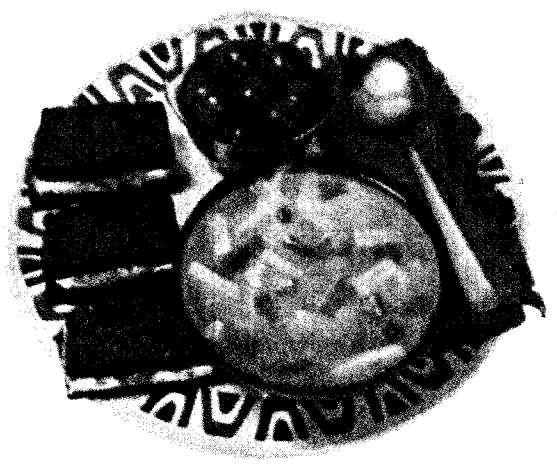
Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)



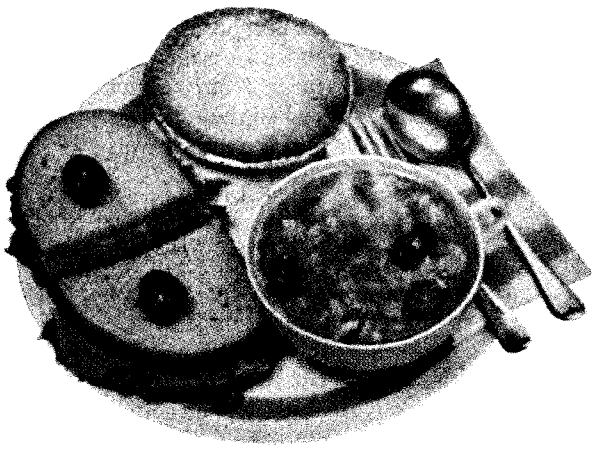
4. Vegetable Beef Soup
Deviled Ham Sandwich Pudding



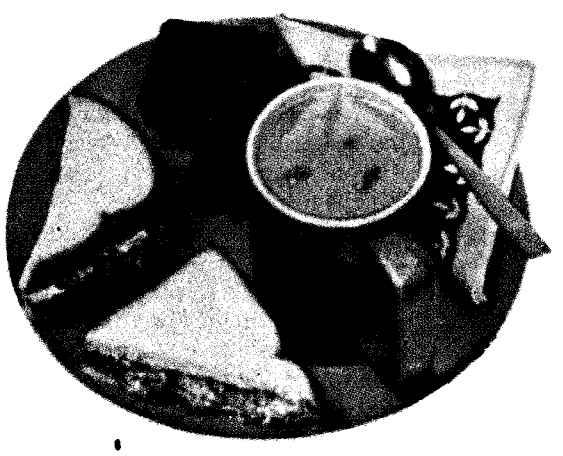
5. Bean with Bacon Soup
Tomato-Lettuce Sandwich Cookies



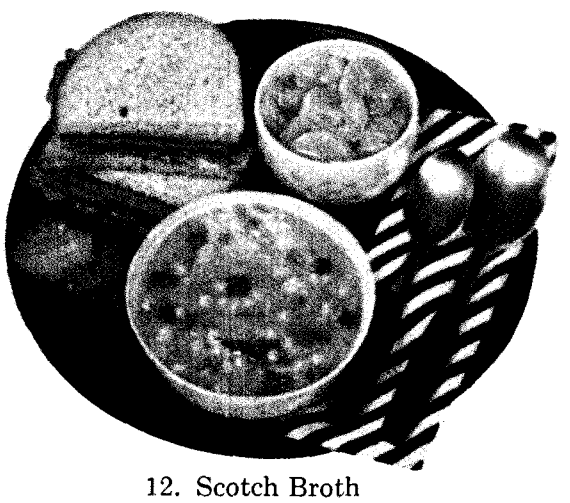
6. Chicken Vegetable Soup
Cream Cheese-Jelly Sandwich Cherries



10. Chicken Gumbo
Ham Sandwich Swanson Apple Pie

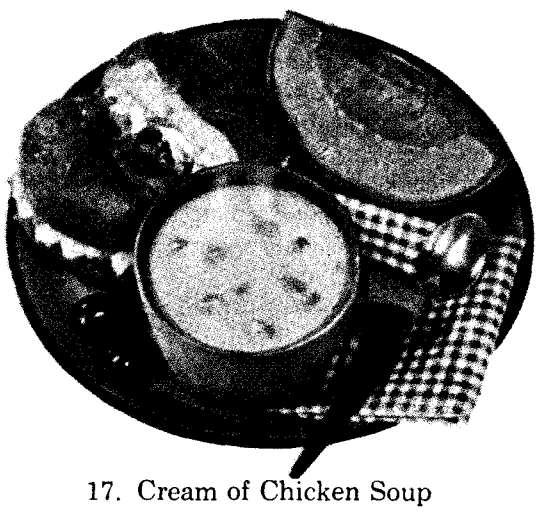


11. Cream of Asparagus Soup
Chicken Salad Sandwich Brownies

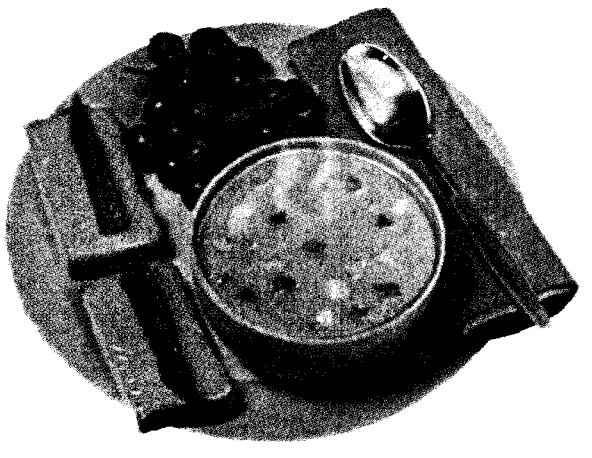


12. Scotch Broth
Bologna Sandwich Orange Sections

16. Cream of Celery Soup
Tuna Salad Sandwich Pear



17. Cream of Chicken Soup
Egg Salad Sandwich Melon Wedge



18. Clam Chowder
Grilled Cheese Sandwich Grapes

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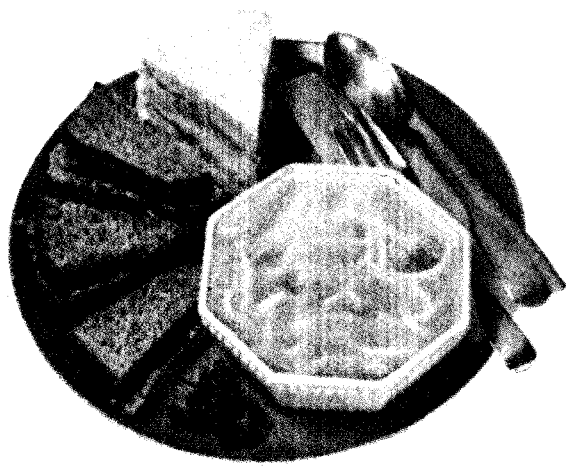
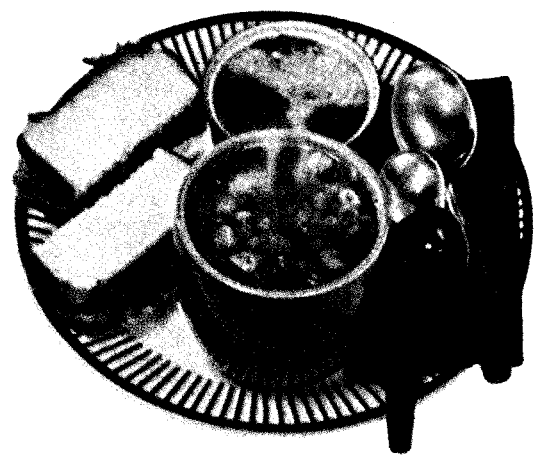
1. Tomato Soup
Peanut Butter Sandwich Apple

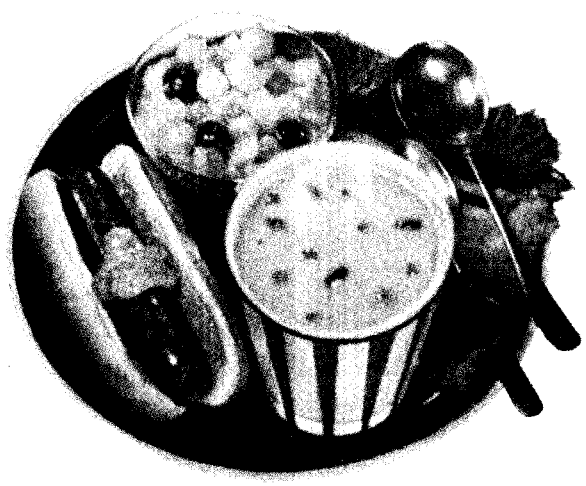


2. Chicken Noodle Soup
Bacon and Lettuce Sandwich Coconut Cake

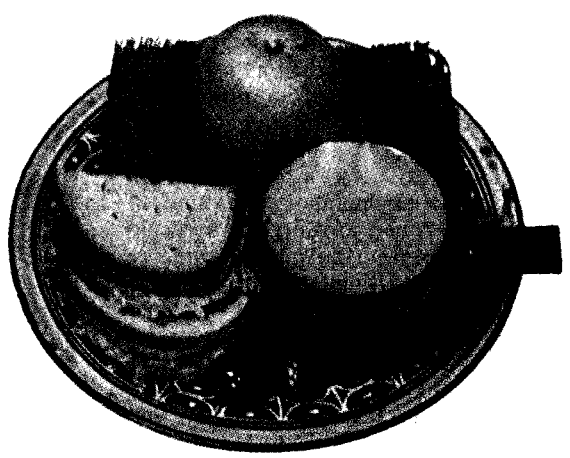


3. Vegetable Soup
Roast Beef Sandwich Custard

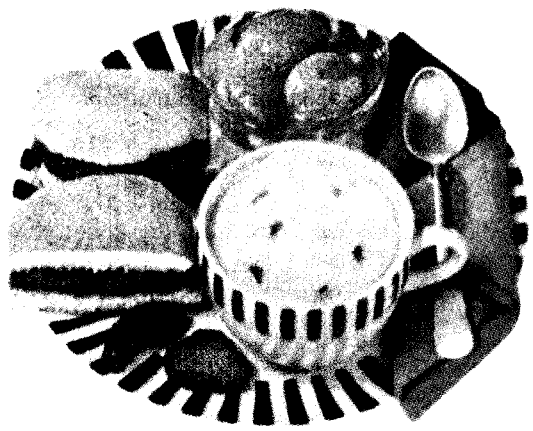
7. Tomato Rice Soup
Meat Loaf Sandwich Ice Cream



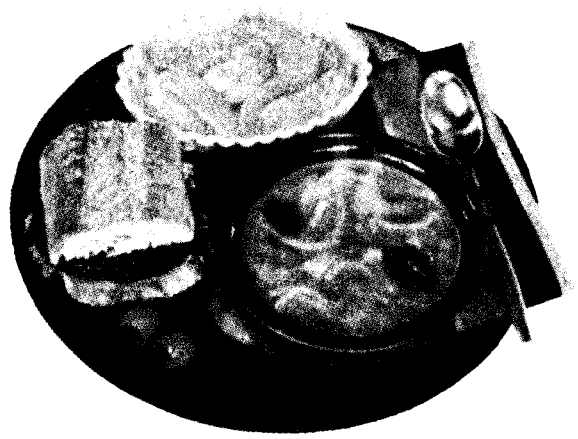
8. Cream of Vegetable Soup
Hot Dog Fruit Cocktail



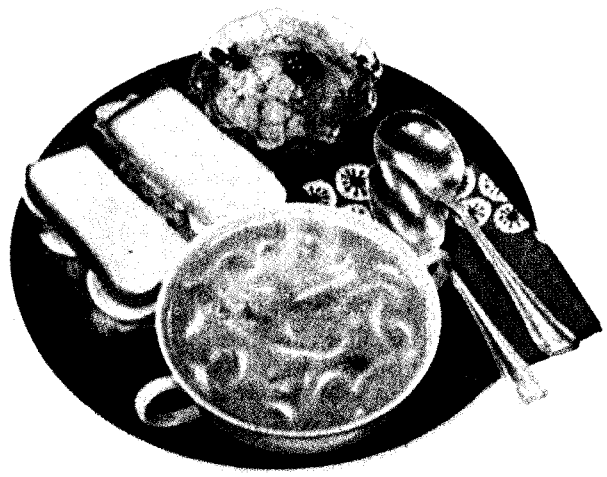
9. Green Pea Soup
Corned Beef Sandwich Orange



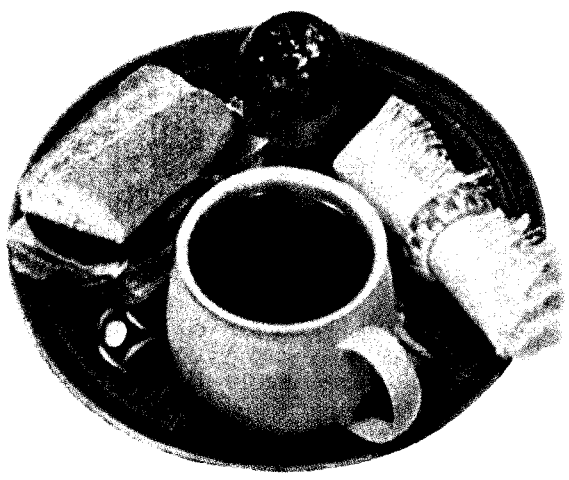
13. Cream of Mushroom Soup
Hamburger Apricots



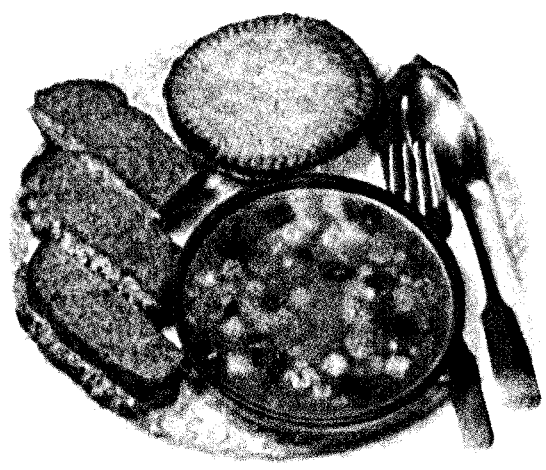
14. Minestrone Soup
Salami Sandwich Sliced Peaches



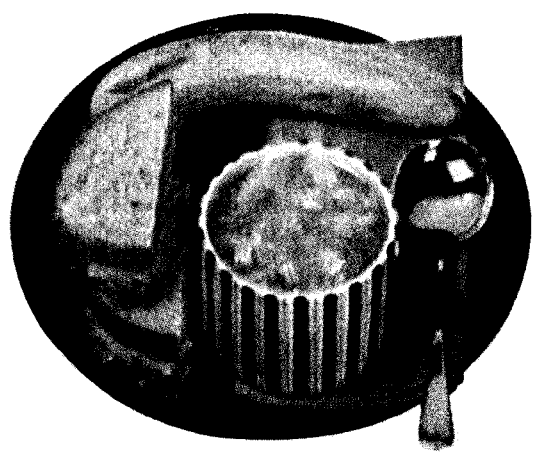
15. Turkey Noodle Soup
Sliced Egg-Lettuce Sandwich Gelatin



19. Beef Broth
Hero Sandwich Cake



20. Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
Salmon Salad Sandwich Swanson Cherry Pie



21. Chicken with Rice Soup
Swiss Cheese Sandwich Banana

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HEART time it killed a patient of his—a boy of fourteen. Casting around, he learned that Dr. Carl J. Wiggers, Western Reserve physiologist, and Dr. D. R. Hooker, of Johns Hopkins, were conducting defibrillation experiments on animals in furtherance of some elementary research with cats in France in 1898. Doctor Beck consulted Doctors Wiggers and Hooker, then started a series of defibrillation tests in his own laboratory.

First he built a homemade shocking device, or defibrillator, with a pair of electrodes shaped like round spatulas. Then he experimented with animals. By placing the electrodes on either side of the heart and switching on current, he could shock the heart out of its convulsive writhing. He also discovered that an injection of procaine or metycaine drugs directly into the heart muscle helped defibrillation. But these techniques stopped the heart entirely. Hand massage, which Doctor Beck practiced for hours on animals, was necessary to restore the heart to a normal blood-pumping rhythm.

Finally Doctor Beck had a method that really worked, at least on laboratory animals. In 1937 he reported his success before the American Surgical Association, prestige group of American surgery. "There wasn't a single comment on the report," he recalls. "Either it was too new, or they regarded it as a laboratory curiosity on which research should not be wasted."

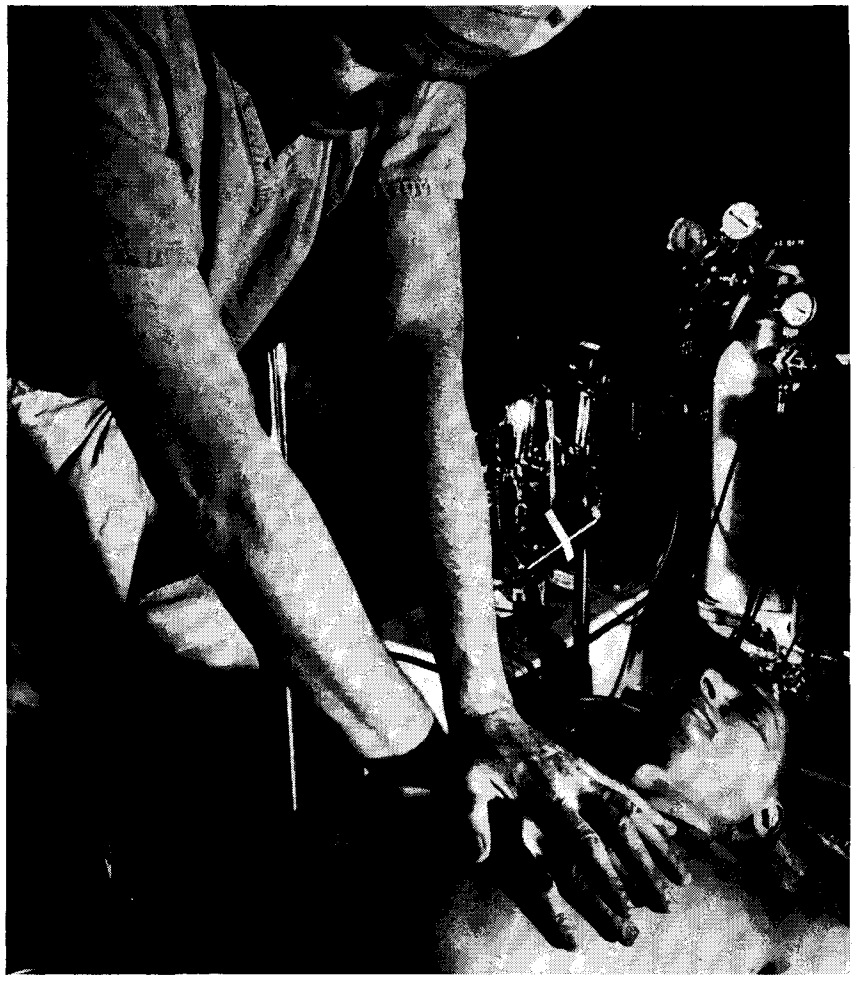
Ten years later, however, no surgeon anywhere could ignore what Doctor Beck had to report. He had defibrillated the first human in medical history to be saved by mechanical methods. Richard Heyard, the patient, was then thirteen. Today he is a twenty-seven-year-old draftsman at Canton, Ohio—healthy, married, active.

Next, Doctor Beck and associates developed a technique of opening the chest by incision to reach and massage the heart in emergencies. Associates were Dr. David S. Leighninger, Dr. Robert Hosler, Dr. Bernard Brofman, Dr. Frederick Mautz, and technicians Kenneth Wolf and Alfonso Morrow.

By 1950, in response to demands from physicians, Doctor Beck began a monthly two-day course, teaching physicians the technique of open-chest resuscitation. This course, supported by the Cleveland chapter of the American Heart Association, has trained more than 2000 United States and foreign doctors and is still running. Thousands more have viewed an instructional film on the technique.

Soon Doctor Beck recognized that the technique could save lives outside the operating rooms. A dramatic emergency gave him an opportunity June 21, 1955. Dr. Albert T. Ransone keeled over with a coronary attack as he was about to leave a Cleveland hospital. Dr. Eldon C. Weckesser, who ran over, found no pulse or respiration. Weckesser had the body hurried to the accident room a few hundred feet away and in two minutes opened the chest and established an airway. The opening revealed a fibrillating heart, which he massaged while someone else administered oxygen. This restored circulation in time to prevent brain damage, but the heart continued in convulsion. Doctor Beck hurried in a minute later, shocked the heart to a standstill with a defibrillator and quickly massaged it back to normal.

The feat made medical history. It was the first time outside a fully equipped operating room that a heart slugged by a massive attack of fatal caliber had been revived. Although the victim could not remember next day what had happened, he was back at his medical practice in a few weeks. At seventy-one he moved to an active, happy retirement in Florida.



Beck's associate, Dr. D. S. Leighninger, demonstrates the hand-pressure method for restarting hearts.

Soon after the Ransone experience, other hospitals began to install systems to meet the challenge of sudden heart death. More doctors became familiar with the medical counterplot for death. It was a weapon they wanted but hoped they never had to use.

The day was bound to come, however, when a doctor—outside the hospital—would face an emergency that called for desperate action.

It happened on November 6, 1959, in Torrance, California. Little Deborah Hodges, aged four, was playing on the floor while her mother vacuumed the living room. The mother left the room for about thirty seconds. She returned to find the child rigid, motionless, not breathing and apparently dead. In the mother's brief absence the child had touched both a wet mop and the vacuum cleaner, which was turned on. The mother picked up the child, ran to the front door and screamed for help. A neighbor drove the child to a doctor's office building. There Drs. Roy Halpern and A. O. Weber took charge.

As Doctors Halpern and Weber later reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "There was no heartbeat or respiration. The body was limp, the skin was cyanosed and cold, and the pupils were dilated." The mother estimated about three minutes had elapsed.

Doctors Halpern and Weber teamed up most effectively. One inserted a tube through the mouth to establish a clear air passage to the lungs, while the other cut open the chest and started barehanded heart massage. Once this was done and the vital oxygen was going to the brain, the next step was to restore the heartbeat. Riviera Hospital was across the street from the doctor's office.

Moments later citizens of the community witnessed a spectacle. They saw one person carrying a little girl in his arms while another blew air into her lungs through an intratracheal tube, and a third, with his hand in her open chest, massaged her heart. The rescue team took her to the operating room where her heart was defibrillated with an apparatus, and a normal heartbeat was restored. She was discharged from the hospital eight days later.

Was it luck that saved little Debby's life? Perhaps. Part of it was coincidence; just two weeks before, the two doctors had seen the medical film on resuscitation prepared in Doctor Beck's laboratory.

On the morning of April 14, 1960, Dr. LeRoy Matthews, a Cleveland pediatrician, was in the bathroom shaving while his two-year-old son played on the living-room floor. Doctor Matthews went out to investigate a moment of quiet and found his son lying apparently dead on the floor. He gave mouth-to-mouth respiration, but there was no response. He removed the blade from the razor still in his hand, and slashed open the chest. He alternated between massaging the heart and giving mouth-to-mouth breathing. A police rescue squad arrived in fifteen minutes. The father instructed one of the police how to pump the heart. Then he himself performed a tracheotomy with the same razor blade. The child was driven to the hospital with the father inflating the lungs and the rescue squad officer massaging the heart. There he was revived, but despite the resuscitation he died a day later from a brain tumor.

Meanwhile, Johns Hopkins scientists developed a closed-chest technique, which was suited for laymen's use. It was the work of Dr. William Kouwenhoven, seventy-five-year-old professor emeritus of electrical engineering and lecturer in surgery, and two instructors in surgery, Dr. James Jude, and Guy Knickerbocker, who is also an electrical engineer.

The Hopkins team described the method in the July 9, 1960, issue of the A.M.A. *Journal*. However, while the article was awaiting publication in the journal, there came the first rescue by a nonprofessional person using the Hopkins method.

On the evening of May 19, 1960, Doctor Jude and Doctor Kouwenhoven gave first instructions on the closed-chest resuscitation to a class of Baltimore firemen, including Hubert A. Cheek and Marvin T. Burkindine, crewmen on ambulance No. 2. Four days later these two answered a call and found sixty-year-old Bert Bish on a couch in his home. He was not breathing, had no pulse and was turning blue.

Cheek immediately placed his hands over the victim's breastbone and started to pump—just as he had seen the Johns Hopkins instructors do a few days before. Cheek told Doctor Kouwenhoven later, "I pressed on the man's chest for a few minutes, and damned if he didn't breathe."

The ambulance sped Bish to the hospital. There doctors employed a new method for which Doctor Kouwenhoven can share credit—closed-chest defibrillation, done without cutting the patient's chest. Bish was able to leave the hospital eight weeks later.

The technique that saved his life was begun in 1951 by Doctor Kouwenhoven, using animals. He consulted Dr. Paul Zoll, of Harvard University Medical School, and with minor changes, Doctor Zoll began using the technique clinically. In 1956 he reported the first successful closed-chest defibrillation.

Since the Bish case in Baltimore, police and firemen of many other cities have been trained in the Hopkins method. So have ambulancemen, lifeguards, doctors and nurses. Already reports of rescues in scattered areas of the country are mounting.

Doctor Beck, however, always thinking ahead, called upon his inventor friend H. James Rand, president of the Rand Development Corporation in Cleveland, and suggested a machine that could be used for closed-chest massage. Rand's first model worked well on dogs.

The Beck-Rand machine has a plunger-like rubber fist that depresses the chest an inch or more, plus a respirator that simultaneously delivers air to the lungs. This takes over the job from the human rescuer, who may tire over a long period. In addition, the machine can be set to give measured and uniform pressure while human rescuers might press too hard or too lightly, either of which may be detrimental to the victim.

The Beck-Rand machine revived a human for the first time last July. A forty-eight-year-old man with advanced coronary disease was a patient at University Hospitals. The patient's heart suddenly stopped. The machine quickly restarted it and maintained a normal blood pressure for three hours. Doctor Beck and others meanwhile struggled to improve the feeble heartbeat. Disease, however, had gone too far—the heart would beat only while the machine helped. Although the patient died, the machine had proved its worth.

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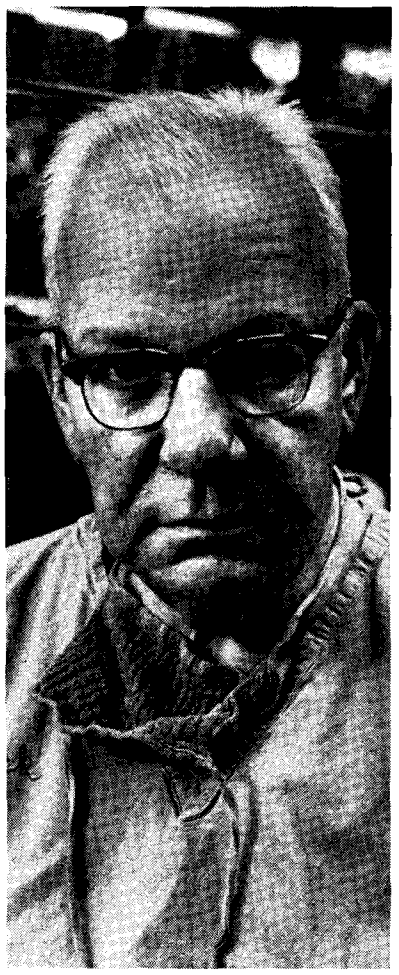


Dr. C. S. Beck, pioneering cardiac researcher.

Last August a similar machine built by another designer reportedly achieved the successful resuscitation of a sixty-seven-year-old man at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C. The patient's heart had stopped five times in two hours because of cardiac arrest following a coronary.

The Harkins-Bramson version of the mechanized external heart massage, announced in October by the Children's Medical Center in Boston, was designed with a dual purpose. It can be hooked up instantly to restart a stopped heart. Or it can be used to assist or boost a weakened or weary heart, as following a heart operation. In this second application the machine's piston pad, driven by compressed gas, is electrically synchronized with the patient's own faint heartbeat. At present the machine is being tested in eight medical centers.

Doctor Beck's latest hypothesis—that hearts electrocute themselves in certain attacks—is now being studied by cardiologists. The Cleveland surgeon contends that sudden deaths from snow shoveling, golfing or other exertion—and some static deaths at desks or in bed—occur when a tiny amount of wayward electricity stirs up an electrical storm within the heart. It happens, he says, when an uneven distribution of oxygen jams heart circuits and causes fibrillation.

What starts it? In recent years Americans have learned of cholesterol, the sludge that clogs arteries. If a segment of coronary artery is choked, the blood delivered to that section of heart muscle is reduced. Unclogged coronary arteries keep their sections of the heart supplied. The nourished muscle remains pink, the starved muscle turns blue.

"Thus a checkerboard pattern of pink and blue is produced on the heart," Doctor Beck says. "When pink and blue squares come together, pain and electricity are produced. If the electrical charge grows strong enough, it can cause the tempest of fibrillation."

Production of electricity by a damaged muscle—called "injury current"—is well known to heart scientists. But, says Doctor Beck, "it is new information that death can occur without injury to muscle. Electricity can develop without heart damage. There is some embarrassment in medical circles when the cause of death cannot be found in the dead heart. It is as though something hit the heart and killed it, then disappeared without trace. It may occur when the doctor makes the diagnosis of a mild coronary occlusion, and then the patient dies. It may happen when the doctor examines the patient, gives him a clean bill of health, and the patient dies shortly thereafter.

"One third of all victims of coronary-artery diseases have no visible damage in the heart," Doctor Beck emphasized, "while two thirds have damaged heart muscles that probably could support life for many years were it not for these currents. It appears that fatal oxygen differentials can occur in the absence of, or in the presence of, heart-muscle damage."

To this some cardiologists of high rank say poppycock, but to others of equal professional stature it makes a lot of sense. One of the latter group is Dr. Arthur C. Guyton, professor of physiology and biophysics at the University of Mississippi. He says, "Doctor Beck's demonstration that hearts with patch areas of poor oxygenation will go into fibrillation and therefore cause death of the patient fits beautifully with research we have carried on in our department during the past year to determine the basic cause of cardiac fibrillation.

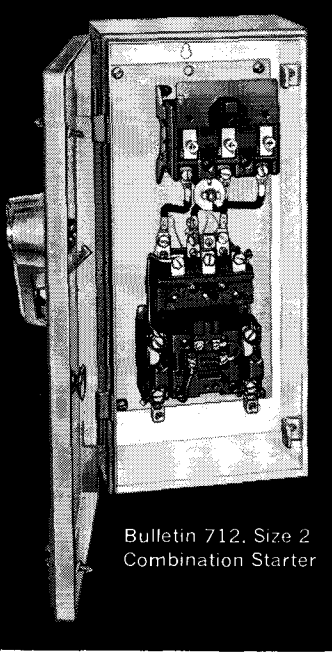
"Our experiments show that when patchy areas of the heart are unable to transmit the normal cardiac impulse, this impulse degenerates into many small impulses traveling first in one direction, then another direction, and again in another, never causing a co-ordinate impulse which would be necessary for cardiac pumping. So we concluded that when small parts of the heart are poorly oxygenated while other parts are adequately oxygenated, the process of fibrillation could easily begin."

Doctor Beck's weapon against the checkerboard heart hazard is an operation which increases blood flow to the blue areas. He performed the first successful operation of its kind twenty-six years ago. It was the first shunt operation—building a new blood route—designed to deliver blood to blocked-off areas. Similar operations have been developed since—all of which promote controversial discussion among surgeons.

Doctor Beck has revised his early operation. The result has been improved protection against cardiac death. He reported recent results on 388 patients—41 per cent were experiencing no pain and took no medication, 42.3 per cent had some pain and took medication, and the death rate in a four-year period after operation was cut almost in half.

"We have come a long way in knowing what to do for the heart patient," concludes Doctor Beck. "Now our duty is clear. All of us—doctors and laymen—must challenge sudden death quickly. We cannot afford to remain helpless or go into panic when death drops a victim at our feet. Tens of thousands of men and women can be given a second chance to live. We have a job to do for the hearts too good to die." THE END

New Bulletin 712 Combination Starters



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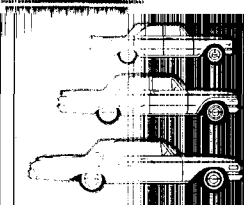

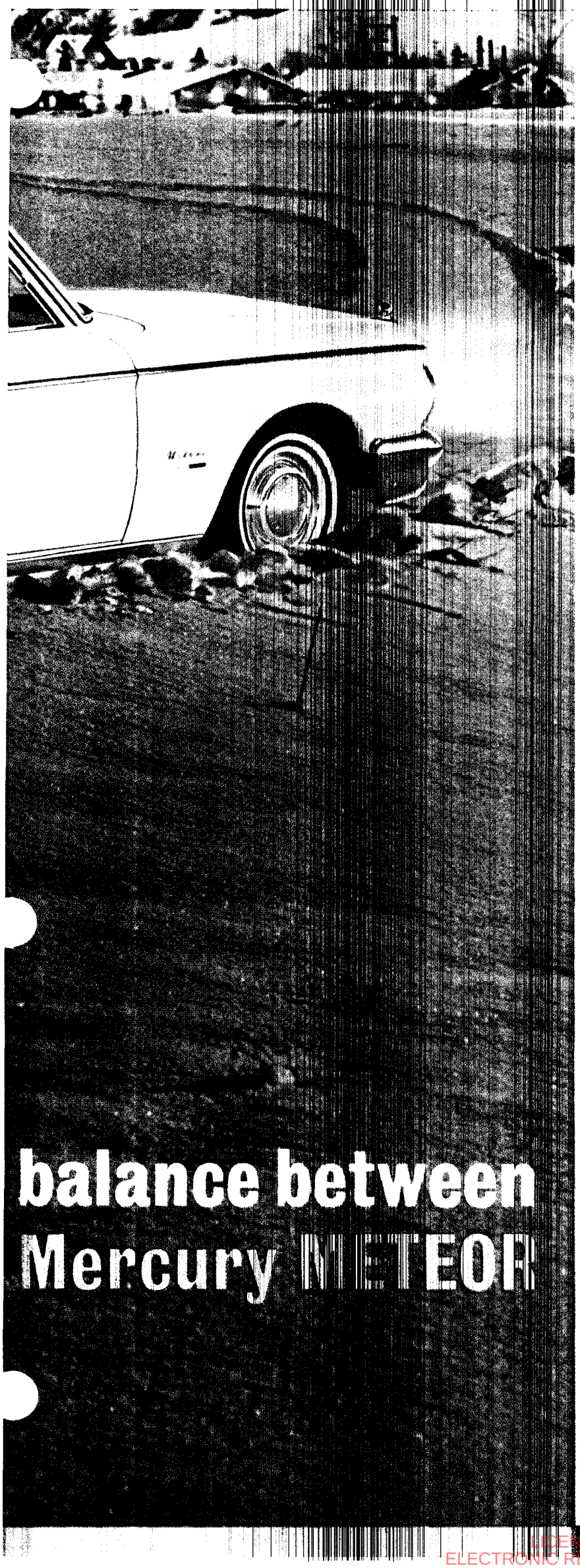

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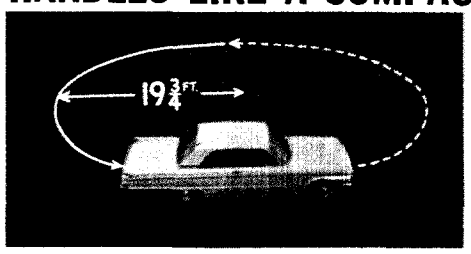
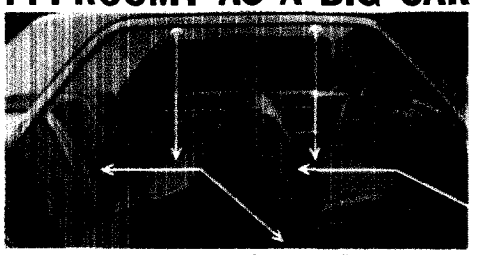


TURNS, PARKS like a compact. Turning radius: 19¾ ft. Wheelbase: 116½ in. Length: only 203.8 in., yet inside it . . .



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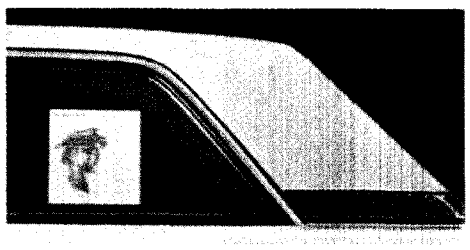
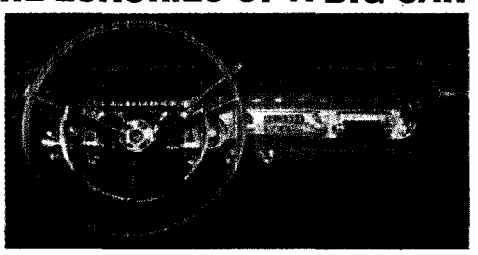
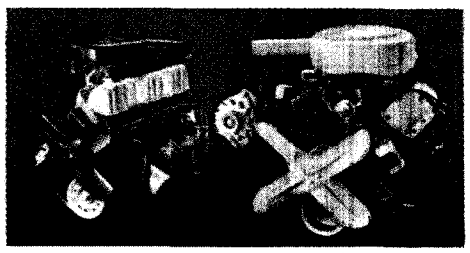


LOW INITIAL PRICE like compacts—actually below several. Yet it's quality-built throughout—so luxurious that it offers . . .



DE LUXE APPOINTMENTS and instruments, even an ammeter and oil-pressure gauge. Power steering, brakes, available.

SAVES LIKE A COMPACT... PERFORMS LIKE A BIG CAR



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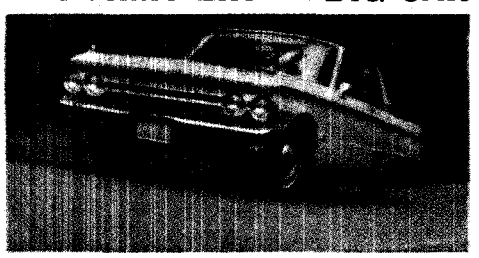

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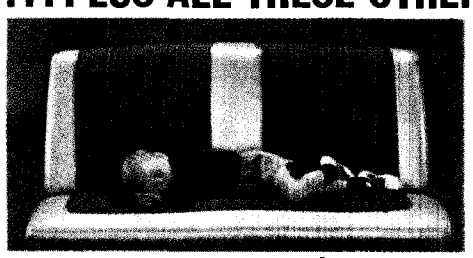

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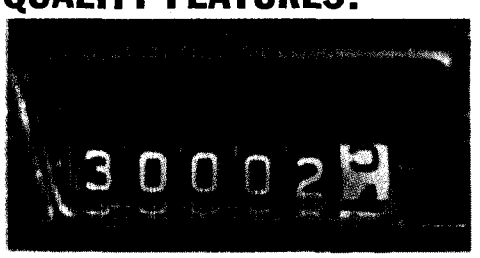

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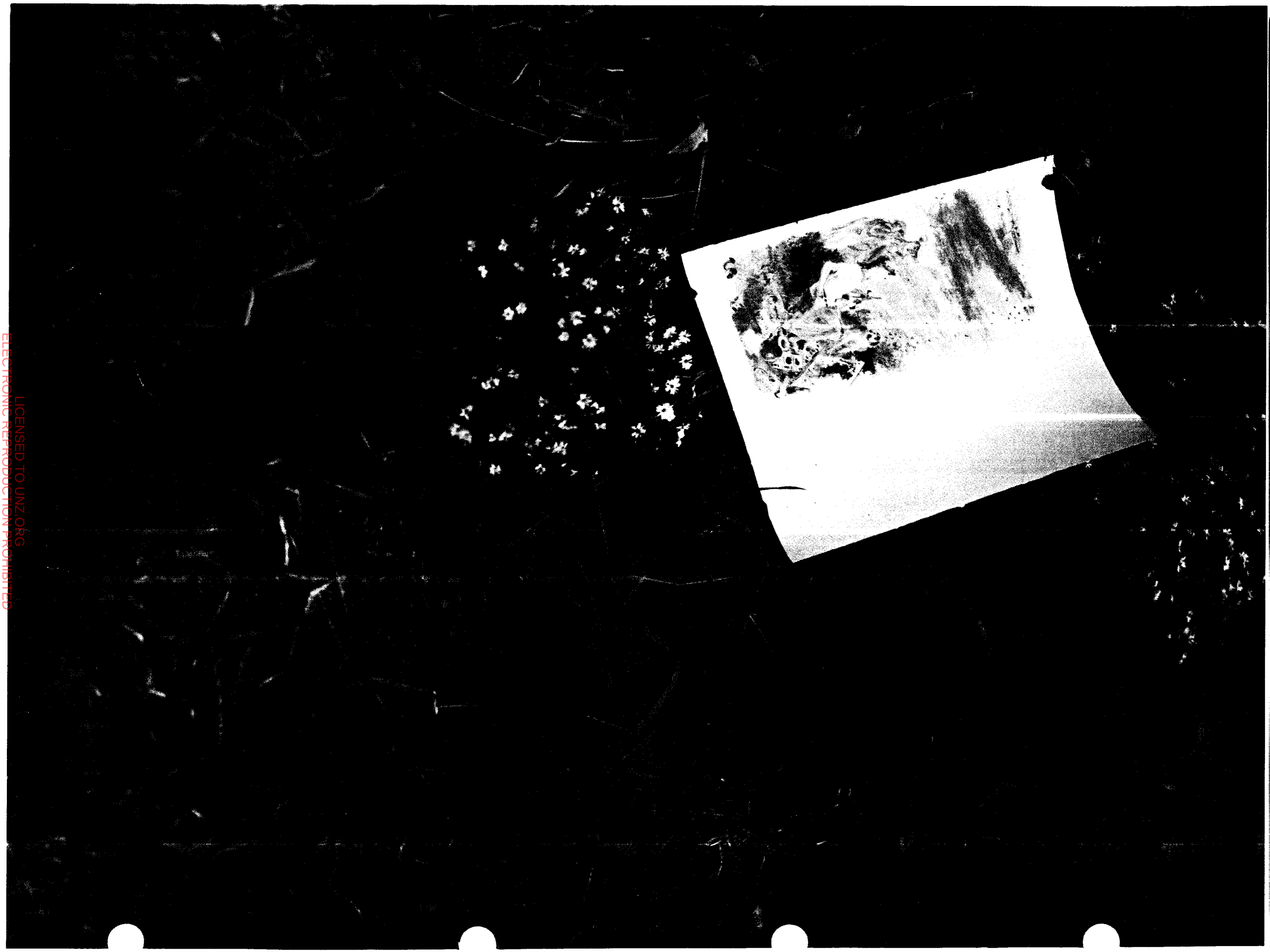

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She yearned to break away from these cotton fields to paint the splendors of distant lands. The Barefoot Prodigy by Violet Richardson Lowe

"Hey, there, Pretty Girl—your cotton is up!" Old George said. "Big enough to chop! You better drop that paintbrush and get a hoe." I could just see the edge of his old blue jeans. I willed him to go on by me, but he didn't. There he went again with that pretty-girl stuff. Everybody knew I was ugly.

I moved my shoulders to get between him and the picture I was painting on, but he moved to where he could get a good look at it.

"Say—you have left the path out of it, Pretty Girl!" I didn't bother myself to answer him.

"What do you want to paint those rusty old blackbirds for?" On he went. "Whyn't you pick a nice redbird to paint? Or some orioles?"

He reached out of a sudden and made a grab for my foot, laughing. "Oh-oh! Barefooted again! Ten minutes home from school and she sheds her shoes—big girl like you!"

I kicked him off just as hard as I could. The blackbirds flew up in the sour-orange tree. I kicked Old George, and he laughed aloud. He was not so old—I just called him that. He farmed across the road, and he and papa were always helping each other out. I knew Old George only picked on me because it was my big sisters he really wanted to make free with, and he did not have the nerve to do it. "You mind your own business!" I said to him.

"Why, you are my business, Pretty Girl!" he said. "You and I are engaged. And I got to watch you all the time. Your feet's getting too big. I don't want me a wife can't get into her shoes. Your mamma know you are out here like this?" He made another grab, and I kicked him. "I worry, Pretty Girl, about how you are shaping up! And look at the length of that foot—like a piece of her leg turned down!" I stayed out of reach. He went on off with a big grin splitting wide his brown face. He began to whistle, as he often did.

Spread some more sunshine!" I muttered after him. I had to hurry and wash out my brushes. The blackbirds were coming back. The water turned all muddy, but I did not have the time to go get clear. I was trying to paint the blackbirds bathing themselves and singing in our sour-orange tree. Nothing makes a happier commotion than blackbirds doing that. They settled down with a rusty screech or two and began again to rake their bills around the sour oranges. They got the fragrant orange oil on their bills. Then they smoothed back each feather with the fine oil. It seemed to make them feel as good as the hot sun on my head made me feel—and the hot sand under my bare feet and the paintbrush grasped in my sweaty hand.

I knocked out my brush and stood up on my knees. I could get a better swing to my strokes like this. Shep came panting up and lay down hot against me with his red tongue dripping. The blackbirds were singing like crazy. I got me some blue and started putting the highlights on their feathers.

The screen door slammed. Now that would be papa. He came whistling between his teeth. He and Old George were probably going out to look over the fields. The little young cotton rows stretched everywhere around us, on our Rio Grande Valley farm. I willed papa to go on by me. But he didn't. Before he got there, I could feel him stopping. Then he was just standing back there not saying anything, the way he would do. I wished he would go on or say something.

Papa cleared his throat. "That's real good," he said loud. Papa tried to understand about my wanting to make pictures. But it seemed to embarrass papa that I painted at all. He had a time trying to comment on my pictures. I wished he would not try. Anyhow, I was not getting what I wanted now.

Papa cleared his throat again. "Yeah, that's fine. You take that to the county fair, and maybe you'll get a blue ribbon on it!"

My hand jerked, and the round orange was not round. "Papa! It's awful!" It embarrassed me that my papa knew so little as to think my poor pictures good. And blue ribbon! Didn't papa know anything? Didn't he know I wanted to hang in museums? But papa tried. When he put up the wallboard on our living-room walls, he saved me all the little pieces left over to paint oil pictures on.

Now papa sensed I was judging him. "Well, what went with those water lilies you painted?"

"I tore them up. It was no good. I painted that when I was fourteen years old."

"And now you're fifteen," papa said real dry. "You shouldn't have done that. That picture looked just about perfect to me."

Perfect! Papa, papa. When will you catch on there is nothing that is perfect about me? I am not beautiful the way mamma wants, like Bonnie and Bessie are—Bonnie with a pink bedroom, Bessie with a blue—I have not got beaux hanging around me like Bonnie and Bessie have, unless you wanted to count Chester, the boy who liked me at school.

I threw down my brush. I know papa loved the farm. But I went right on and said, "There is nothing fit to paint around here anyhow. It's all ugly."

Papa was silent. At last he said, "It's strange you would be my daughter and see it that way." Then I could feel him getting worked up at me. "Well—what do you want, Essie? You don't interest yourself in school, or the house with your mamma, or the farm. All you like to do's paint. Then, if somebody says your pictures are good, you get mad."

"Papa, it is just —— I don't like to be spoke to when I am painting."

"Seems more like you just don't like being spoke to." Papa looked unhappy.

"I am sorry," I said and meant it.

"All right." Papa looked off across the fields and his spirits rose. He gave me a whack on the bottom. "Well, you got your own little acre this year, to do with as you please. Whatever you make on that—it's yours. And you won't be called on to work anywhere else. Take the money you make and do what you want to do. But better get that paintbrush out of your hand for now, and get up there to it and get to chopping. You don't want it getting ahead of you." He gave me another little whack. "You got a fine stand!" To me, papa is kind of crazy. He just likes to work with cotton. He likes to hoe and chop and weed and cultivate and pick and weigh cotton. Papa is a big handsome man. Now he capered a little, like a big heavy horse, and off he went after Old George.

If they would all just leave me alone! I grabbed my picture down from the easel, and the highlights ran. I didn't care. It was no good. I gathered my stuff. Shep was helping himself to a drink from the paint-water bowl. I clobbered him, and he yipped.

"Essie? What is the matter with Shep?" came mamma's cool voice from the cool house.

"Nothing, mamma!" I yelled. "Old fool dog," I said to him. "You want to get poisoned? Come on, you can't drink that!"

I ran in the house and upstairs with my stuff to my attic room. My room! I threw everything down under the eaves. Papa had never found time from the cotton farming to put me down a proper floor. It was over the kitchen, and I had planks put down loose over the rafters. My bed and chest stood on them. I yanked off my clothes. I had no proper closet to hang them away in—just nails sticking out of the roof's rafters to hold clothes, and you had to step out on the floor studs and teeter along them to reach the nails and risk stepping down through mamma's kitchen ceiling. Did anybody else have to live the way I lived? Did the little Tanney kids?

I got me some clothes to dress for the cotton field. Loose clothes are best, and cooler, and you can get a better swing to your hoe. I put on an old circle skirt of Bessie's that had been dagged at the hem. I put on an old worn-out shirt of papa's that he had given me for paint rags. I was a sight. Then I put on the long homemade gloves mamma wanted her girls to wear in the fields, to keep their arms white—old, long, black, school stockings of

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Prodigy mine, with the feet and heels cut out, to make mittens for the hands. Then I pinned these up high to the torn-off sleeves of the old shirt with two big safety pins. Then I got my old long-tailed flappy sunbonnet, that mamma makes her girls wear. Mamma thought a lot about white arms and foreheads.

Now I was ready to be a hoe hand. I looked like one too. I leaned out the dormer window for a long look before I went down. No way to look but up, without your eyes being filled with the little cotton in marching rows, waiting to be chopped. I hated the cotton as much as papa loved it. It was the thing that ruled our whole lives. We couldn't do anything unless the cotton made. But as often as not, the cotton didn't make.

But papa—even with the worry about the spider mites, the root rot and the boll weevil and the leaf worms—papa loved it all. He called this working for himself. He called farming being independent. It seemed to me that it never occurred to papa that he was at the mercy of every whim of nature, of every little reasonless bug or worm. And I thought it was the worst way in the world to live.

I would go away from here, I said to myself, to where there were perfect things to paint, and I would learn to paint them. I would leave this place, on what I made on my little acre of cotton papa gave me. I would go away from here to art school. I would find out the right way to paint. I closed the window and ran downstairs.

"Essie?" came mamma's cool voice, "have you got your sunbonnet on?"

"Yes, mamma!" I yelled.

"Essie, I don't hear your shoes."

"Tennis shoes, mamma!" I hollered. I ran out and let the door slam, and Shep was waiting. We ran to the implement shed. There I got me a sharp cotton hoe. And I got me a steel file to take along, to keep it sharp.

The public road was the best way to get back there to my little field. I pulled off my tennis shoes and hung them around my neck. I squashed my toes in the hot sand all the way down the public road, past papa's big sixty. Then I chopped a place in the fence-row weeds and climbed through. There, lying back next to the woods, was my little old field. The cotton was up all right and busting to be chopped. I wanted that field the minute papa told me his plan for me, because it was funny-shaped, imperfect, like me. And it backed up to the woods, where the migrant Mexican workers camped out when they came to work for us in the cotton fields. I figured to get bored in the cotton and to go exploring around their dead campfires, kicking here at a can of scorched frijoles, poking there a *tortilla* out of the dead ashes. It would be something to do when I got good and tired of that old cotton.

"Watch out for rattlers," papa had said, when he saw I chose the field backing up to the woods. "They come crawling out. Use your hoe to explore ahead as you work, and you'll be all right."

I gripped my hoe and strode into my field. The little cotton plants stood up sturdy and strong. Somehow it looked to me like my little cotton was bigger and stronger than the little cotton in all the other fields I had passed in getting here. I liked the way the little plants, wilty now from a day in the hot growing sun, went marching off to the woods and back again. Didn't seem anything could stop the growing of such a good strong field. I could imagine the field grown up and white with the bursting bolls. I could see the cotton wagon standing in the field. I could see the pickers' wagons, camped down at the grove, come to help me pick out my good old cotton—my good old cotton that would take me away from this place. Surely I would make a whole bale. That would let me go to where there was something perfect to paint and people who could teach me to paint these perfect things. I would tend this good little cotton well. I fell to chopping. I knew just how to clean out the row the width of my hoe. I'd had years of chopping for papa. Now I knew just how to take care of my own little cotton, how to leave about three plants in a hill—one for the root rot, one for the spider mites or the boll weevil, and one to grow. I looked up at the fleecy white clouds. They looked like my good old cotton would look, tumbling out of the long cotton sacks into the big wagon that would take it to the gin. I started at the wide side of the wedge and chopped out the long rows. I worked so fast that I was surprised to see how much I'd done.

"Grow, little cotton!" I said to the chopped-out rows, standing up free of crowding by the other plants and cleaned of the fuzz of young weeds. I was beginning to like my good old cotton.

A good workman must have a good tool. So I went to the shade to file my hoe sharp again. I was up on my knees over it, filing away with a will, when I heard a sound that didn't sound right. I could hear this sound even above the rake of the steel file on the steel hoe blade. It was a whir that caused my scalp to draw. I threw down my file in terror, not knowing which way to leap. There he was, a little rattler coiled at the foot of a young cotton plant at the wood end of a row, whirring the alarm in his tail at me. coiled and ready to spring.

I heard cart wheels on the sandy road. Chester! Chester was coming. Chester would come running. I had only to wait until his cart was even with me out there on the road, to start to scream, "Chester! Chester!" And he would come.

I didn't dare look away from the rattler, but I could hear it was Chester, for I knew the sound of that pony cart behind me on the road home from school. Chester would always slow down, and we would talk and talk. Little Chester, with the clever face and sandy blowing curls. His mother did not speak English, and he had a big lout of a sister who giggled at all the boys. I was both proud and ashamed to be Chester's girl. I could hear him slowing the pony down there on the road, studying me, the queer figure I made in the queer clothes. Was it me or a Mexican girl chopping for papa? I flushed hot to join the fear that prickled my skin. I did not want a knight to rescue me like this—a sorry rag-swaddled lady in distress. Not now, my female being cried out in protest. Let him go on by.

And who needs him? I scowled to myself and gripped the hoe handle tighter. The cart was slowing, drawing even. Hadn't Chester lost a fight over me at school with Billy Boy Haines? Billy Boy had licked him good. Billy Boy was the biggest boy in school. But all the same, why had not my little Chester fought some clever way, like little David of old? And do you know, while they were fighting over me, what I was thinking all the time? What if they should really kill each other—then who would be my beau?

I had not moved, so the rattlesnake whirred more slowly. I let Chester get well past me, then I chopped him. I got him neat, right through the middle, and saw he was a little bitty thing. I turned him belly up to make it rain. Just let a silly snake try to keep a person out of their own cotton field. I would make a whole bale of cotton, of fine long-staple cotton, and I would sell it for a lot of money. I would go away to art school. I would forget Chester and papa and Billy Boy and Old George.

I don't know how it was, but after I killed the rattler I got fond of my good old cotton. I stopped painting, and I worked down there all the time. You should have heard papa brag to mamma about me. "Essie's a born cotton farmer and just finding it out! I never saw anything like it. Plants are like people. They know when they are cared for, and they are growing for Essie. She's got cotton down there setting sixty squares to the plant. Her acre is looking real good."

I got uneasy about the way papa would brag. What would he say if he knew I planned to take the money for my bale the minute it tumbled from the gin and leave home? What if he knew I would use the money to go to art school? I wished there was some way to tell papa without having to tell him.

That summer I did not paint at all. I about just lived in the cotton field. My cotton was nearly ready to burst the shiny hard green bolls when the army leaf worms came chomping out of the woods and stripped my acre and the nearby cotton of all of its leaves. Just the brown stalks were left standing. Too late to hurt growth of the matured cotton, this was a real boon. For now the hot sun struck right down through the stick-like plants and began to make the great bolls burst early. Papa got all excited for me to get to the gin with the first bale. You get a premium price when you get to the gin with the first bale.

"Essie," papa said to me, "I am giving you the new green wagon and that bunch of pickers just come back to the grove. Cleverest hands we ever had. They leave a field clean. With them picking for you, you'll sure make your bale, and it may be the first bale. It's an old man and his tribe, all his sons and grandsons, and them and theirs. Now, don't you pick yourself. You'll have your hands full to mind the wagon and man the scales. Get you a notebook and keep track of the pounds picked by each man, woman and child. Let the men lift the heavy sacks up onto the scales for you. I'll pay off for you on Saturday and charge you.

"Now, watch everybody. I'm not saying this crew will do it, but some will slip into the fields before sunup and pick while the heavy dew's on the lint—makes their pickings weigh up more. We don't want wet-packed cotton to gin—hurts the quality. And the kids may devil you—try to sneak back on you after dark and stuff their sacks half full off the wagon, get a head start for the morning's first weighing. It's an early-and-late proposition, Essie. You keep your eye peeled."

I watched out good all right. I hardly ever left my load. I about lived down there under the big green wagon. I loved it under there, in the shade. It was like a house. I hung gunny-sack curtains all along one side. From the other side, open like a window, I could see all of the pickers bent all over my field. I had jars of drinking water under there, hanging from the wagon gear, wrapped in cloths I kept wetting with dippers of water, cooling for me and my hands. I kept my pencil sharp for my bookkeeping. And I minded the scales. I didn't like to leave at all. So mamma made me lunches to eat there under the wagon—chicken sandwiches and tea cakes and pimento cheese.

When the cotton heaped over the top, it would be a bale. It would be time to bring down Maud and Molly and hitch them up and drag my good old bale off to the gin. The wagon filled and filled. I got to thinking I ought to sleep down there, too, so nothing could happen to it. And I would stay with my good old bale, even when it went to the gin. I would wait for it there, while the gin's teeth tore the seeds from the long silky lint. Then when my bale was dumped on the platform, I would be waiting to guard and sell it. I would not let the cotton buyers crowd around and slash great holes in my bale, the reckless way they did for their samplings. I would not let them gouge out great hunks of the lint when all they needed was one fine little wisp of the fibers to pull over their knowing fingers to test the length and strength of it. I would make them make a little slash to draw their samplings.

On next-to-the-last day of my picking I raised my gunny-sack curtain and began my exciting watch down the road. No loaded wagon came in sight along it in the bright hot sun. Papa said I stood a fine chance to be first at the gin. I got in a fever to get the wagon loaded.

When it got too dark to pick, my pickers came dragging in their last long bulging sacks for the day. I weighed them all in, and I could barely read the scales. Then they stood gathered around me and did not leave. They spoke little English, but they made me understand that they did not wish to come to work *mañana* and that they wished to be paid their wages. Why? Why? I had thirty rows not yet picked, and the wagon not full. Because of *el viejo*—the old grandfather was very sick. Medicines were needed for him. And he wanted all to remain home with him around the camp.

But what about *el algodón?* What about the cotton? What about my first bale? They shrugged. The cotton—there was no threat of rain, so why was it not reasonable to lay off for one day without picking in the field? They did not understand about the first bale. It must be so; it was *el viejo*'s wish, and he was very old.

I went crying to papa. And he came down and paid them off by lantern light. Papa said, "Never mind, Essie. You got a fine crop. And it'll fetch a fancy price, first bale be danged. And early tomorrow you and me and George, we'll pick, and we'll see yet who makes the first bale."

"Papa," I said, "I am going to sleep on the cotton wagon tonight. Nobody is going to fill a sack off my load."

"You sleep in the house," Papa said. "You'd be scared out of your socks by the first coyote that howled."

"Coyotes!" I scoffed. "I have heard coyotes all my life. I am going to sleep in the cotton wagon—me and Shep."

So all night long Shep and me lay curled up in the wagon on the soft scratchy cotton. Shep was a fine watchdog, the best we ever had. He would not let anything come near us. But all the same my heart beat fast a lot of times. I

What the man who has everything really needs is some help in getting rid of the stuff he doesn't want.

Dave Murray

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wished myself up in the attic in my bed. It was starlight and, when I got up on my elbows to look through the slat sides of the wagon, all the shadows moved. They kept doing that, at every breath of breeze. And the Mexicans down in the grove; all night long lights flickered around down there. What could they be doing? And the sounds, queer sounds. Sometimes, I thought, hammering—sometimes, I thought, sawing. Shep growled a lot, deep and soft in his throat. I wished I was in the house. I remembered mamma saying to papa, "Is that child living down in that cotton patch?"

"Well, you know Essie," papa said.

I thought I did not sleep at all. But I must have slept hard, for I wakened with the hot early sun full in my eyes. I jumped up and crawled down out of the wagon into the dew-laden cotton patch.

I stood thunderstruck to see a procession just winding out of our camp grove. It was a funeral. I ran to the fence for a closer look. Without a doubt *el viejo* had died in the night.

Every soul walked in the procession in single file, about twenty persons. A coffin had been sawed out and hammered up from the siding planks of their old wagon—it was all they had. It rested now on the bare running gear. It was all but hidden under a glory of hand-made artificial flowers—white lilies, red roses, yellow daisies, pink carnations—all these they had made in the night. The heaped flowers trembled now atop the coffin as it jolted across the cotton rows.

The women were draped in cheap black, and the men were in their work clothes. A son who walked at the head carried a plank cross, which would be placed at the burial place at *el viejo*'s head. Every other arm was loaded with the exquisite paper flowers. The littlest child walked at the end, carrying roses. The family must have worked very hard to make the flowers so many and so beautiful for *el viejo*. The wheels of the wagon were threaded through with paper streamers of black, and bunches of lilies were fastened to the turning wheels. Obviously these flowers were made by professional flowermakers of Old Mexico. No wonder my migrant picking crew had such fast and clever fingers.

As fast as I could I ran ahead. I wanted to fill my eyes with the sight. Truly the Mexicans had had less than me with which to make beauty. They had only tissue paper and cheap black bunting, but I had my paints. I ran ahead of them, as hard as ever I could, and let down the wire gap, and drew it aside for them, not to slow the funeral's passing. Then I ran on ahead again to watch, to where the procession turned out of our land and onto the public road. It turned toward the town, where there was a cemetery for such as *el viejo*. It would be near *Mexiquito*, the local "Little Mexico," a part of every valley town.

I stood watching the procession as long as I could see it. For this was a picture I must paint, and from memory. Oils would be best, but I had not the time. I ran to the house and got my water colors. I ran back down to the cotton field and crawled under my wagon. I poured a bowl of drinking water from the day before. I fell to work in a fury. I painted fast. It was the fastest and the best I had ever painted. Something beautiful took shape on my paper—something of my very own. This, then, was the feeling I would live for. I finished my picture. I was content with it. I climbed up on the wagon with it and sat looking at it.

There papa and Old George found me. I was just resting up there and looking and looking and looking at my picture. I knew I did not need now to go away from this place to paint. I could paint anywhere at all—just as the Mexicans had made beauty for *el viejo* out of what they had, wherever fate caught up to them. I had a vision of the pictures that were crowding all around me now, waiting for me to paint them.

Papa and Old George looked up at me there. "Hey there, Pretty Girl!" Old George called. "Fall down from there and get you a picking sack if you want to get to the gin with the first bale!" Then they both climbed up and looked good at the picture I had painted.

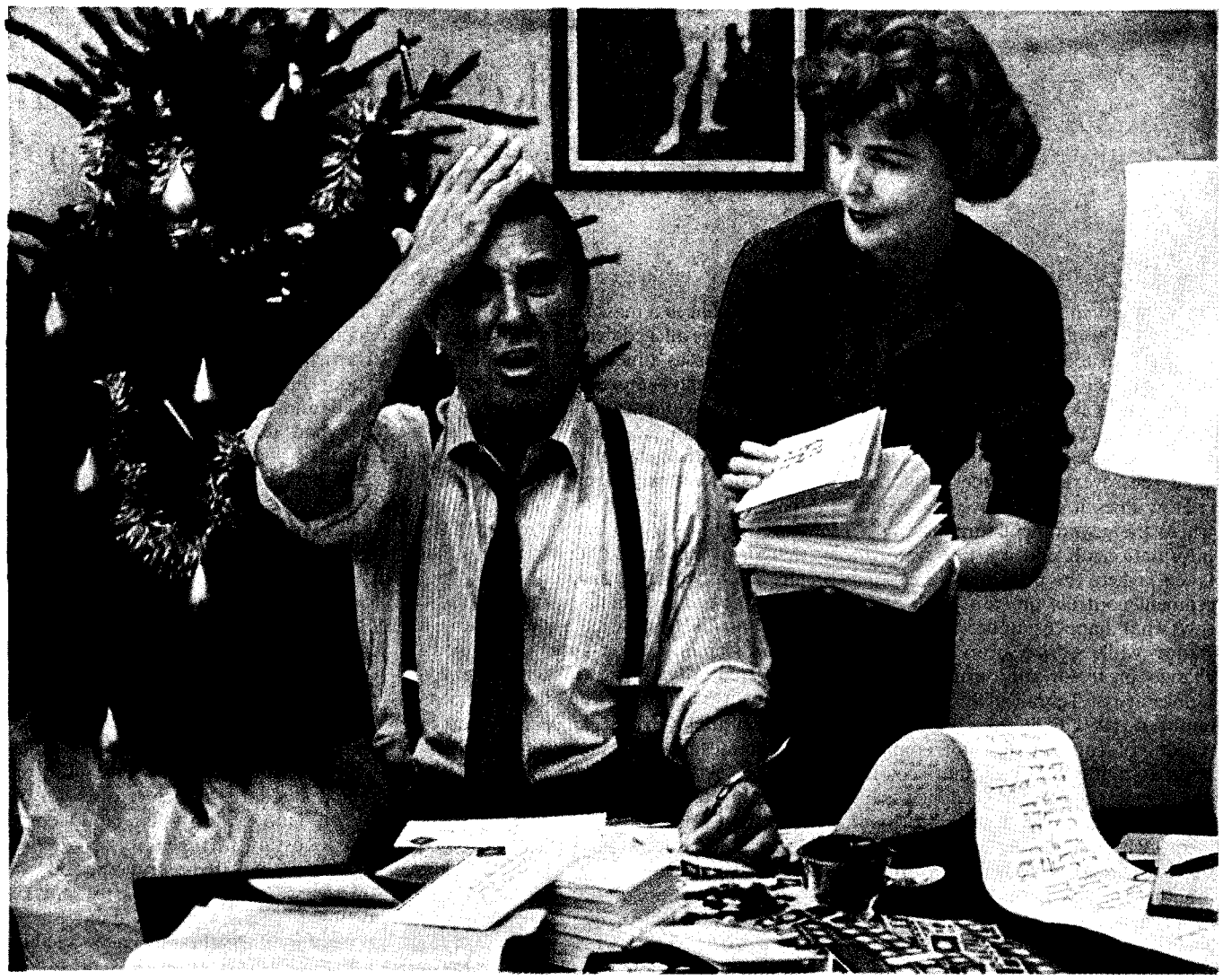
Papa just threw me an admiring look. "I'll swan, Essie!" he said. Then he looked at my picture some more. Then again he said, "I'll swan!" It was all papa could find to say, but it was enough. Papa knew now I was really good. It was there in the way he looked at me.

From my throat came the admission at last. "Papa, I want to study art. Papa, I want to go to art school!"

Papa sniffed and hollered, "That's where you're going! I'm the farmer in this family. Now, you get this cotton fever out of your head. You get a paintbrush in your hand and keep it there!"

"Oh, papa!" I said.

Then do you know what he and I and Old George did? We picked all morning, and we cleaned my field. We made it to the gin by noon, and I had the first bale. THE END



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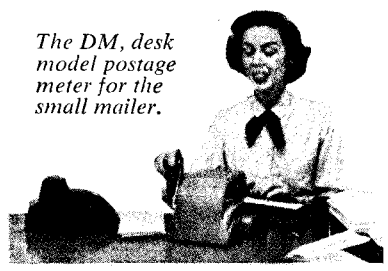
There's a meter model to fit your needs. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.



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BLACKOUT ON NEWS

BY BURTON W. MARVIN Dean of the William Allen White School of Journalism, University of Kansas

What is it like to live in a country without freedom of the press?

Here in America we talk a lot about our traditional freedom of the press and jealously protect it against encroachment. A free press is one of the bulwarks of democracy. Yet I often wonder how many Americans actually understand what the reverse of a free press means.

How does it feel to live in a country where the government turns the flow of information off and on, like water in a faucet, where the press must accept government controls or stop publishing? I saw what happens under such circumstances while serving as an American exchange professor of journalism at the University of Tehran in Iran, from September 5, 1960, to June 5, 1961.

Iran, of course, does not control its press as rigidly as Communist countries do. It has privately owned newspapers and a semblance of democratic government, with an elected parliament. But this is where my wife and I lived for nine months, where I could study at close range the stifling effects of government press control; and to me the contrast with American freedom was distressing.

An example of how press control was used occurred in Tehran, the capital city of Iran, on May 2, 1961—a nice spring day. At midmorning my wife, home alone, received a telephone call from the United States Educational Foundation—relayed from the American Embassy—warning that all Americans should stay off the streets. There might be shooting, she was told, for there had been trouble at the nearby parliament building.

Two other families of American professors in the neighborhood lacked telephones. So it was my wife's duty to go down the street, despite the warning to remain indoors, and relay the embassy's message. At one of the homes, perhaps 300 yards away, my wife found in the living room with the American woman a weeping Iranian schoolteacher, soaked to the skin. She had been with a throng of striking teachers massed in front of the parliament building, demonstrating for higher teachers' pay, when firemen turned their hoses on the crowd. The young woman indicated that four teachers had been killed when police opened fire.

All this had happened in midmorning. That afternoon and night, and all the next day, wild rumors about the affray spread throughout the city. Some said there had been a mass slaughter of teachers, and the alleged death toll rose higher and higher as time went on. Not until the next day—more than twenty-four hours later—did stories about the shooting appear in the Persian-language dailies; not until the morning of the day after that did we Americans learn what had happened. We got the news, almost forty-eight hours late, in the two English-language versions of Persian dailies that are published in Tehran.

Radio had been of no help, for all radio stations in Iran—except the American armed-forces station—are government-operated. All radio news is under the government's thumb. And the American station abides by Iranian regulations, for it operates by government permission.

The facts were that one teacher had been killed and three wounded when police fired upon them. The affair was important, for it led to the fall of the cabinet, the appointment of a "reform" prime minister and dissolution of parliament. But the political consequences were not my concern. Rather, I looked toward the press coverage, and the unfamiliar atmosphere in which we found ourselves when we went to Tehran from our home in Lawrence, Kansas, in the heart of a land where we take freedoms for granted.

If this shooting had taken place anywhere in the United States, the news would have appeared in print all over the country within a few hours. In America reporters might have had some difficulty in sifting all the facts, but the simple truth that one teacher had been killed and three had been wounded would have been public knowledge immediately.

For an American it is an uncomfortable experience to live in a society where he does not know what is happening, and yet feels public tension and senses danger.

Our introduction to information control in Iran had come in September, 1960, shortly after our arrival. One day a short item in one of the English-language dailies reported that the current issue of *Time* had the Shah's picture on the cover and contained a long article about him. Normally the magazine would have been on sale at Tehran newsstands that day. But we could find no copy that day, or the next two. On the fourth day, newsstands suddenly blossomed forth with that issue of *Time*. Why had the magazine been unavailable for three days? Simply because Iranian officials had decided to forbid its circulation and sale; they felt that some statements in the article put their ruler in a poor light. Why, then, had they relented and allowed *Time* to circulate? They had done so because too many Iranians had heard foreign radio broadcasts about the article; it would be better to let Iranians read the mildly critical piece than to have them believe the article was as anti-Shah as some of the broadcasts had indicated. Actually the article was generally favorable to the Shah, and nine months later, when we left Iran, copies of that issue of *Time* still were being sold at newsstands.

During our nine-month sojourn in Tehran there were many disturbing examples of government control of information. The most dramatic case occurred when a student strike closed the university on January thirty-first and kept it closed most of the time until early April.

During this two-month period we Americans, accustomed to prompt reporting of news in the United States, groped for information in a news vacuum created by the government's press-control policy. Typically there would be a two-day lag between an event and publication of stories about it.

Perhaps the most striking example of this lag occurred late in February when Dr. Manuchehr Eghbal, former chancellor and former prime minister, came to visit the dental school on the campus. It had been obvious for some time that trouble was developing within the student body. Late in August, 1960, blatant fraud in the parliamentary elections had caused the Shah to declare them null and void, and as a result of the scandal Doctor Eghbal had resigned as prime minister.

Early in the winter there was another election and again charges of corruption were heard. With this crookedness as their chief complaint, the 9000 students of the University of Tehran went on strike. Officials made it clear that the students would not be molested by police so long as they confined their parading, chanting and demonstrating to the campus; but it was made equally clear that parading or demonstrating in the city's streets would not be tolerated.

During February there were demonstrations in the streets of Tehran and clashes between the students and policemen. Some students were jailed. Student demands broadened to include insistence that the prime minister and his cabinet resign and that jailed students be released. But some classes actually had been resumed before Doctor Eghbal visited the campus on February twenty-third.

On that day, when Doctor Eghbal showed up in his American-made luxury automobile, student fury broke loose. Shouting "The servile slave has come!" a mass of young men set the car afire. When firemen and fire trucks came to fight the blaze, students stoned them.

Although wild reports were flying all over the city, the government again put the lid on newspaper coverage until the situation came to a boil and the lid began to jump. Then, to release the pressure, the government permitted newspapers to run stories. By that time the facts had been so exaggerated and distorted that it is doubtful whether any amount of effort to set the record straight would repair the damage that rumors had done. Furthermore, the public's knowledge that the government had controlled the news made readers suspect the accuracy of stories that were finally published.

Before going to Iran I had read that the press of that land occupied a middle position in the range of freedom. I knew in advance that it was by no means free of control, but I had been told that it was not controlled as rigidly as the Soviet Union's press, for instance.

I found this information to be correct.

There is no precensorship of copy in Iran, but the government lets editors know general classifications of news that it doesn't want presented. For instance, the word during our stay in Tehran was that newspapers were to go easy on anything critical of the Soviet Union, not because Soviets are liked—the feeling is anything but warm—but because there is in Iran respect for the strength of the menacing neighbor to the north. Russia looks longingly toward the warm waters of the Persian Gulf and hammers Iran with propaganda broadcasts.

Iran's Department of Publications and Radio usually telephones major newspapers such as *Kayhan* and *Ettela'at*, the two largest dailies, at least once a day to say what should be played down or eliminated—and occasionally what might be played up. And, of course, an experienced editor knows which way the wind is blowing and sets his sails accordingly.

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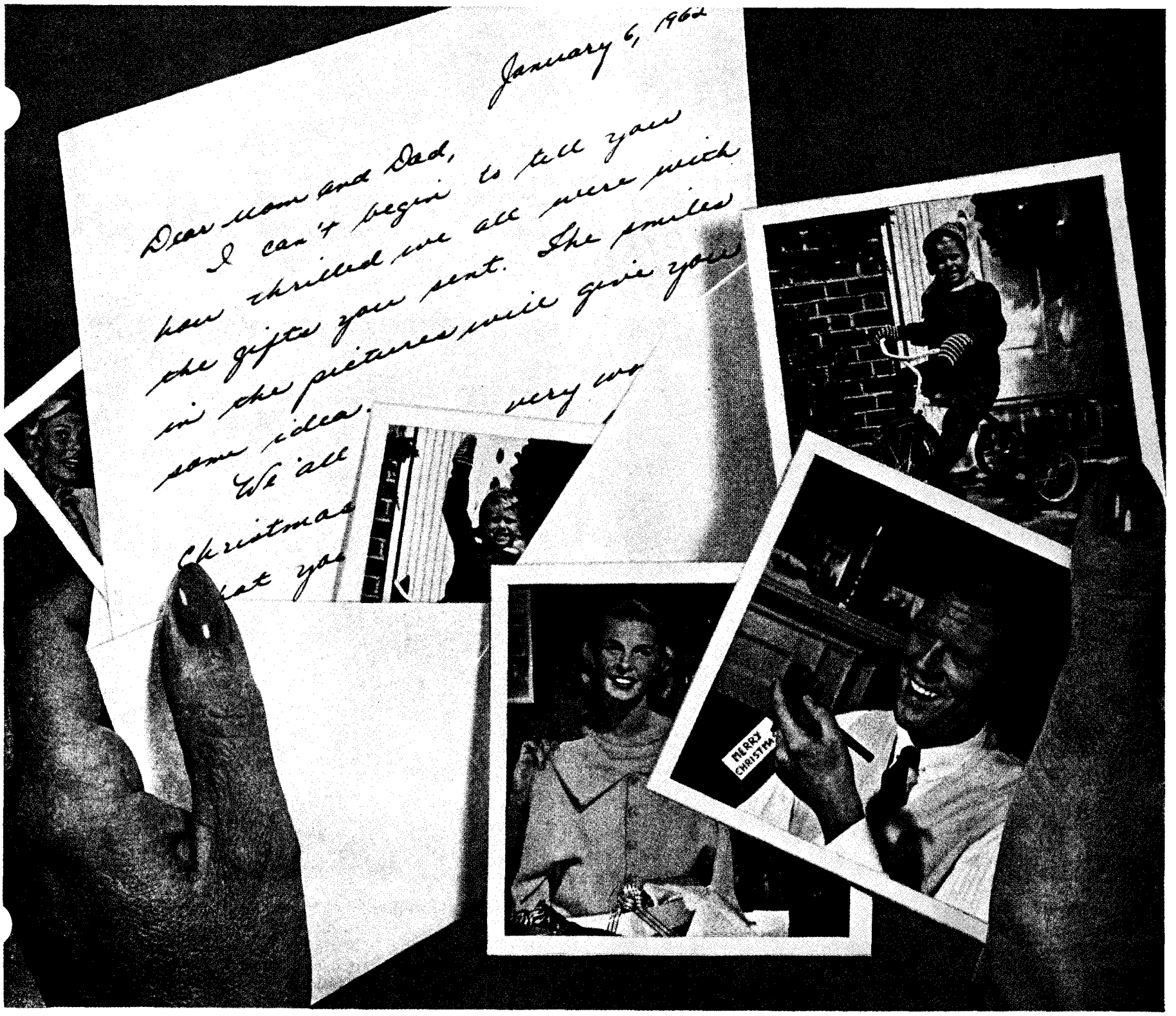

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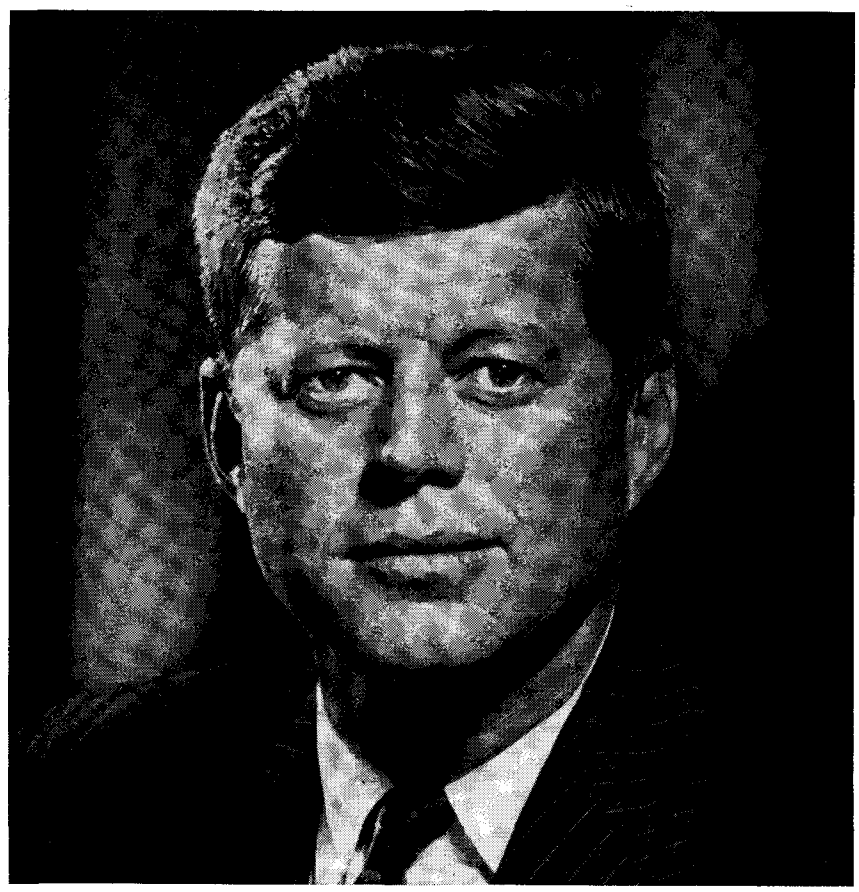
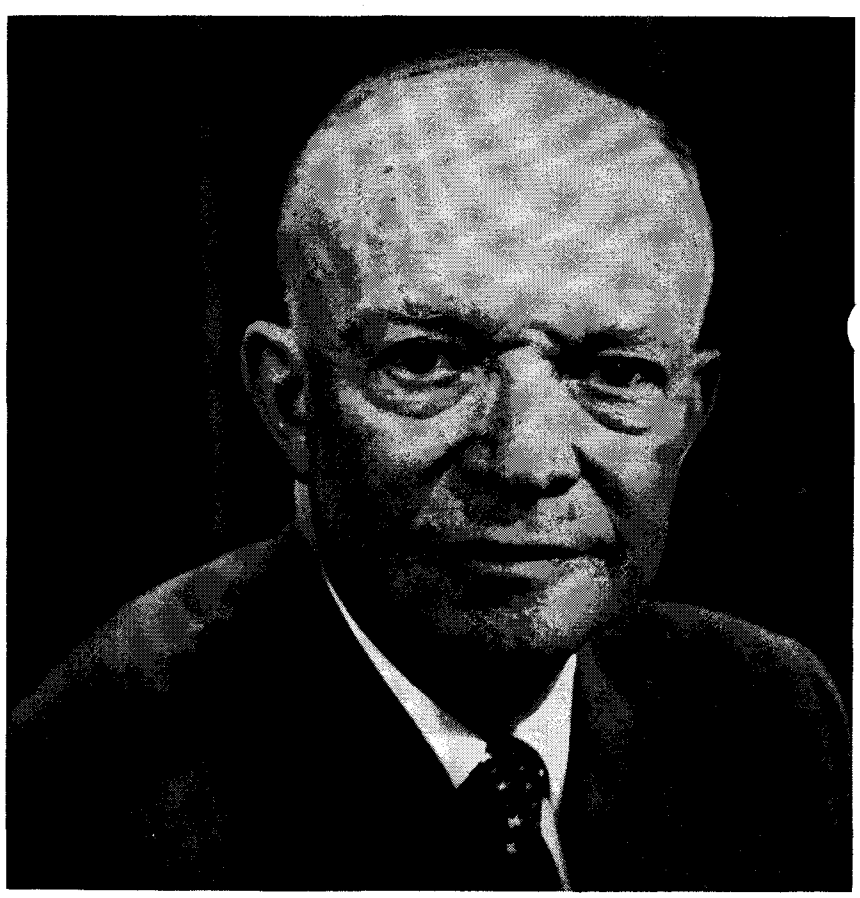


JOHN F. KENNEDY: "I congratulate and commend The Advertising Council for its two decades of public service to the U.S. Government in bringing important public messages to the American people. The Council can well be proud of its record in war and in peace. We shall continue to look to the Council for help in communicating a variety of essential public messages in these critical times."



DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: "The results of your work are obvious. The various Government departments whose programs you have done so much to forward have reason to be grateful to you. Your combined efforts have been worth many millions of dollars to our Government. When I spoke to your group on March twenty-fourth, I said I thought it one of the most important agencies in the country."

The voluntary, unpaid work of The Advertising Council—*for Government and for private causes*—is simple to explain: Let the American people know about things that need doing and let them know how to go about it. The people pick it up from there.

Take a moment to look at the campaign symbols at the right. You may have worked in your own community in behalf of some of them. You may have bought Bonds, solicited funds or helped get out the vote. Whatever you did, you did freely by your own choice simply because the need was there.

The power behind all of these campaigns was supplied through The Advertising Council by advertising donated by American business — by companies, magazines, newspapers, broadcasting stations, networks, motion picture producers, outdoor and transit companies. Advertising agencies prepared the advertising campaigns free of charge.

In 1960 alone, the advertising donated to the Council's public service campaigns added up to 226 million dollars.

Not a penny of tax money was spent for it.

The work is not finished. In today's cold war the need is as great as in yesterday's hot war. On the occasion of its twentieth anniversary, The Advertising Council reconfirms its pledge of support. How about you?

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If you would like to know more about The Advertising Council, this magazine suggests you write to it for a free booklet: 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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The Advertising Council

HARRY S. TRUMAN: "Beyond question, the dissemination of wartime information through advertising played a vital part in bringing to the people the story of what had to be done to speed victory. Our problems, unfortunately, did not end with the war, and there will be many vital ones which cannot be solved without the understanding cooperation of the people."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: "The voluntary contribution made by advertising men and women under the Council's leadership has been of notable assistance to the Government's wartime information programs. I am gratified to learn that the Council plans to continue its public service, and I hope your work will receive the unqualified support of businessmen."

HERBERT HOOVER: "I congratulate the Council on twenty years' service to the non-partisan purposes of good government. I have had occasion to witness the effectiveness of the Council in raising funds to relieve the famines in Europe and in giving wide publication to the reports of the Commissions on Organization of the Executive Branch of Government."

The Advertising Council, supporting these and many other public service causes with men, materials and money contributed by American business, helps solve more problems and serve more people than any other single private institution.

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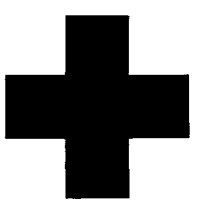

American Red Cross

Keep America Beautiful

United Community Campaigns

Mental Health

Religion in American Life

Contribute—Work—Vote

United Nations

Goals for Americans

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May 2, 1961: Tehran police fired on striking teachers, killing one. News of the riot was withheld a full day.

NEWS A newspaper must hold a government license to publish. This means that a license can be withdrawn, and the power to do so is a heavy weapon. Several times during our stay in Tehran specific issues of dailies were suppressed, and at least one daily was deprived of its license. Various causes were given for suppression; for example, two issues of *Kayhan* were withheld from newsstands and home delivery because a previous issue had carried a story too favorable to President Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic, with whom Iran was quarreling.

Circulation of newspapers in Tehran is handled through one agency, where the government has men to look through every paper every day and decide whether its distribution should be permitted.

It is specified under the Press Law of 1955—the master document under which the press operates—that the publisher of a newspaper must be an Iranian national not less than thirty years old. He must have no criminal or lunacy record, and he should have at least a bachelor's degree or "be known as a person of knowledge whose competence can be certified by the Higher Education Board" of his *ostan*, the political unit comparable to a state in the United States.

All applications for publishing licenses are considered by a committee made up of a high-ranking official of the Ministry of the Interior, a high-ranking official of the Ministry of Education, the public prosecutor, a university professor chosen by the head of the university for a term of two years and a journalist with at least five years' experience, to be chosen by the Ministry of the Interior.

Another means of controlling the press was made plain to me one day when I was visiting the publisher of a small daily in his office, an ill-lighted, poorly-furnished place in downtown Tehran. This was in February, a bleak, misty, chilly month in that part of Iran. The editor informed me that his leading editorial for the next day would discuss raising potatoes. I asked him why he chose February to write about potatoes. "Well," he said, "the government won't let me write about the student strike at the university, or the crooked election, so I might as well write about raising potatoes."

"What would happen if you did write about the strike, or about election corruption?"

"The government would withdraw its advertising from my paper," he replied.

"What difference would that make?"

"I would have to quit publishing."

What this amounts to is that the government assures itself of favorable publicity by paying for news and feature items and pictures. If this subsidy were withdrawn, many newspapers would be plunged into bankruptcy. I have not seen the balance sheets of all the newspapers in Iran, nor have I talked with all the publishers, but the evidence I was able to dig up indicates that there are only two dailies of the thirty in Iran which are actually living on what we Americans would consider legitimate advertising and circulation income. Those are the two big dailies in Tehran, *Kayhan* and *Ettela'at*.

Another kind of government subsidy goes to reporters. Apart from his newspaper job, the typical reporter also has an information job in a government department. I knew of a number of newspapermen who received more pay from their government department than from their newspaper, although they rarely worked in the department. In return for these sinecures, the government expected favorable treatment in the reporters' newspaper stories, and the publisher looked upon the government pay for his employees as a supplement that enabled him to pay low wages.

As one ponders these methods of press control in Iran, there is the temptation to think in terms of transplanting our ideals, traditions and methods to this land, thereby curing all ills. However, one soon learns that it is fairer and more sensible to view the institutions and practices of another nation in the light of its own culture and traditions.

The typical newspaper in the American frontier community performed a knitting-together function from the time the community was founded. Settlers in many a pioneer village in the central and western United States actively sought out a printer, persuaded him to bring his "shirttail full of type" to the new town and start boosting it as a trading center and future metropolis. Because of this evolution the American newspaper long has been intimately woven into the fabric of its community.

In Iran, newspapers have inserted themselves in recent decades into a culture revolving for hundreds of years about families and clans, rather than around communities as we know them. In the seminars I had with journalists at Isfahan and other provincial cities, I found them unreceptive to the idea of running personal items about individual or family activities. To them that kind of enterprise would mean intrusion into areas that are traditionally closed.

Here at home we read our paper each day to find out who has entered the hospital, who is engaged to whom, who got arrested on a charge of drunken driving and who has filed for divorce. Mention of such coverage brought snickers from an audience of Iranian journalists.

Another limitation on news coverage by Iranian newspapers is imposed by the fact that most of them are organs for political or special-interest groups, and thus dependent upon subsidy. These papers are committed to a certain cause or special interest or viewpoint. So it is a mistake for the American, accustomed to the financially independent journalism of his country, to feel sorry for the Iranian newspaper editor who must kowtow to his master in order to stay in business.

I found it almost impossible to talk with journalists of this type about general news coverage of a community. At the Iran-America Society in Shiraz I met one day with several editors. To kick off the discussion, I asked how they went about covering city government. These men honestly didn't know what I was talking about. Each apparently was in business to push a particular viewpoint, and the stories they printed were mixtures of fact and opinion. The notion of reporting objectively what went on at a meeting of city officials, simply for the sake of informing, bewildered these journalists.

By this time I had reached the obvious conclusion that no one can transpose intact any set of ideals, attitudes and procedures from one culture to another. It was equally obvious that Iranian journalists were proficient in the techniques of reporting, editing, make-up, printing and the like. What they could really profit by, I decided, was to think about the purposes of journalism, problems of ethics, freedom and responsibility of the press, the watchdog and investigative roles that a good newspaper can play in its community, and processes of mass communication such as propaganda and public relations. Having come to these conclusions, I concentrated on these subjects in lectures to my students, all of whom were adults and most of whom were journalists ranging from staff members of dailies to free-lance writers.

Although hundreds of years of corruption and exploitation have made Iranians cynical, these journalist-students acted almost like a cheering section as I related step by step the story of a civic crusade led by an American newspaper. They identified themselves with participants in the drama, just as we Americans identify ourselves with the good guy in a television Western. But when it came to thinking about how crusading might work on Iranian newspapers and in Iranian society, they were perplexed and dubious.

The same perplexity and doubt arose when we discussed freedom of the press. I explained in detail why our forefathers guaranteed freedom of the press—and freedom of assembly, speech and worship—in the first amendment to the Constitution. And I described in detail the limitations upon absolute freedom of the press in the United States—such things as libel law, right of privacy, contempt of court and copyright. After all the explanation a student asked, "Then how does the government go about suppressing a newspaper in the United States?"

When I replied, "It doesn't," I am sure many of the students didn't believe me.

Despite the centuries-old cynicism, corruption and disbelief, the current in Iran is flowing toward greater freedom of information. The *Time*-magazine incident is evidence of this trend. In that situation outside pressure—the radio channel of information—forced the government to let down the barriers.

A more recent example of this sort occurred in May, after the cabinet had fallen and Dr. Ali Amini had been appointed by the Shah to set up a "reform" cabinet. At the time of the change in government the press went all out with speculative and alarmist stories that made life tougher than it already was for a new cabinet charged with pulling the country through the crisis and avoiding a revolution. Pleas for press caution and reserve came from government quarters, and there were threats of crackdowns. At that point the two big dailies in Tehran began running Associated Press and United Press International stories with the Tehran date line, covering the critical events happening in their city. In effect the editors were leaning on the prestige of AP and UPI and the reluctance of the authorities to tamper with press-association coverage in Tehran.

If Iran is able to pull through its current political crisis and make progress on a path of evolution, instead of falling victim to a revolution, it seems likely that its press will continue its gradual movement toward freedom—with tremendous influence being exerted by the press associations and by Iranian journalists who understand the importance of responsible reporting. Meanwhile, Americans visiting and living there should not be too shocked if they find themselves in news vacuums such as those we encountered last year. We know such a vacuum is unhealthful and so, fortunately, do many Iranians. THE END

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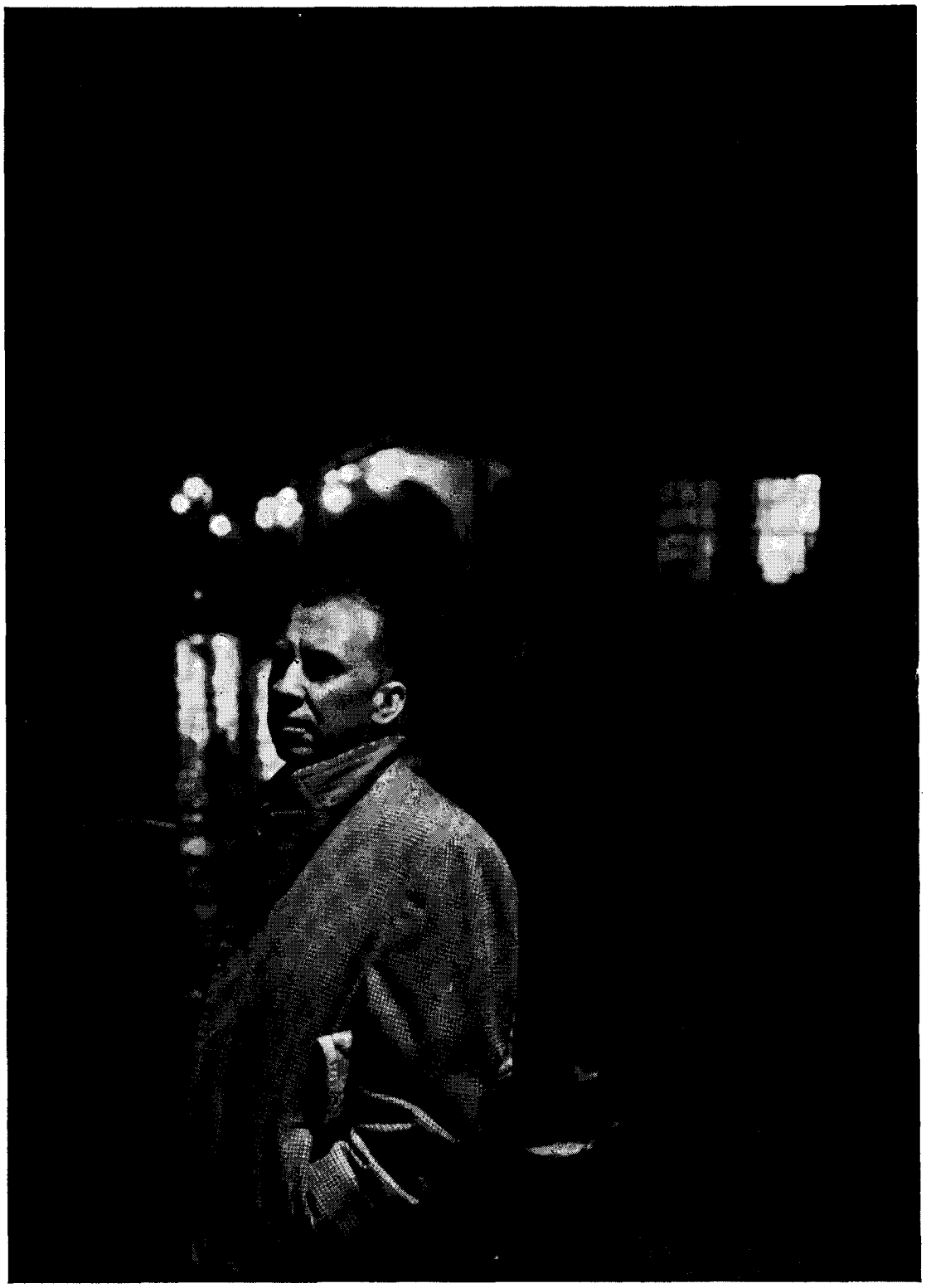
"I'm Win Freund,
Staff-Writer on the
Daily Record-Herald
here in Wausau.
In the 25 years
I've been on the paper,
I have gotten
to know Wausau
and Wausau people,
and Employers Mutuals
of Wausau, too.
The company and the
community couldn't be closer.
Across the country
Employers Mutuals has
the reputation for being
'Good people to do business with'!
How it got that way—
and what's behind it
is truly the

Wausau Story



"ON MY WAY HOME from the office, I sometimes cut across the park and down the cobbled walk in front of the Wausau depot.

"Chances are you'll recognize this spot even though you've never been in our city. This is the depot that inspired a symbol which has come to be identified with Employers Mutuals.

"This, in itself, is revealing. As one of the world's most important insurance companies, Employers Mutuals could easily have selected their handsome home office building a few blocks west—to show how big and modern they are, and to indicate that from here and through 138 other offices they are well set up to handle all forms of casualty and fire insurance from one end of the country to the other. But I must admit the depot better illustrates the honest purpose of these people, and the pride they have in the home town where the company originated 50 years ago.

"I feel qualified to talk about all this because the first story I ever did for this paper was about Employers Mutuals' 25th birthday. And this year, of course, I've filed many a story about their Golden Anniversary. In between I've reported not only the community activities of their people, but of the many contributions their distinguished specialists in industrial health and safety have made to employers and working people everywhere. I've learned, too, how prompt handling of claims can build a reputation.

"For a half-century my newspaper has chronicled this company's history. But, I know from my own experience that this isn't the *whole* story. There's an indefinable 'Wausau personality' that's a big part of it.

"I guess my stories only prove that there's a way of working up here that comes from a belief in doing things right and well.

"That's why Wausau and Employers Mutuals are inseparable."

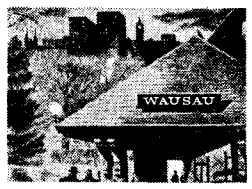
Employers Mutuals' executives are easy to talk to, ready to help. Typical is Neil Johnson, vice president (right) who pauses on Third Street for a street-corner commentary.

* * *

There's an Employers Mutuals office near you. Consult your phone directory or write us at Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA



FOR 50 YEARS
"Good people to do business with"

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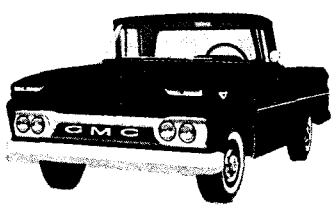
YOU GET BUILT-IN BONUSES IN EVERY GMC TRUCK

Extra-long truck life. Extra-large payloads. Extra-low maintenance. Extra-low fuel costs. This is what GMC means by high investment return and low operating costs. It's why so many men who know trucks are investing in GMC quality . . . the trucks with the built-in bonuses that really pay off.

The 4000 Series Truck pictured above is a good example. It is priced with the lowest, yet it offers so much more than ordinary trucks! Under the hood, is a GMC exclusive—a V-6 engine. This road-proved engine means less shifting, less gas consumption, less wear. And this 4000 Series has a complete range of factory options. Result: your truck and your trucking requirements can precisely dovetail to trim your operating costs.

See the trucks with built-in bonuses at your nearby GMC Truck dealer. He is listed in the Yellow Pages.

GMC Truck & Coach . . . a General Motors Division . . . Pontiac, Michigan.



Which of the 34 GMC Pickups is just right for you? Your GMC dealer will happy to help you select the one that b meets your needs. They offer V-6 economy and all the GMC built-in bonuses.

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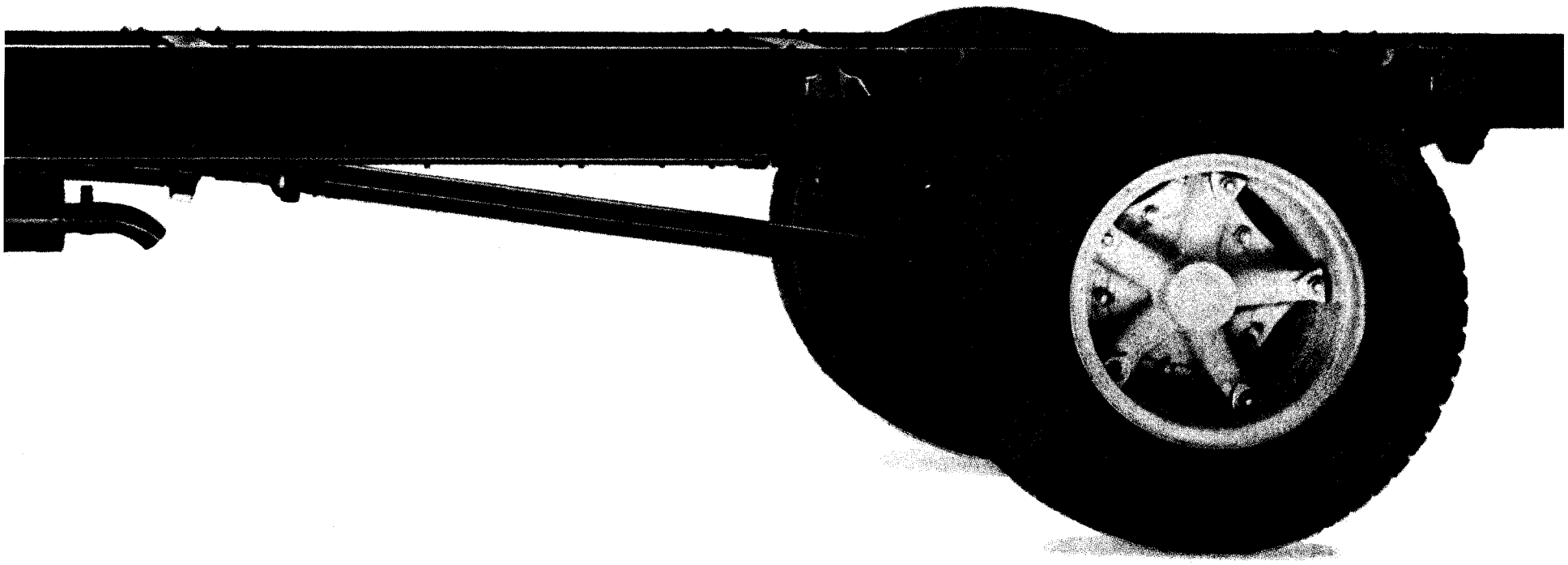
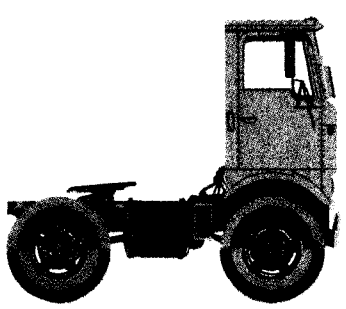
ECONOMY BONUS

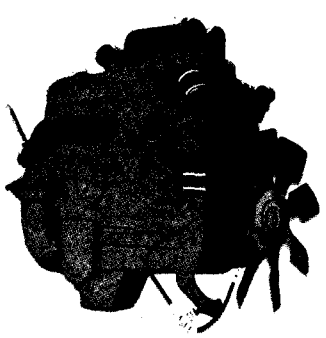
HIGH INVESTMENT RETURN, AND LOW OPERATING COSTS ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT



uck, driver and load protection. ndependent front suspension with bars takes the sting out of jolts. ss truck maintenance, greater driver ficiency, better load protection.



Lightest highway tractor in the industry. It is an aluminum tilt-cab model with a scant 48" BBC. This GMC gives you an investment return of up to 10-tons extra payload every 10 trips.



Shorter, lighter, more rugged than anything in its class. GMC V-6 diesel delivers more power per dollar, pound, and cubic inch displacement. Two-cycle design delivers power on every down stroke!

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

TRUCKS

FROM ½ TO 60 TONS

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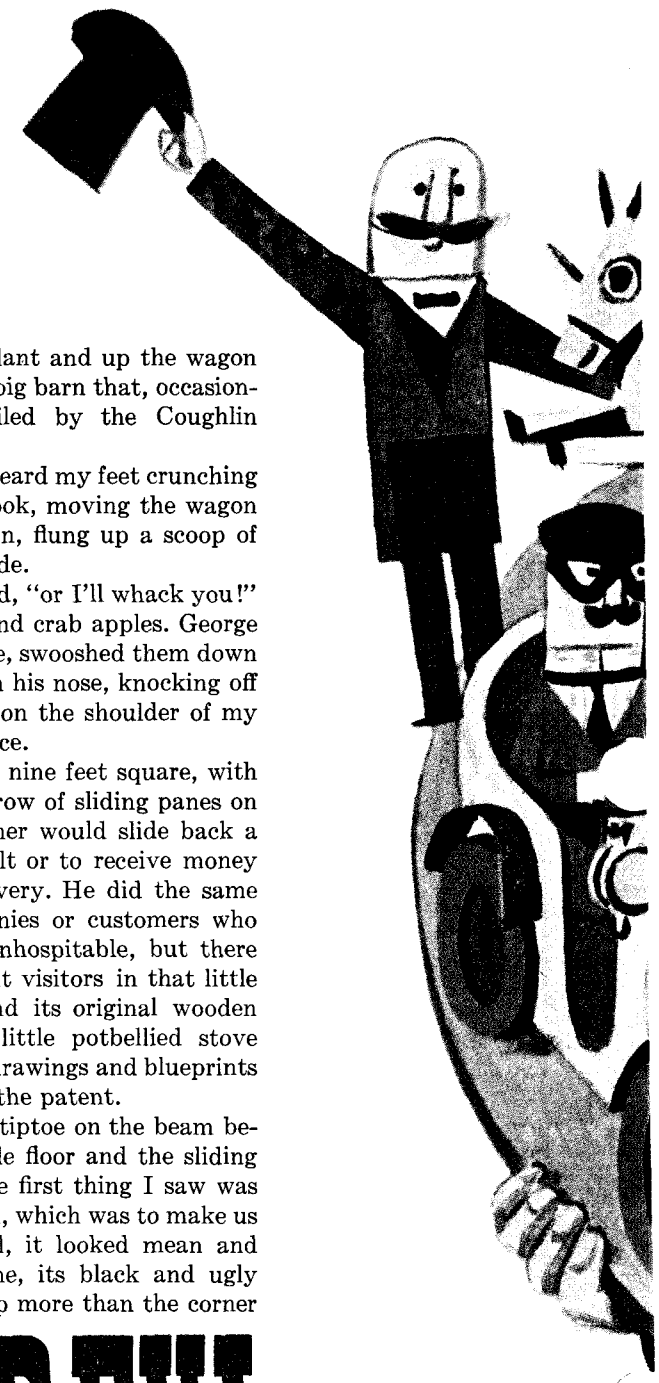
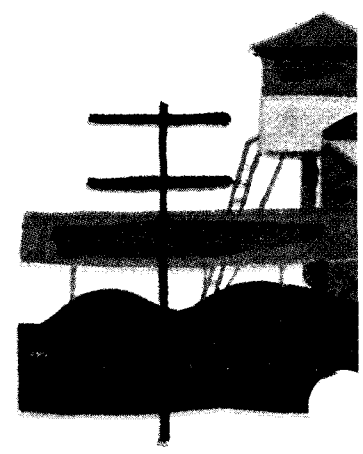


THE WONDERFUL MERRY-GO-ROUND

An engaging reminiscence of a beclouded Christmas that was brightened by an ingenious toy.



Painting by George Him

BY GENE COUGHLIN

There would never again be a November dusk like this one. Soft and satin-smooth, it had settled on the four of us as we turned away from the scrubby bank of Cicero Creek and our exploration of hillocks that, we knew, were Indian burial mounds, no matter what the older inhabitants of Tipton, Indiana, had to say. Our elders contended that Indians definitely had never lived nor even camped in our part of the state and that the nearest authentic mounds were at Tippecanoe, which was several hours distant on the swift electric cars of the Union Traction Company.

We didn't intend to argue with our elders, but we had the evidence to prove they were wrong. Jody O'Beirne had a piece of flint that must have been an arrowhead; Bob Glass had uncovered something like a clamshell that had served some brave as a spoon; Tommy O'Toole kept fingering a dozen beads that undoubtedly had graced the swanlike throat of a beautiful princess. I carried a clump of feathers, a little moldy and decomposed, stained with something that had to be war paint. To make the outing complete, we had located a tree loaded with papaws, supersweet in their green and yellow jackets. We used plenty of red haws, tiny and tart, to take away the cloying effect of the papaws, and we were a quartet of surfeited nine-year-olds when we turned into what could be called the outskirts of Tipton.

On Mill Street several bonfires of sycamore and maple leaves had been touched off. We loitered in the low-hanging smoke, coughing but happy in the knowledge that the odor would cling to coats and sweaters and make us smell like frontiersmen who hunkered nightly over campfires.

We had plenty of time to beat it to the unguarded grade crossing, but we waited for the Lake Erie & Western freight, its oil-burning headlight jiggling in the gloom, its fireman painted in bronze as he hurled coal into the bright maw of the firebox. The downdraft of heavy smoke brought tears to our eyes, but still we were able to call off the initials and the numbers of the boxcars and gondolas as they clattered past, and also identify Mr. Higgins, the conductor, standing on the rear platform of the caboose.

"Goin' to the railhead," Jody announced solemnly. "Pushin' steel west, night and day!"

We nodded, knowing the train was going south and then only to Indianapolis, forty miles away. Jody had certain privileges in such matters, since his father was a passenger conductor on the road, a circumstance that kept us from mentioning in his presence that many people said the initials L. E. & W. meant "Leave Early and Walk."

There was a Panhandle freight just pulling out of the siding down toward The Junction, but we didn't wait for that; we were loyal to the Lake Erie, and the Panhandle was part of the Pennsylvania system.

"Well," Tommy O'Toole sighed, "best head for home." The others turned on East Street, but I didn't. I had special permission to stop off at the coal yard and walk home with my father when he locked up at six o'clock. I hadn't mentioned it, but Bob Glass sensed my destination.

"You going to see The Invention?" he asked quickly, and I said, "I might. For a minute."

"We could go along," Jody suggested. "Just for a minute."

"Not tonight," I said. "It's nearly done, and you know how people are. If somebody got ahold of the patent ——"

"That's right." They all nodded, and we parted. My route took me past the power-and-light plant and up the wagon track between the coal bins and the big barn that, occasionally, contained ice that was retailed by the Coughlin Coal & Ice Company.

Old George, the huge Percheron, heard my feet crunching the cinders, and turned around to look, moving the wagon just as Delt McGill, the deliveryman, flung up a scoop of coal, some of which hit the wagon side.

"Hold still, you big galoot," Delt yelled, "or I'll whack you!"

I had two handfuls of red haws and crab apples. George made a vacuum of his massive muzzle, swooshed them down and thanked me by nudging me with his nose, knocking off my cap and leaving a glob of froth on the shoulder of my Mackinaw. I headed for the coal office.

The office was a frame box about nine feet square, with small windows on three sides and a row of sliding panes on the side next to the scales. My father would slide back a window to hand out a receipt to Delt or to receive money from him after he had made a delivery. He did the same thing usually to converse with cronies or customers who called in person; not that he was inhospitable, but there was almost no room at all for adult visitors in that little office, what with The Invention and its original wooden model, plus a desk, one chair, a little potbellied stove and a padlocked cabinet containing drawings and blueprints and other papers having to do with the patent.

I stood up on tiptoe on the beam between the scale floor and the sliding panes, and the first thing I saw was The Invention, which was to make us rich. As usual, it looked mean and ominous to me, its black and ugly hulk taking up more than the corner

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MERRY-GO-ROUND

originally assigned it. It had gear teeth that gleamed and flickered in the uneven light of the kerosene lamp hung from the low ceiling.

I had a vague idea of what it did, or was supposed to do, but I considered it vastly overrated for its size, weight and the attention it got and the effort it had cost my father, who had made all of its parts by hand. And yet it held a tremendous fascination for me. It would accept a little nut a half-inch square, let it rattle down a slot to its innards and then, after my father grunted and turned a crank, eject the nut with threads cut on the inside.

"Of course," my father would explain after a demonstration, "that was just a rough example of what this Nut Tapping Machine can do. Driven by steam, this machine will tap, or thread, more nuts in an hour than any other machine on the market today can do in a day."

When he talked like that I admired The Invention, and it was a pleasure to help wipe it with an oily rag. But there were times when I resented it as a selfish monster, content to sit there on its cast-iron bottom and settling that section of the office deeper and deeper into the Indiana soil. This resentment came after I had overheard aunts and uncles, among others, remark that The Invention, through the patent attorney, was devouring money that we could have used for food and clothing, with no end in sight.

My father was sitting at the desk, his derby on the back of his head, using his left hand to stroke the full mustache that was in need of another application of walnut oil to disguise the graying roots and tips. He wore the Celluloid collar, Size 17, and the sleeve garters that were part of his business costume, along with the glasses that came from the five-and-ten and which he did not need but affected because most Tipton merchants wore spectacles as symbols of solidity.

I eased quietly through the door just as he started writing the receipt for Mrs. Board's half ton of coal that Delt McGill was loading. He wrote a beautiful flowing hand, much better than I could ever hope to achieve with the Palmer Method. What made his penmanship even more distinctive was that he held the pencil between the stubs of the first two fingers of his right hand. He had lost parts of these fingers while switching cars on the Chicago & Alton. I was at his elbow as he signed, "Owen J. Coughlin."

"What does the J stand for?" I asked.

He started a little, took off the glasses, and his dark-brown eyes twinkled as he answered my question with one of his own. "What does the D stand for in John D. Rockefeller?"

I admitted I didn't know, and he nodded. "An initial," he said, "is something any man can own. Rich or poor."

"But rich men have more initials than poor men," I pointed out. "Look at J. P. Morgan ——"

"And F. W. Woolworth," he put in. "I think that what happens is a man starts out with just a plain first name, like John or Jim, and then, when he becomes a success, he adds an initial or two to make his signature more dignified, I suppose. The J doesn't stand for anything. But it might come in handy."

He winked and looked at The Invention. I followed suit, and we were both dreaming when Old George walked onto the scales, making the office shake. My father weighed the coal, handed Delt the receipt and told him to put horse and wagon away and go home after the delivery. We were wiping the machine with oiled rags when the big bell boomed in St. John's steeple, two blocks away, and we stood erect, reciting the *Angelus* to ourselves. He clapped his hat back on his head, and I shook him a bit with another question. "We didn't get the church contract this year, did we?"

He stopped the breath that would have extinguished the lamp and gave me a quick look. "Who told you that, Eugene?" I told him, "Lots of people."

But my main informant had been Delt McGill, who had been bitter in giving the reason. He blamed some of the wealthy farmers who made up the bulk of the congregation of St. John's Catholic Church, where the three of us Coughlin boys served Mass and where we rented a pew. Delt said these farmers had got into the habit of driving their grain wagons to town and loading their own coal at our yard. But, Delt said, they had the sly habit of using only the fork, thus getting the big lumps of the soft coal and leaving the small pieces and slack for the town customers served by Delt. My father had chided them gently at first, pointing out that *he* had to pay for *all* the coal and slack in a car and that they should take some of the fat along with the lean. But they had persisted until it became an issue, and the self-serving farmers were told that the Coughlin Coal & Ice Company didn't want their business any longer.

Some of these ex-customers were trustees of the church and, when it came time to award the contract for coal to be used in church, parsonage and school, gave the plum to an outsider whose bid was very little lower than ours. Since several carloads were involved, the contract meant the difference between a success and a failure for a year for my father.

The key rattled in the lock, and he tried the office door twice before he said softly, "No, Eugene, we didn't get the contract this year. What all did you do today, and where did you go?" I told him, and the tension lifted as we walked home.

Round steak, a quarter's worth, was sizzling in two skillets, and the potatoes were boiling on the cookstove. Joe, eleven, and John, thirteen, were at the kitchen table, Joe writing a composition and John figuring collections on his paper route. My mother reigned in her rocking chair near the oven. She was slight and pretty, a gentlewoman whose folks—the Mullarkeyes—had owned hundreds of acres of lush farm land near Tipton.

A talented pianist, Ellen Bridget Mullarkey had been sent to a conservatory of music in Indianapolis, and there had been talk of a concert career until, on a visit to a cousin in Joliet, Illinois, she had met Owen at a Switchmen's Ball and married him with the stipulations that he give up railroading before he lost any more fingers or any limbs and become a merchant in Tipton. Now she was content with her husband, her three sons, an upright piano she played occasionally and a firm belief in the basic goodness of her fellow men. Her gray eyes widened as I told about our exploration of the Indian burial mounds, and she was properly horrified when I displayed my tuft of feathers. The others of our group gathered around and were sure the stain was war paint, and I went to bed happy, full of steak and potatoes and the conviction that The Invention would take care of all of us.

This mood continued through Thanksgiving and well into December. And then, a couple of weeks before Christmas, everything went wrong. People stopped buying coal—or stopped paying for it—and hints were dropped to the effect that "Santa might be late this year—if he gets here at all." I still had high hopes that I would get a Flexible Flyer sled and maybe a pair of ice skates—until one night, when I was supposed to be asleep upstairs, I heard my father and mother murmuring in the kitchen. He told her the patent attorney had to make further search in Washington and that would take more money, and he didn't know where it was to come from. Her assurance that the Lord would provide seemed sort of faint.

On top of that I was suddenly notified to stay away from the office for a few days—that some ultrasecret work had to be done on The Invention.

The outlook was very bleak when, two days before Christmas, the three of us were doing the dishes, and John asked if I had written my letter to Santa Claus.

I forgive you.... PARIS
by OLEG CASSINI,
fashion designer for the WHITE HOUSE,
HOLLYWOOD and HIGH SOCIETY
in the next POST

"No," I said, "and I don't think I'll write one this year. Won't do any good."

I was too cautious to say I no longer believed in him. I had my doubts, but I was willing to give him a chance—if business had been a little better.

"Well, now," John said. "Old Santa has been pretty good to you and to all of us, Eugene. He'd feel hurt if you forgot him all at once."

I gave in and wrote the letter which followed a pattern that, apparently, had been handed down in the family. I don't recall having been prompted; it just seemed to take form, and it went:

Dear Santa: I know you are very busy, and I will not take much of your time. I want you to take care of the poor boys and girls first and see that they get warm clothes and food. If there is anything left, I would like a Flexible Flyer sled and a pair of ice skates. There is a piece of mince pie and coffee for you on the kitchen stove. Thank you, Santa.

Christmas Eve I went to bed early and had a restless night, as befits a martyr. It seemed that I had just dozed off when the sound of tinkly music filled the house, and the three of us rushed down to the sitting room. All the lights were on, the base burner was a cherry red, and in the warm glow glittered the most fascinating toy I have ever seen.

It was a merry-go-round, complete with concealed music box and a ringmaster with curled mustache, tipping his high silk hat every time he passed the tiny ticket box. Boys and girls rode the prancing horses; ladies and gentlemen sat sedately in the circling tubs, all dressed in clothing of every hue. At first glance it seemed huge on its packing-box platform, although it turned out to be about thirty inches in diameter. I don't know how long I crouched in wonderment before I figured it out that this was the reason for my being barred from the premises. I looked at my father, beaming and wiggling his good fingers, a sure sign of excitement, and my mother, in dressing gown, holding his hand in both of hers.

When it was my turn to wind up the machine I announced, "Santa Claus didn't make this! He couldn't!"

"Well, then, Eugene," my mother said, "who did make it?"

I found out I couldn't talk. I pointed at my father, and he swung me up higher than his great shoulders, and when he rubbed the bristles of his mustache against my cheek they were moist from a sudden tear—I guess it was. Then he ordered us gruffly to get ready for Mass, which we did.

Usually on Christmas our various gangs took turns visiting homes and inspecting gifts, but we hardly got out of the house that day. Jody and Bob and Tommy, plus pals of Joe and John, descended on us to watch the wonderful merry-go-round. Each demanded the privilege of winding it up.

Grownups came too, and Mr. Glass, who made regular trips to Chicago, paid the supreme compliment. "You can't get anything like that at Marshall Field, even," he said. "And if you could, I bet they'd want $100 for it!"

Getting ready for bed that night, the three of us wondered at the skill and the patience represented in the masterpiece, and John asked me, "You're not mad at The Invention any more, are you?"

I said I didn't see what that had to do with the merry-go-round, and he explained. "Well, pop never had any manual training, never knew how to do anything with his hands but pull switches and give signals. He didn't know the first thing about carving or carpenter work until he got the idea for The Invention four, five years ago. Then he taught himself how to do things with wood and iron. He carved that wooden model down at the office, and he cut the metal parts for the working model. So, when he had to do something extra special for this Christmas, he knew how to do it. He made a merry-go-round that the best carpenter in Indiana couldn't make."

I understood his point, and I relented somewhat in my attitude toward The Invention. But it was still on probation until, on New Year's Day—my birthday—I got the Flexible Flyer after all! (The skates could wait.)

After that I never entertained a mean thought regarding The Invention. It never did make us rich; it didn't even get into production. When, seven years later in 1918, the power-and-light company took over the coalyard, it still squatted there, sinking into the soil and smiling benignly as it showed its teeth.

In those seven years, as far as I was concerned, it was just as much a member of the family as Old George, who hauled the coal faithfully even when hay and oats were hard to come by, or Prince, the collie, who sometimes figured we were having too many meatless days and would deposit not one, but two freshly killed chickens on the back porch. THE END

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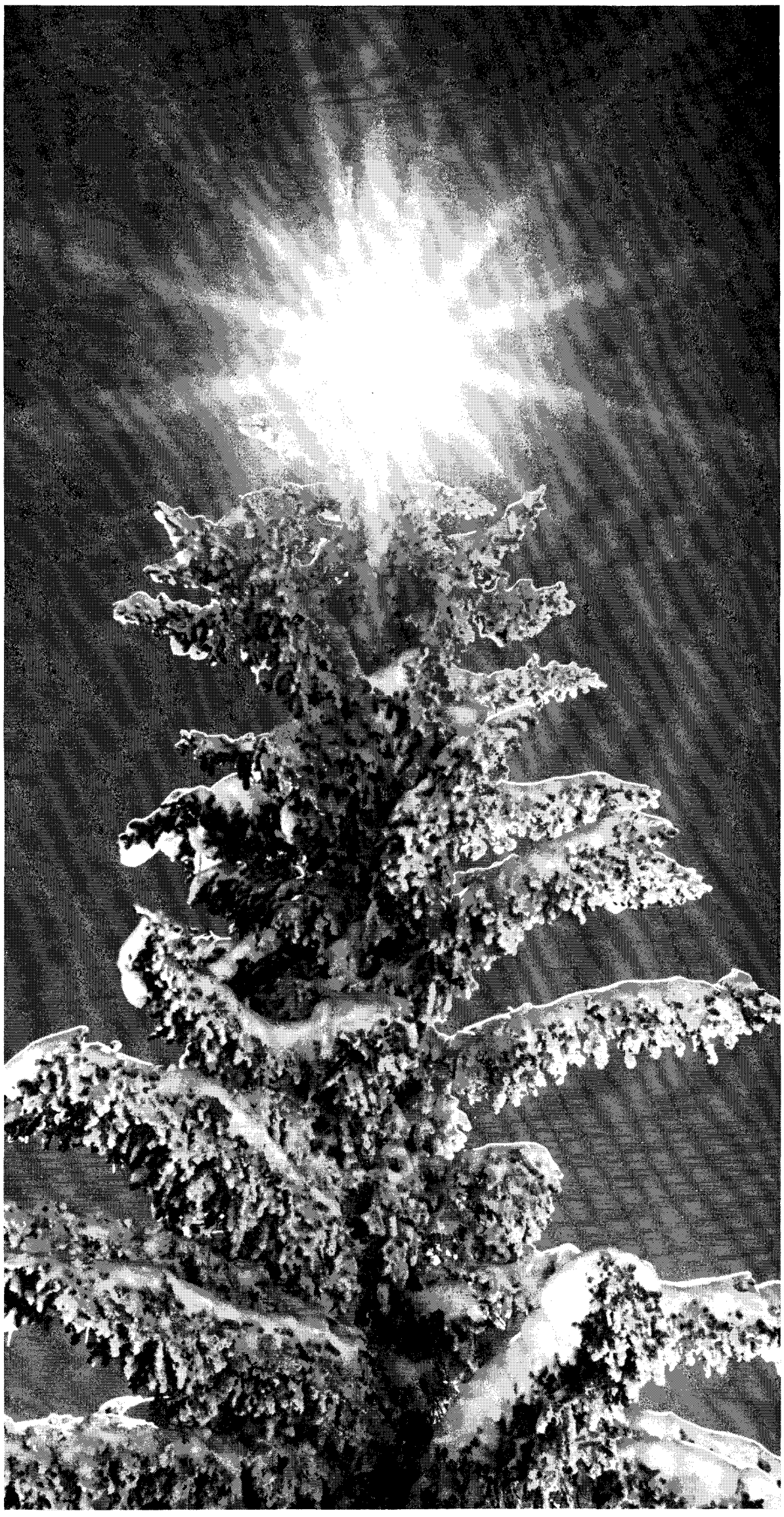

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ⚜ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ⚜ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ⚜ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ⚜ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season —its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith— may live among us ⚜ that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY nylic

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A WALK IN THE SNOW

continued from page 29

but let me pass. *Is this the wide world?* I wondered, inhaling pins and needles and gasping smoke. My heart was thumping. And then, while I stood as if trapped in a nightmare, a piece of twilight came loose and, standing over me, took the form of a young woman with tattered black hair and a wild white face, carrying an oblong bundle. She was so poor that the very steam of her breath came out ragged; she, too, had been running, but stopped when she saw me, paused and thrust the bundle into my arms, saying, "Take it, take it," in a dull gray voice like crushed snow. Then she was gone, and I found myself holding a very young baby swaddled in half a threadbare blanket.

Put yourself in my position. I was numb with bewilderment. I had counted on being alone, and here I was, already, with a baby in my arms! Do not laugh. For me this was a tremendous predicament, both physical and moral. Understand me: Young people were not then as they are now, relieved of all debt to humanity by committees, commissions and other built-in mental responsibility-disposers.

I remembered a song my old nurse Ilonka used to sing, the words of which I freely translate:

Be ye maiden, be ye wed,
Be ye woman I call you Mother.
Born in manger, born in bed,
Every man must be my brother.
Born in bed or born in manger
Every child is a Child of God.
Deliver us this night from danger! . . .

It had been sung to me in certain broken combinations of five notes in a minor key, in a tune that must have been old as the plains; and so I sang it, in my turn, to this little creature in my arms.

Babies, I knew, lived on milk; but I had no milk to offer. However, there was, in one of my pockets, a stick or two of barley sugar. I gave the baby that to suck, and it seemed content enough, what with the unaccustomed warmth and the gentle rocking motion of my now unhurried walk—for I went unswervingly on and on. I paused once under a yellow lamp ringed like Saturn with swimming opal in the haze, and I saw that a note was pinned to the baby's blanket. It said: KIND SOUL, WHOEVER YOU MAY BE, KEEP AND GUARD THIS FATHERLESS CHILD OF MY SORROW, FOR I CANNOT.

Now although my mind was somewhat artificially colored and sweetened with the aniline and saccharin of popular romance, I was not without a certain native intelligence. To keep and guard, and so on, was all very fine and large. But how? My pride wouldn't let me take the baby back to my parents' house; I had just shaken the dust of that place off my feet, and I'd have died before I returned of my own free will, even alone and unencumbered. In any case, to come out of the snow with a fatherless child in my arms was something unthinkable. The heroine of *More Sinned Against Than Sinning*, a novel I had filched from our cook, had been sent to a convent for something of the sort. As became a ten-year-old girl in 1899, I was not stuffed with the facts of life as children are supposed to be nowadays. So, in my mind's eye I saw my mother weeping into a lace handkerchief, while my father commanded me to name the father. "Never—never!" I should sob; although technically the despicable Vernon Bestitude was morally responsible.

I was out in the snow already. Inwardly I half-congratulated myself for having made such good time. It had taken the poor heroine of *More Sinned Against Than Sinning* fifteen chapters to get into my predicament. Nevertheless the cold was beginning to bite through all the layers of warm clothes I wore, and I was getting hungry. The world was a wasteland now, full of ogreish men who seemed to have picked all the rags and skinned all the cats in Budapest for something warm to wear and drained all the lamps for something strong to drink, leaving the city winnowed and dark. I stopped once outside a cheap eating house, just to smell the steam. I was hesitant about going in. Instinct warned me not to show the gold in my purse in that place. I had some small change in my little pocket, which I wore under my outer skirt, but I couldn't get at it without putting the baby down, and the poor thing had molded itself into such an easy position that I was reluctant to disturb it.

But even as I stood, a girl with a mauve face, yellow hair and carmine lips came out of the restaurant on the arm of a corpulent man in a thunder-and-lightning overcoat and a green velours hat, carrying a paper of hot, delicious-smelling sausages. Glimpsing me in what was left of the light, she said, "Ah, the poor darling!" and gave me a sausage, and a kiss that was as warm and odorous as a spirit stove for heating curling irons. Then she opened her great beaded purse and pressed a silver *krone* into my hand, just before the man pulled her away.

And as I walked on, eating the sausage—nothing ever tasted so good!—the baby started to wail. I was terrified. But as luck would have it, a hundred yards or so further on—in which direction I didn't know, except that I was always keeping a wall to the right of me—I noticed a little covered cart standing in front of a shop that sold oil and firewood. The old horse in the shafts was as melancholy as only a worn-out horse can be, shivering, with a few sacks thrown over its bony back; but in the rear of the cart sat a fat woman nursing a very young child.

I watched her. She said, "And where the devil have *you* sprung from?"

I held out to her the yellow-haired girl's coin and said very politely, "If you please, can you oblige me with a *krone*'s worth of milk for my baby?"

She stared, then bubbled and rippled with laughter. "If it wasn't for the sight of the money, I'd a-thought it was one o' my old man's little jokes," she said. "But it ain't for milk that he'd part with cash. . . . What, the kid thirsty? Gi's the brat here then. A *krone*'s worth o' milk! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! I could be a rich woman at that rate." And to my amazement she proceeded to feed both babies at once! "What's your name?" she asked.

I lied promptly, "Bella Bestitude."

"Queer name. None like that round our way. Where you from?"

"Pittsburgh."

"This your sister?" she asked, nodding toward my baby.

Sister! I don't know why, but I was appalled at this; I had somehow taken it for granted that this "fatherless child of sorrow" was a boy. They always were, in the cook's novels.

But I kept my head and said, "No, I'm just minding her for somebody."

"What's her name?"

"Arabella," I said desperately.

"Well, ducky, you don't want to be traipsing about in the cold. Where d'you live? When my old man's back from getting tiddly, we'll give you a ride home."

"Oh, no, thanks very much," I said hurriedly. "I have only five minutes' walk from here."

She handed the baby back, saying, "There you are then. She's drunk her *krone*'s worth, and one for the road. . . . Now put your money away, bless your silly heart! I've got enough *here* for six, bless 'em; and welcome!" She struck herself on the bosom with a flourish, and forced my fist shut over my bit of silver. "Can *I* oblige her with a *krone*'s worth o' milk—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

I left her still laughing, and hurried on with the baby wrapped as it had been before. Not it—she. *I might have guessed*, I thought, *that any child a mother doesn't want is sure to be a girl!* "There's a good

COMING....
CITY IN THE SHADOW
the story of once prosperous JERSEY CITY and its sad decline

Arabella," I said in the tone one uses to an obedient puppy. Arabella made motions with her legs as if she were riding a bicycle. "Clever girl," I said. "She understands every word you say to her!"

I felt strongly possessive about this baby now. I knew that but for her I should by now be frightened and lonely. But I was dreadfully cold and tired, and a wind was rising. Distant clocks chimed the hour, but what with wind and distance, and the fact that the chimes seemed to start each a little ahead of the other, the bells told me nothing—except that it was about thirty-four o'clock. But there was no such time . . . no such time . . . no such —— I pulled myself up short. I was growing dangerously drowsy, while the banks of twilight slush looked more and more wickedly cozy, so that I wanted to lie down on them and sleep. Oh, yes, I knew then why that alluring witch in the fairy tales catches you when you are hungry and cold! I desired nothing better than sleep, numb sleep. But wicked as it might be to throw myself away, it would be a most unpardonable crime to carry my poor fatherless Arabella with me; for sleep in that snow meant death, or so I had been told.

Conscience notwithstanding, I knew that I had to rest somewhere out of reach of the scaly claws of the frost. And then I felt, without seeing, the blacksmith's shed—and followed a current of warm air straight to it, just as birds find their way south. I tripped over duckboards and slid on icy clay, picked a path among bits of broken machinery made ghostly by the ice and so came to this tumble-down affair of old boards with sacking for window panes, right at the end of nowhere. From a chimney some leftover smoke crawled up, the last gasp of a dying fire, but the wind waved it away. The door was ajar, hanging on a leather hinge. I went in. There was silence, but warmth; nobody present, but a smell of people; and even a wan little light—a bit of burning rag floating in a crock of fat. I could make out the shapes of an anvil and a huge, deflated pair of bellows.

After these I noticed, with the abrupt, belated start of exhaustion, that a woman was sitting by the fire. By her breathing I knew that she was asleep. Beside her, his head on her knee, a young boy was crouching. He also was asleep. I went in on tiptoe, partly out of respect for their slumber, but mainly because if they saw me they might tell me to go away. This is a hard world, and who knows what may happen in it? So, feeling a heap of warm ashes nearby, I made Arabella fast in my arms, well protected by my coat, and then I slept too. That the baby slept I did not observe as remarkable; I thought that this must be a very good baby. I know now that she must have spent herself with crying before she had come my way.

But when I was awakened by voices, I did not know how much later, she was still fast asleep. A candle was burning now in an empty bottle on the anvil, and by its light I saw a man of such ferocious aspect that I believed—not without a pleasurable thrill—that I had fallen among robbers and ogres, like the other lost children in the storybooks. He was both tall and broad, with a great shock of red hair and a short, curly red beard. He was shaking himself like a bear, for there was snow on his head and shoulders. He wore no coat, only his shirt, trousers and boots; and I had seen arms like his on a copy of the *Farnese Hercules*. One of his hands was wrapped in a grimy bandage, in the other he carried a paper parcel. There was a bundle of logs at his feet.

The woman, talking quietly in order not to wake her son, said, "What! Have you sold your coat?"

The man laughed, with something like the sound of a barrel rolling over cobblestones. "Yes, wife," said he. "A warm heart is better than sheepskins, as the saying goes; and it is better to be lined inside than out, as my grandmother used to say." He pointed to the paper parcel with his bandaged hand. "So here is a bottle of wine, and some sausage, and some soup meat, and an onion or two. Best I could do, prices being what they are. You know the proverb: 'He who has never seen a tiger, let him look at a cat; and he who has never seen a robber, let him look at a butcher.' Also, a bit of wood, a candle and ——"

"Why, what's this?" his wife asked, busy with the parcel. She held up a little tinsel star and a sticky-looking paper cone.

He replied, "The star is for your hair. The sweets are for the boy. The Christ Child shall not pass by our door!"

When she could speak, she said, "And no tobacco for your pipe, Lajos?"

"My hand will soon be well again, and then there will be tobacco," he said.

She put her hand in her pocket and took out a small package. "For your pipe," said she. "A happy Christmas."

"You went without bread for this."

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She replied, "The boy did not. Can one live by bread alone?"

He said nothing, but put out his huge iron-bender's hand and lightly touched her cheek. Then the boy awoke, and ran to his father. "Daddy, did you bring something for Christmas?" he asked.

"There will be something for Christmas, thank God," the man said. "Wait and then you'll see."

"What will Magda have for Christmas?" the boy asked.

The man said, "Your little sister is in heaven, my boy. She will have chickens, and ducks, and puddings, and pies, sweet music—everything of the best."

"I wish I could go and see her for Christmas, daddy."

"Ah, that's a long journey for living sinners, son!"

The woman said, "Leave your father be, Laszlo, and you shall have some nice sausage for your supper."

"And will there be a goose tomorrow?"

"No goose, child. Better than a goose. A lovely hot stew!"

"And shall I put my shoe by the chimney tonight?"

"Yes, my dear," the man said.

"But there's a hole in my shoe," said the boy wistfully.

"Well then, put down your cap. It's all the same thing. A shoe, a stocking, a cap—in good faith all is understood."

"And shall I have another little sister?"

"If God sends one, she'll be welcome," said the woman.

The fire, which the man had been replenishing stick by stick, now burned hot. I lay still, unseen in the shadows. The good blacksmith, his wife and their young son ate bread and sausage, and drank a little watered wine. Then the man said, "My good, kind wife, you are tired, and the boy is tired, and I, too, am a bit tired—what with the fresh air, the walking and the good food and drink. Tomorrow is another Christmas Day, and then there will be a fresh year. Let's sleep."

So they stood up. The boy carefully placed his cap by the chimney, after which they all went behind a partition where their sleeping quarters were, taking the candle with them.

I knew now exactly what I had to do. I crept out into the firelight and laid my little Arabella very gently on the low chair the woman had just left. She breathed easily, sucking her thumb. Taking out the silver pencil I always carried in my pocket, I wrote in a clear, round hand under the scrawl pinned to the baby's dress: HER NAME IS ARABELLA. SHE LIKES MILK. SHE IS YOURS TO KEEP BECAUSE YOU ARE GOOD. I stealthily emptied my purse of all my capital—there must have been more than five hundred *kronen* in gold—and put the money in the boy's cap.

Then I went silently to the door, slipped out into the street, closed the door without a sound—and ran!

About half an hour later a policeman caught me. "What a naughty little girl you are," he said, "to give your poor parents so much worry and grief!"

"Did I really?" I asked.

"They're heartbroken. Every policeman in the city has been searching for you. Your father has offered a reward."

"For me?" I asked.

"Yes, for you."

I burst into tears at that. So did my mother and father when I was brought home. They smothered me with a mixture of kisses and reproaches. The servants clustered about me with radiant faces. Even my English governess's eyelids were pink with crying. My nurse Ilonka rubbed me down and dressed me in fresh clothes. "Another half hour and you would have missed midnight Mass," she said.

"Why, how long have I been gone?" I asked.

"Over eight hours, you little wretch!"

I had thought I must have been gone at least three days. I wish an hour lasted as long nowadays! They made time more durable when I was a girl; you got your full sixty seconds' worth per minute then.

So—we went to midnight Mass, and the great baritone Alexius Garmilyon sang *Noël* with the mighty choir; and at home there was our resplendent tree and sweet sleep with the foreknowledge of fine gifts to come. I was very happy then. . . .

Bella Barlay sighed. "That was *then*," she said.

I asked, "And now?"

"Now I am happy, but I know it. That isn't the same thing."

"And what happened to the blacksmith and little Arabella?"

"I saw them a year later, when we were driving in the park. A prosperous, happy family. I had lost interest in them by that time. What I had really wanted to see was the faces of those good people, when Arabella cried out, and they discovered her and the gold in the firelight. It gave me much pleasure to imagine that. It still does. The keenest pleasures in this life are imaginary, because they are always other people's," said Bella Barlay. "Well—God bless you and send you a happy new year. We will drink to a joyous Christmas." THE END

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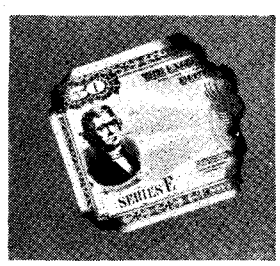

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Mobile American youth: A carload of high-spirited teenagers in Glendale, California, reflects the casually groomed, untroubled look of the Cool Generation. Critics have called today's youth indifferent, and distressingly bland. Their apologists maintain that they are more vital than ever before and vigorously defend them as self-assured and realistic individualists. (In front from left: Tim Fleming, Ann Pappadato, Marsha Oien and Art Carvajal. At rear: Jay Beasley, Teesa Reed, Mike Quinn, Bruce Whitson, Diane Muchmore and Gary Lowe.)

YOUTH

THE COOL GENERATION: Here is an exhaustive new survey of today's youth—their habits, language, goals—compiled by the Gallup Poll's scientific facilities. Commissioned by The Post, the authors interviewed more than 3000 boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two—at work, in high school and in college. The result is a revealing gallery of the youthful Americans of our time, a cross section of our future as it is being formed today. By Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill

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"THEY SETTLE FOR LOW SUCCESS, WON'T RISK HIGH FAILURE."

Ted Swartz lives on Lower Prairie Dog Road on a 520-acre cattle-and-sheep ranch, four miles northeast of Sheridan, Wyoming. He's a barrel-chested eighteen-year-old with green eyes and reddish hair. His skin is tan—almost leathery. During his school vacation last summer he hired out to nearby ranchers, rising at five A.M. to work in the hayfields, flopping exhausted into bed at 9:30 P.M. He helps with home chores. Ted Swartz is tough.

When Ted was in grade school, his father scorned the school bus and the car pools of neighboring ranchers; little Ted and his two older brothers—bundled up against the cold—walked two miles down Prairie Dog Creek to the schoolhouse, even when the temperature was twenty below. Today Ted's father won't let him use the family car, so Ted takes his girl to movies or dances in a battered pickup truck. Ted knows that his father's family almost lost a 14,000-acre ranch during a drought—"They had to sell the cattle, but managed to hang onto the land"—but still he wants to be a rancher, and he's studying agricultural engineering in college.

In the last two years Ted has earned and banked about $1000 for his education, because he knows that family aid will stop when he's halfway through college. His father, Lee, still lean and flat-bellied at fifty-six, helps his sons through their first two years. "Then," he says, "they're on their own. I'll lend them the money, but they pay four-per-cent interest."

But Lee Swartz is not a harsh parent, and young Ted is close to his father. In fact, young Swartz is going to rear his children as he has been reared. "I won't let them have a car until they're in college," he says. "Too many kids are lazy and soft. Their parents haven't made them work; they think they can start at the top instead of working their way up."

Ted Swartz may be right, but he's not typical. He's not typical in his rearing or in his desire to be his own employer, and certainly not in his child-rearing plans. He's ambitious and vigorous and tough, and thus he differs greatly from the average American youth.

But what is the average—or typical—American youth? How can we find him, and when we do, what meaning does he have? He is, of course, important. Down through the ages, adults have judged the future by the current crop of youth. Depending on their views, they have voiced hope or despair as youth matured and was harvested into manhood. And usually their judgment was wrong, distorted by middle-aged myopia and nostalgic memories of a bygone youth that never really was and never really is. They have judged a generation by the boy in the living room and the boy next door, and their observation was too limited.

Now, with the advantages of scientific fact finding, a nation may move out of the living room and into the land, examining its youth as individuals and as groups, uncovering what is truly typical. Some months ago the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* commissioned us to dissect and reassemble American youth, using the facilities of the Gallup Poll. Since then we have interviewed more than 3000 young Americans ranging in age from fourteen through twenty-two. We asked each one more than 200 questions. Our sample included 648 high-school sophomores, 641 high-school seniors, 1020 juniors and seniors from seventy-eight American colleges, and 744 young adults under twenty-three who quit school and are now in the labor force. There were almost equal numbers of both sexes. We questioned the gifted and the dull, the ambitious and the lazy, the bright-eyed scholar and the bewildered delinquent. The young people we questioned are an accurate cross-section from all regions of the nation, from all levels of family income, education and occupation.

In effect, we have created the typical or composite American youth, and while the facets of his character may fog or gleam, depending on the individual, we now know fairly well what he is as a group.

Here is what we've found:

No one can say that the American youth is going to hell. He's not. But he is a pampered hothouse plant and likes it that way. The beatnik is a rarity; the delinquent is a minority.

Our typical youth will settle for low success rather than risk high failure. He has little spirit of adventure. He wants to marry early—at twenty-three or twenty-four—after a college education. He wants two or three children and a spouse who is "affectionate, sympathetic, considerate and moral"; rarely does he want a mate with intelligence, curiosity or ambition. He wants a little ranch house, an inexpensive new car, a job with a large company, and a chance to watch TV each evening after the smiling children are asleep in bed.

He is a reluctant patriot who expects nuclear war in his time and would rather compromise than risk an all-out war. He is highly religious yet winks at dishonesty. He wants very little because he has so much and is unwilling to risk what he has. Essentially he is quite conservative and cautious. He is old before his time; almost middle-aged in his teens.

While he has high respect for education, he is critical of it—as he is about religion—and he is abysmally ignorant of the economic system that has made him what he is and of the system that threatens it.

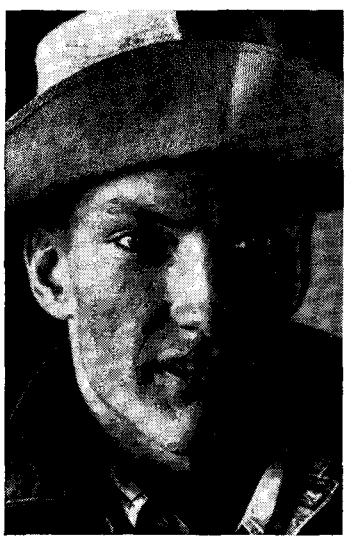
In general, the typical American youth shows few symptoms of frustration, and is most unlikely to rebel or involve himself in crusades of any kind. He likes himself the way he is, and he likes things as they are.

The United States has bred a generation of nice little boys and girls who are just what we have asked them to be and what we so frequently say they are not. They will one day shape the nation. And there are those who say the world will trample a gentle generation. As Leo Durocher has said, "Nice guys finish last."

Of course, the nation is endowed with other hardy, vigorous young people like Ted Swartz. But they are scattered thinly through the land. We can think of the two smooth-cheeked Miami high-school boys who are coldly furious at the state of the nation; one is aiming for a United States Senate seat, the other won't settle for less than the White House. There is the twenty-one-year-old airline stewardess who learned to fly at sixteen and acts as "a sort of mother-confessor" to harried businessmen who are her passengers. We remember the young college boy who reads great gulps of history and economics and almost makes a vocation of writing letters to Congressmen. There is the calm high-school girl who "would like to help the world in some small way," and the Kansas college boy who has tithed since he was in the ninth grade "because I'm getting much more from life than I'm giving." These are exceptions.

We can also remember the typical: the whining boy in Albuquerque, a huge youth—six feet, three inches tall—who, in the last two years, has had three cars of his own and a motor scooter, who says he'd like to help the

Ted Swartz, eighteen, of Sheridan, Wyoming: "Too many kids are lazy and soft. Their parents haven't made them work; they think they can start at the top instead of working their way up." Strong and resistant like the harsh, arid country in which he lives, Ted works on his father's 520-acre ranch—herding cattle and sheep, stacking hay in the summer. Now studying agricultural engineering at Sheridan College, he plans to return to the rigorously demanding ranch life of his family. He feels that his upbringing has been stern but rewarding in its physical and mental discipline.



Hips swinging, arms flailing, collegians gyrate through the "twist." America's newest dance craze

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Jean Brown, nineteen, of Lexington, Kentucky: "Youth is concerned about the possibilities of war. But for most of us, war is a great big fairy tale told us by our parents. We don't believe it can happen to us." A junior at the University of Kentucky, tall, slender Jean talks with concern—and perhaps confusion—about the Berlin crisis. "Most of us don't want to fight for Berlin—it is not worthwhile to risk an atom war for it. But if we would lose Berlin by compromise, we would lose our security [sic], and this would make us all stronger." Versatile in her tastes, she chooses her hobbies, activities and companions to suit her varying moods.

unemployed but won't, for he knows "they'd just want a thousand dollars or something." There is the Pennsylvania girl who says, "Any normal person will cheat in school. It's up to the teacher to stop it." And the college boy who wants a Navy career "so I can retire early" and the Texas youth who is "just dying to travel. But I've gotta go first class, of course." And the Los Angeles boy who stole a radio because he "just couldn't see mowing fifty lawns to earn it." We see a hundred well-scrubbed faces politely—and shamelessly—revealing compromise, conformity and intellectual poverty. We see them in their cotton-batting world of gossip, television thrillers and adolescent mating rites. These are the majority; this is the generation that will participate in the perpetuation—or the liquidation—of the human race.

Yet who can really judge a generation from its words? Youth has often said one thing and done another. Pacifism was a college-campus fad before Pearl Harbor; yet when the bombs fell and the nation was committed, youth responded admirably. Minds changed quickly. The nation, and its youth, rallied to a challenge. As then, we now have youth who have not yet caught fire, who have a kindling point. But where is the point on the scale of challenge? And how many can be kindled?

The serious young man in New Orleans hunched himself deeper into the living-room couch. "It may not be as hopeless as you think," he told us, "What my generation lacks is necessity." He pointed to us. "You didn't lack it. You had a war. You had a depression. I really think if we were faced with the necessity, we'd respond."

He swiveled himself on the cushion. "Look," he said. "We have neither the naïveté nor the urgency of our parents. They felt that they mattered; that they could do something about conditions. We feel that nothing we do will make any difference.

"You know," he said thoughtfully, "there are no individuals any more. There are no more Lindberghs flying the ocean alone, or real men with real names and real identities exploring the frozen north. It's all done by teamwork and helicopters and submarines backstopped by a thousand scientists and technicians. Even the astronauts are not people; they're a team." He paused. "And there's no longer any sense of shock. How can we be indignant, especially after knowing what we do about World War II and humanity?"

Few young Americans are so articulate or so perceptive. What the fatalistic young man of New Orleans is saying, in effect, is that many American youth have not yet joined the human race. Our statistics bear him out. Take their greatest fears and problems, for instance. Two thirds of them expect to see a nuclear war annihilating populations, but they do not fear it; they somehow feel immortal. There is no dominating specter overshadowing them. Only 14 per cent report nuclear war as their greatest fear; other fears are more immediate. Almost one fourth of the college men fear personal failure in life; about 15 per cent of the college girls fear social insecurity or not being loved. Youth's other fears are widely scattered. They include poverty or financial failure (3 per cent), unhappy marriage (2 per cent), death (12 per cent), and illness (4 per cent).

The most frequently reported "most serious problem of youth" is a loosely wrapped bundle of worries that they call "the future." For the most part, this is a package of personal irritants including job-finding, wife-hunting and nest-making. About one fifth of all the respondents mention these categories, with one third of the college students considering them important. Almost one fifth of the high-schoolers list "morals, drinking and sex," but only 10 per cent of the older youth report these as serious problems. Only 9 per cent name war, or world instability, as a problem, although the college group is twice as concerned as the average.

Jean Brown, a nineteen-year-old junior at the University of Kentucky, says, "Of course youth is concerned about the possibility of war. But for most of us war is a great big fairy tale told us by our parents. We don't believe it can happen to us." Yet the threat has had some impact. They rattle sabers cautiously.

We asked them: "If this country should become involved in another limited war, such as Korea, do you think we should try to end it on the basis of compromise, or should we fight it out even if this means getting into an all-out war?" Much like their parents a generation earlier, they answered: "Compromise." More than three fourths of the girls and almost 60 per cent of the boys say they would be unwilling to risk war: however, 44 per cent of the college males would refuse to compromise. Regionally, the West and Midwest are more willing to fight: Southern youth are most reluctant.

A Florida college girl told us, "Every step of our country was built on compromise; do we change the pattern now?" Her male classmate said, "To compromise doesn't mean we're soft, you know. And anyway, we have more to live for and more to lose. Therefore we're more willing to compromise to save it. I'd rather be alive than dead." Another boy said thoughtfully, "I don't know. For eight years now—for almost half our lives—we've been told that everything is peachy fine. Now we know it's not. Americans have been treated like children and denied the harsh truths. Now we're told to act, but we don't know what to do. I'm confused."

Adding to their confusions is a conviction that Communism is getting stronger, and that Russia will move ahead of the United States in many vital areas. Almost 50 per cent feel that Communism will strengthen its hold on the world during the next twenty-five years. About two thirds of our youth predict that the U.S.S.R. will surpass this nation someday in one way or another; almost 40 per cent say it will be superior in military power and space achievement, and although the college group feels slightly more secure in these two areas, it also considerably concerned with reports of Soviet superiority in education, science, medicine and mathematics.

These things they feel, and yet they say they do not fear them. They seem to be waiting for fate to overtake them, and behind their fatalism lies immense and startling ignorance. By their own testimony they do not understand either the Soviet Union or the United States. When asked to compare Soviet and American economies, almost 9 per cent said capitalism had no advantages over Communism; more than 40 per cent could name no advantages. Although college ignorance was less, almost one third of this group either could name no U.S. advantage (25 per cent) or said there was none (7 per cent).

In Albuquerque, blond, sixteen-year-old Linda Greene admits, "I don't know enough about Communism to talk about it. Everybody says it's bad, but we're never told what it is. I think the people who want us to be better teen-agers should tell us what Communism is." In San Francisco another sixteen-year-old, Marleen Hoff, a gentle, blue-eyed youngster, is equally bewildered. "Well," she says jerkily, trying to arrange her thoughts,

For today's freewheeling generation, the automobile has become a constant, versatile compa...

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"about American Communists—there aren't too many of them. But Communism means war, and therefore I fear Communism. I guess I don't really know too much about it. But they do seem stronger." Perhaps Linda and Marleen can be excused, at sixteen, for knowing little about a foreign nation's threats. But they are typical of most American youth.

In addition to the weakness of ignorance, our youth grossly overestimates the nation that produced them. One college boy told us, "America is so great that nothing can happen to us." Confirmation of such supercon fidence lies in the answers to a question: "What nation deserves major credit for the early development of ten well-known scientific achievements?" (Not which country is best at the moment.) Historians of science might differ, but informed opinion generally credits England for the early development of radar, the gasoline engine and penicillin; Germany for the jet plane, the diesel engine and rocketry; Italy for radio; and the United States for the telephone, the A-bomb and television.

However, our youth overwhelmingly credit nine of these achievements to the United States. Only in rocketry was the early development credited to another nation, in this case to Germany. Despite the problem of sorting claims to "firsts" and granting credit to any single nation, certainly the United States does not deserve major credit for the early development of nine out of the ten. Yet most American youth believe this to be so.

Accurate information can place Communism's threats and capitalism's strengths into proper perspective in the youthful mind. But only time itself will solve such fears as "making a fool of myself in public" or "not wearing the right thing" or "not being respected," which are fairly common worries, especially among high-school youth. One New England boy told us, "Being laughed at is very hurtful."

It is not easy to be secure in a world of contradiction, disillusion and controversy, but our youth seem to have succeeded. In doing so, many of them have turned inward, speaking only to themselves, living portions of their lives without meaning or responsibility; and huge numbers have turned to religion. Eighty-four per cent of them are church members, and more than half attend church regularly.

Each Sunday in the chapel at Kirtland Air Force Base at Albuquerque, New Mexico, nineteen-year-old Richard P. Copeland teaches a sixth-grade Sunday-school class. "Cope" is a physics technician, an airman second class, a husky, happy, energetic youth who helps space scientists construct instrument packages which measure space radiation. Frequently, at the Los Alamos laboratories, he helps test a package before it is launched as high as 3500 miles. He often works from seven A.M. to midnight or later, and his labors are exciting. "Every hour, every day there's something different," he says. "I'm a man fighting the world, and I'm winning the battle." On weekdays he prepares to wage nuclear war in space; on Sunday he turns to God.

Like most American youth, Cope gets great comfort from religion. "The laws are there, and you can't go wrong with them," he says. "It gives you security; it gives life hope and meaning."

Cope has a strong feeling of social responsibility. "I won't be happy if I'm not benefiting man," he says, but his work does not bother his conscience. "I know that my work can contribute to great violence, but it can be used for good as well as for horrible destruction. Man will

Richard Copeland, nineteen, of Pleasantville, Pennsylvania: "I know that my work can contribute to great violence, but it can be used for good as well as for horrible destruction. Man will decide to use it as he sees fit." Vigorous, cheerful, "Cope" joined the Air Force last year "because I wanted to get out and get life churning up for me." At Kirtland AFB in New Mexico he works as a physics technician on "instrument packages" which are attached to rockets for space research. He teaches Sunday school to sixth-graders at the base chapel. "I want them to truly believe in God."

THE SPEEDOMETER BUSTERS

One of the nocturnal habits of American youth is drag racing—or "dragging." In their own or their parents' cars they assemble on a lonely road on warm, clear nights, often after a movie at a drive-in theater. Sometimes they drink beer. At road's edge a teen-age girl leaps in the glare of high-beam headlights, and at this starting signal they roar down the road, two, three or four abreast, exhilarated with speeds sometimes faster than 100 miles an hour. Sometimes they race in second gear. A degree of barnyard-rooster strutting is involved. A teen-age boy reports, "We don't drag much when the girls aren't around to watch."

American youth are not only mobile; they have great control over their mobility. Forty-four per cent of the boys report they have their own car—12 per cent of high-school sophomores, 31 per cent of high-school seniors, 55 per cent of college men, 78 per cent of working males. Only 19 per cent of the girls have cars.

Speed is where the boys are, and the older they are the faster they go. Girls are very conservative. The table below shows the maximum driving speeds experienced by American male youth as drivers:

High-School Sophomores	10%	faster than	80	m.p.h.
High-School Seniors	26	"	"	90	"
College Upperclassmen	15	"	"	100	"
Working Youth	15	"	"	110	"

With such speeds as catalysts, it is not surprising to find that almost 60 per cent of the nation's male youth have been involved in auto accidents, either as drivers or passengers. More than half the college and working males have had accidents while at the wheel. The auto accidents of youth:

	While Driving		*While Passenger*	
	Boys	*Girls*	*Boys*	*Girls*
High-School Sophomores	12%	3%	36%	27%
High-School Seniors	29	12	38	35
College Upperclassmen	51	25	43	41
Working Youth	52	21	49	39

Thus there is little wonder that the under-twenty-five male driver is sometimes charged three times what his father or his teen-age sister is charged for the same amount of automobile-liability insurance.

Our youth suggest increased driver education, stricter law enforcement, stiffer punishment for violators and more-rigorous drivers' tests. Only 13 per cent suggest raising the age requirement for a driver's license.

Satisfied to remain a home-town girl in Laguna Beach, California, Suzi Monahan typifies her stay-at-home generation.

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"KIDS ARE LAZY. . . EVERYONE CHEATS EVERY CHANCE HE GETS."

Ruth Kavenoff, seventeen, of Miami, Florida: "Religion is getting to be a vending machine. You put in a nickel and you get a reward. It doesn't lead the people; it merely reflects their values." An outspoken, forthright senior at Coral Gables High School, Ruth participates in the gifted-student program at the University of Miami, studying physics, mathematical analysis, and masterpieces of world literature. She plans to become a college English teacher and meets weekly with a group of bright high-school students to discuss religion, politics, foreign affairs and topics of current interest.

decide to use it as he sees fit." In one sense Cope is buck-passing, divorcing himself from mankind, saying "Man" will decide, as if he were not a part of Man. In this respect he is fairly typical of American youth—and perhaps of America itself. For youth correctly blames others for the problems facing them and incorrectly says that others will solve the problems for them.

And Cope is typical in strong religious beliefs. Seventy-four per cent of our youth believe in God "very firmly"; 76 per cent think of God as an omnipresent judge who observes all individual human actions and rewards or punishes them; 78 per cent believe in a hereafter; almost two thirds of the high-school and working youth believe the Bible is "completely true," and 22 per cent of our college youth believe every word of the Testaments. Nine per cent of the college boys and 5 per cent of the college girls say they don't believe in God, but nearly two thirds of our collegians are "very firm" believers.

Yet youth as a whole, while quite religious, is quite critical of the church as an institution. The girls, who are much more religious, have more criticism than the boys. The college group, which is least religious, is more critical than high-school and working youth; and youth in the South, the most religious region, are more critical than youth in less religious sections of the nation. Fifty-four per cent of the youth expressed dissatisfaction with religion, and their comments cut through all religious sects. The most frequent complaints are that the church fails to explain itself and its precepts, that it fails to stress its true meaning fervently enough, that it is not reaching the people, and that sermons are too vague and muddy. Many charge that "the church is not keeping pace with a changing world" and express disgust with what they call "too much ritual and mysticism."

Ruth Kavenoff, a seventeen-year-old Florida high-school girl, is typical of those who feel that religion is too materialistic. "It's getting to be a vending machine," she says. "You put in a nickel and you get a reward. It doesn't lead the people; it merely reflects their values."

Essentially the criticism seems to be a symptom of the common restless wish that someone else—in this case, God—would swiftly solve the problems of the world. Our youth will not desert the church. They may be disappointed with it, but many agree with the Midwest boy who told us, "As long as this country is as highly religious as it is, the nation will be O.K."

However, they do not seem to connect religion with honesty. They regard rigged television quizzes and payola as facts of life—"Payola is simply compensation for services rendered," a high-school boy told us. About 70 per cent feel that "most people" would accept bribes on TV programs, and almost half the boys—but only 20 per cent of the girls—say that they themselves would accept such bribes. Eastern and Western youth would accept television bribes more readily than Midwestern or Southern youth.

Cheating in school—"cribbing" on examinations or taking credit for another student's work—is widespread, although somewhat less common in college than in high school. Three fourths of all our youth report that cheating on exams exists, with almost 20 per cent admitting there is "a lot." Yet 80 per cent of the high-schoolers and 70 per cent of the college group would not report it. Part of their indifference to class-room dishonesty stems from not wanting to get involved, but in the main, American youngsters are not really convinced that classroom cheating is dishonest.

A high-school senior in a small North Texas town says, "Everybody tells you that you're hurting yourself when you cheat in school, but you don't really know that's true. You don't really feel that it's dishonest. Everyone cheats every chance he gets. The trouble is that kids are lazy, and the competition is so great."

This attitude is reflected in answers to a question on whether students would report their fellows for submitting a paper that someone else had written. Their answers on whether they would report this dishonesty:

	High-School Sophomores		High-School Seniors		College Juniors and Seniors	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
Yes	17%	21%	13%	15%	21%	14%
No	74	68	78	73	72	78
Don't Know	9	11	9	12	7	8

One possible explanation of much cheating may lie in youth's belief that higher education must be obtained by hook-or-crook to get ahead.

"You can be the best-educated person in the world, but without a college degree you can't get a garbageman's job," says a bright young boy in southern Florida. This utilitarian view of higher education is fairly common among our youth; they are quite aware that education has purchasing power, and they plan to equip themselves to bargain better.

Compared to 85 per cent of the high-schoolers who would *like* to go to college, 58 per cent actually plan to go, and of these one third of the boys and one fifth of the girls feel they will have difficulty getting into the college of their choice. They underestimate the costs of college by one fourth, but already about one third of the high-school sophomores and one half of the seniors who are planning to go to college have money saved for it.

Well over half of the college-bound high-schoolers plan to work their way through college (70 per cent are willing to do so); nearly a fifth hope for scholarships. Nearly two thirds of the girls and more than one third of the boys expect their parents to pay the bills.

Yet, despite their urge for education (or the diploma it produces), they are critical of it. Only 6 per cent of the college youth and about one fifth of the others could find nothing to criticize. The most frequent high-school complaint is about poor teachers—"They're not interested, and they don't get us interested." Both college and high-school youth complain that their education is "too easy." As a group they wish they had been forced to take more courses in foreign languages, literature, science, mathematics, history and philosophy. Forty per cent of them think Russian education is superior to ours.

In effect, they're demanding tougher education. A Midwest youth says, "You know you'll get through high school—even if you never study. All you have to do is wait long enough. How can it have value?" A college girl asks, "How many hours a year do we spend at pep rallies? Why don't we have learning rallies?"

They report that they spend about one to one-and-a-half hours a day on high-school homework, with college youth spending twice as much. And while they don't ask for more work, 88 per cent of them admit they can do more; 45 per cent say they can do "a lot more."

But they do appreciate some aspects of education. More than half of the high-school youth and almost

It is a generation of firm religious belief: Eighty-four per cent are church members.

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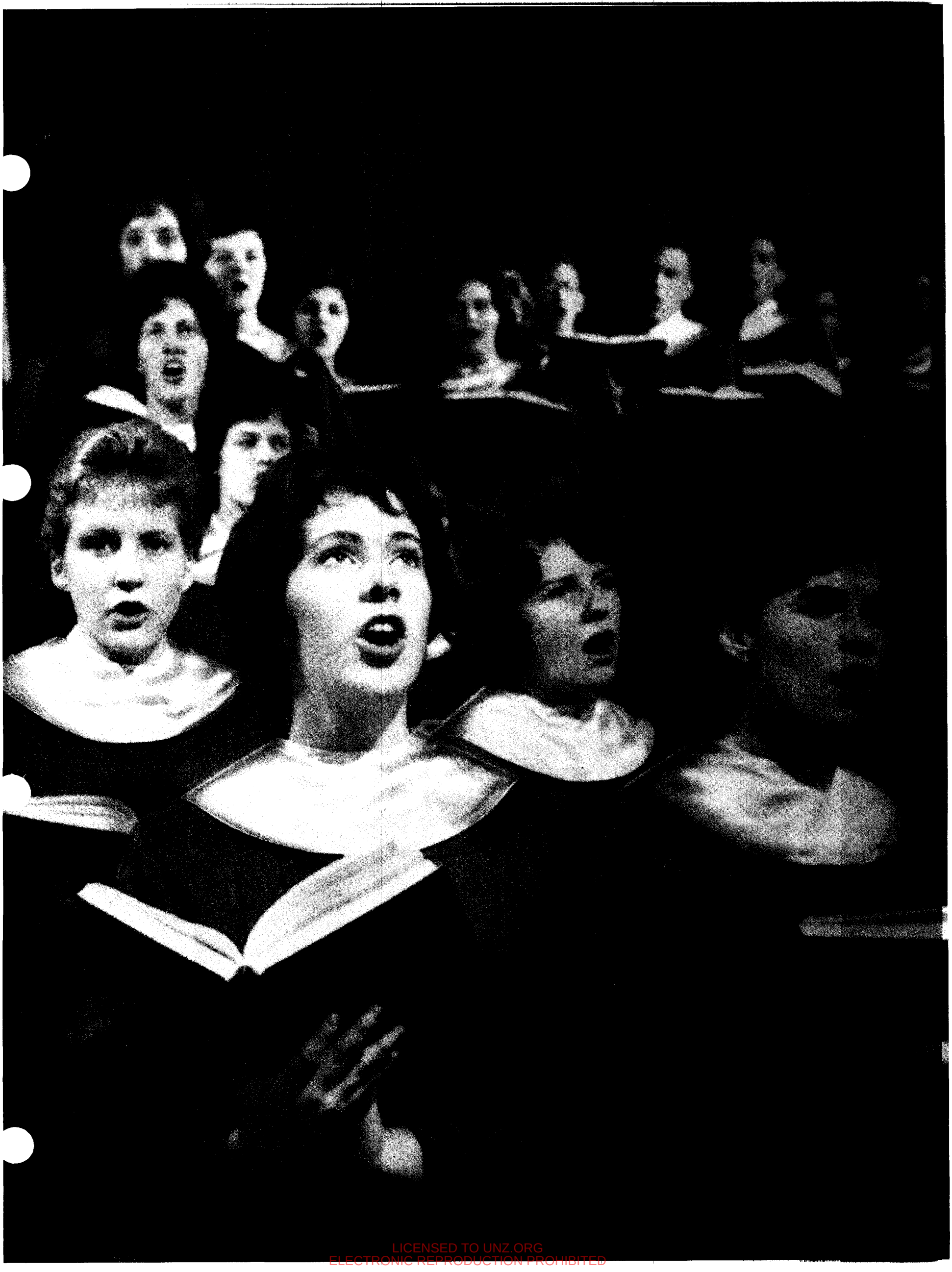

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three fourths of the college youth say that teachers have had "a great influence" on their lives, mainly with inspiration, goal selection and personality development. What they want and miss apparently is more teaching.

Although many young Americans spell atrociously—in fact, can't spell "atrociously"—most of them speak fairly intelligibly. On occasion, however, they indulge in a tribal tongue understandable only to themselves. Youthese—or the lingo of youth—is spoken much less frequently than movie, television or night-club entertainers would lead us to believe.

Actually, youthese is used rarely; then only as conversational flavoring. Often it is imaginative, sometimes obscene. Much of it is perceptive and current, based on recent political or scientific achievements.

Some of it is downright jargon, defying translation. Examples are chadada, ruff-tuff-cream-puff, faberstate, frapnot, ah so! baggie jaggie, yaba-yaba, nu-nu, gradoo, do-do, skooky-do, arrarr and merken. Such meaningless phrases are merely sounds; their only purpose is to serve as verbal pacifiers or as chinks to fit into the intolerable gaps in youthful conversation.

Youthese is a swiftly flowing, changing language with a vertical, downward movement. What is new today may be archaic tomorrow; the college youth abandons his own newly turned phrase as soon as high-school youth adopt it. High-school seniors discard their favorite expressions when freshmen take them up.

To aid archaeologists and linguists of coming centuries—and parents of today—in the understanding of modern youth, we publish below a selected idioticon of youth—a dictionary of dialect.

Commonly Used Nouns

Youthese	*English Translation*
Big Daddy	an older person
cube or square	a normal person
fream	a person who does not fit in
ankle-biter	a child
bread	money
pad	home
beatsneaks	tennis shoes
happy hour	time spent drinking
The Tube	television
wazoo	the human posterior
a flip-top	a convertible car
back-seat bingo	attempting petting in an automobile

Miscellaneous Expressions

Youthese	*English Translation*
bitching	—joyous term, as in: "I had a bitching (or joyous) time."
cool	—excellent or wonderful, as in: "It was a cool dance."
like crazy like wow like cool, man	—more joyous than merely "cool"
swinging	—as in: "It swings, man," meaning "It's rather pleasant."
"Let's do the mess-arounds."	"May I have this dance?"
"What's your mob adjustment?"	"How are you feeling?"
"It's been real."	"Thank you for a pleasant evening."
"Shoot low; they're riding Shetlands."	"Be careful."
"The wizard thing to do"	—a desirable act
"You bug me."	"I can't stand you."
"I dig you the most."	"I like you."
"You don't razz my berries."	"You don't impress me."
"I was shot down."	"I failed to pass the examination."
"Who rattled your cage?"	"Who asked for your opinion?"
"You got a real cool set of threads."	"Your sport coat is very attractive."
"That's beige of you."	—a shading of the expression "That's white of you."
"Let's put it in orbit."	"Shall we go?"

Expressions Resisting Precise Translation

"Kill it, Dad, before it spreads."
"Your mother drives a beer truck."
"Kinda like never."
"Who took the astronaut's crayons?"

More remarkable than youthese is another social phenomenon which attaches special significance to clothing on certain days.

On Thursdays, in almost every high school in the nation, the color green has secret meaning. The forgetful, rushing teen-ager who does wear green that day—a sweater, skirt or socks perhaps—will be twitted by his classmates. For "Thursday is Queers' Day. If you wear green, you're homosexual." Parents rarely know about this but, if they do, they disbelieve it.

Why green? Why Thursday? Why homosexuality? No one knows. Yet this teen-age tribal taboo is almost universal and has existed for years. It applies to girls as well as boys, but almost never exists in college. Sociologists cannot explain it, educators seldom know of it, and the youths themselves do not understand it—"It's just something everybody knows about. It doesn't mean much."

A New York City psychoanalyst who treats homosexuals says, "The color red has been used traditionally as an identification signal between homosexuals, but I've never heard of green. It's probably a meaningless fad that's spread from place to place."

While our youth are consistent throughout the nation in saying "Thursday is Queers' Day," there is some regional variation in the signal color. In New Hampshire it is yellow, and the day is called "Yellow Thursday." In Miami a junior-high-school girl says, "If you wear green on Thursday, you're a homo, but you can counteract the green if you wear yellow." However, in Southern California, "If you get caught wearing green and yellow on Thursday, you'll get teased. Thursday is time out for queers." In some places "black and red on Friday means you're a fast pickup."

Throughout most of the nation it's green, it's Thursday, and it's "Queers' Day." . . . But there is an occasional refinement. In New England, "If a girl wears blue on Friday, it means she's pregnant." Why should single girls advertise pregnancies which they do not have and do not want? Why should our youth exhibit—although coyly—their knowledge of homosexuality? "It's sort of

Eileen Trust, fifteen, of Philadelphia: "I don't want to be above normal, I want to be average." Lively, talkative Eileen speaks complacently about herself: "I have everything I want; I have security, clothes, love, a pet, a boy friend. I wanted a typewriter; I got a typewriter." Speaking of altruism: "It is not right to help other people and get nothing in return. But it is all right to do good as a hobby. To be a volunteer gets you no place. I am all for missionary work and that sort of thing, but it is not for me; others can do it. I don't want to get used to the primitive ways."

Leroy and Sue Myers began marriage despite their youth—they are both 18—and his uncompleted military ser

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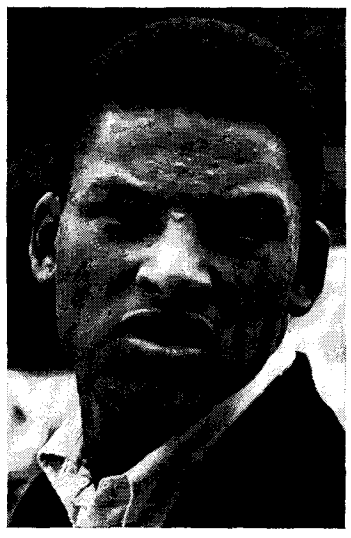
William Bancroft, eighteen, of San Francisco: "Life is always pictured in school as so good—America is the richest nation and we have the best government. No one ever tells us that we might be wrong." Rebellious, energetic Bill is a freshman at San Francisco City College and an active member of protest groups such as the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and the Young People's Committee for Racial Equality. Committed to the causes of peace and disarmament, he has participated in a 55-mile peace walk, signed petitions addressed to Congress, and joined in letter-writing campaigns to legislators.



fun," one explains. "It's kind of secret and exciting. And it's defiance too."

In terms of general morality, our youth rate themselves about as moral as their parents and have quite clear-cut distinctions about the morality of certain occupations. In their opinion the morals of Hollywood stars, labor leaders and advertising copywriters are very low. In comparison they have the highest regard for their teachers. In between this high and low are Congressmen, lawyers, corporation executives and themselves. Lawyers and lawmakers rate high with high-school youth, but lose some luster in the college group.

In fact, honesty itself is somewhat coldly weighed in college. Only one third of the collegians report that honesty is "extremely important" for success, compared with almost two thirds of the high-schoolers and working youth. In addition, one fourth of the collegians reported honesty as "not so important" for success.

The young American male generally has little faith in the integrity of schoolboy athletes. Fifty-four per cent of the college men and more than a third of the high-school boys think their teams could be reached with bribes. Girls are more trusting, as are Eastern youth of both sexes.

As with adult Americans, our youth prefer to let others report the crimes they see committed. But they have degrees of toleration; to them car theft is more sinful than wife-beating, and a hit-run driver more dangerous than a narcotics pusher. Some offenses are considered simply none of their business.

We asked them: "Which of the following acts would you report to authorities if you saw someone else doing them?" Here are the answers:

	Per Cent Who Would Report
Illegal hunting or fishing	14
Under-age drinking in a bar	18
Carrying a concealed weapon	49 (more girls would report)
Wife-beating	53 (only slightly more girls report)
Stealing a coat	75
Stealing a car	92
Dope peddling	94
Hit-run driving	97

As far as money is concerned, their hopes are modest. "I don't want to be rich," a Los Angeles boy told us. "I want just a little better than average salary." The typical young man in our survey feels an income of about eighty dollars a week is enough to support a newly married couple—with the females wanting slightly less. The typical college boy expects to be earning about $12,000 a year when he is forty; the high-school boy expects about $9000; the working youth about $8000. The girls in high school expect their husbands to make about 20 per cent less than the boys expect, college and working girls about 13 per cent less; and all youth would be satisfied with one third less than expectation.

How hard must they work to reach these goals? Harder than their parents did? Surprising more than half of them expect a struggle greater than their parents had. Yet they are overwhelmingly convinced—perhaps because of greater years of education—that they are mentally equal or superior to their parents, although there are more doubts among the Southern youth. However almost half feel that they are physically soft compared their parents' generation. "But what can you expect?" asked a New Hampshire youth. "Even on Boy Scout trips we cook on gasoline stoves and light our tents with flashlights. Campfires are too much bother, and anyway we're lazy. We like it this way."

Indeed they do. They like their lives (88 per cent say life is exciting), and they like themselves. Almost 90 per cent are satisfied with the kind of person they have turned out to be (20 per cent are "extremely satisfied"), and about 80 per cent are satisfied with what they have achieved so far in life.

But this is hardly smugness; it is simple satisfaction, for they are not arrogant; they are happy. We asked them, "What do you think will be the happiest period of your life?" Most males replied, "Today. Right now." The girls look forward most to marriage. Happiest period for both sexes in the labor force (35 per cent of it is married) is "when the children are growing up or are grown." There is almost no concern for the after-sixty-five retirement years.

We asked them too, "If you could select any period of history to go back to and live, which period would you choose?" And almost half of them indicated satisfaction with the present. Only 10 per cent dreamed of a time that was "more peaceful," or "less complicated" or "with less tension and worry." Most of the males who wanted change sought the adventure and excitement of the pioneer West or the Roaring '20's. In addition to these periods, the pre-Civil War and Colonial periods fascinated many girls who think they would look more attractive in "the long skirts of those days" or feel they "could be more feminine then."

Happiness is what they want from life, and "happiness" is defined as marriage, home and family. One young married man, a typical youth who is a clerk in a sporting-goods store, said, "What will make me happy is to raise my family decently and live comfortably. I want something that's within my grasp, not something I can't reach." And clearly most American youth are not reaching for the stars. Only 10 per cent list success, recognition or fame as what they want most from life, and only slightly more desire a "feeling of accomplishment" or a sense of service to humanity.

Both their feet and their eyes are on the ground. The young males list science, engineering, business and medicine, in that order, as offering greatest opportunities, but they seem to be speaking of opportunities for other persons. When they name their lifetime work, they select business and teaching, although few rate teaching high in opportunity. The girls say that teaching, nursing and office work offer the greatest opportunities for females, but they plan to become housewives. Only 2 per cent of all youth want to become ministers, missionaries or social workers. The typical young American is hardly adventurous; he thinks that a trip to the moon is fine—for someone else. He'll read about it later—if he finds time to read.

When youth does read, he concentrates on newspapers; occasionally he opens a book. Ninety per cent report they read at least one daily newspaper; 28 per cent say that they read two. Their first-choice reading is world and national affairs, but their shallow knowledge of events casts some doubt on how thoroughly they read these subjects. Second choice is comics for girls; sports for boys. Only 10 per cent say they read editorials, and

Bethel, Conn.: Deanna Piera, a 1958 high-school graduate, shows off her son to former schoolmate.

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Allan Wicker, twenty, of Independence, Kansas: "I want to work with people of other cultures and share ideas with them. I want to help others and that should help me." Now in his junior year at the University of Kansas, vital, adventurous Allan is preparing for a career in the Foreign Service and hopes to study in Europe after graduation. Last year he worked his way across the Atlantic, found a job on a German farm, then traveled through the country practicing his newly learned German. Strongly religious, he has tithed since the ninth grade, and he comments, "I am getting much more than I give."

most of these are college youth. Seventy-nine per cent say they read or look at magazines regularly, that is, almost every issue. Eighty-five per cent say they have read or looked at magazines in the last seven days.

One third of the college and high-school students, and one half of the working youth said they had not read a book in the four months preceding our survey. The three most popular novels for high-school and working youth were: *Exodus*, *Gone With the Wind* and *Hawaii*. The college group substituted *The Ugly American* for *Gone With the Wind*. Only one nonfiction work appeared in a list of 25 most frequently read books. This was *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, which was fifth most popular among college students and seventh most popular among high-school seniors.

Youth spends little time reading because he's busy with other things—mainly with the opposite sex. The typical youth dates once a week, but college girls have twice as many dates as the typical American girl. At the high-school-sophomore level about half the boys and three fourths of the girls have started dating; by the time they are seniors 80 per cent are dating regularly, and only 10 per cent of the college youth say they do not date. They go to movies (about twice a month); they love to dance (89 per cent of the girls but only 75 per cent of the boys); watch television (about two hours a day); listen to the radio (about an hour a day); and talk. But in all these things they want a potential mate close by. To use their own term, they want to "couple-up."

Fifteen-year-old Eileen Trust of Philadelphia, a charming, vivacious brunette with a "bubble" coif, goes steady with a boy friend named Jay. She sees Jay daily, and every Friday evening he appears at her suburban home to take her out or spend the evening there. Each Saturday morning he reappears and "we go for walks, or he takes me to lunch, or we play records."

Now most of us might think that Eileen's going steady with Jay is typical of American youth—but it is not. Our survey shows that while our young people overwhelmingly approve of going steady, only 20 per cent practice it. The custom is most prevalent among high-school seniors; least popular with Western youth. And the statistics reveal a curious difference of opinion between the sexes. Consistently—and even more so in the South—more girls than boys report that they are going steady, indicating, perhaps, that some fickle males are going steady with more than one girl. More likely, however, is the explanation that, while Jane might think she's going steady with John, John does not know he's going steady with Jane. But there seems to be little difference of opinion between Jay and Eileen in Philadelphia. These two are typical of American youth in wanting to be with someone. "The important thing is that we're together," Eileen says.

Like most young people, Eileen and Jay are television addicts, preferring thrillers (Eileen calls them "horrors"), comedies and Westerns in that order. Why does she prefer thrillers? Because she likes them, she says quite simply. But Anthony J. Reiger Jr., a seventeen-year-old New Orleans youth, has a more perceptive answer. Anthony is a hard-working boy; last summer he rose each morning at two o'clock to deliver nearly 200 morning newspapers. He earns about twenty-five dollars a week, saving it for college. In a wistful sort of way he wants to travel. "I want to do it right," he says. "I don't want to go on a cattle boat or work my way around the world. I don't think I could stand those kind of men who spit and curse and do bad things. I don't want to see the raws of life."

Now Anthony Reiger is not unusual, not overly sensitive or particularly overprotected. Many young Americans don't want to see "the raws of life." A young mother told us, "I don't like to see poor people. You know, the beggars and the cripples and like that. They make me feel uncomfortable."

But television is another thing. Young Reiger explains. "With television, you're not involved. You can always turn it off if it gets too dreadful—and it never does. And when there's torture or killing or poverty, you don't feel the pain. Then, when it's over, you can get a glass of milk and a sandwich, and everything's O.K. again. You get adventure, but no risk."

Thus quite cautiously they engage in vicarious violence. And their tastes in music and dancing are equally conservative. Most adults who have seen the teen-age exhibitionists on *American Bandstand*—which is popular only in high school, with three times as many girls as boys attracted—will be surprised to learn that the favorite dance step for young males is the popular waltz; the girls prefer to cha-cha. The spectacular gyrations of jitterbugging attract only the females, and then as second or third choice. Rock-'n'-roll dancing—a slightly more stylized, but equally vigorous form of jitterbugging—has almost no male appeal. (Apparently most boys are reluctant partners.) It is popular only with high-school-sophomore girls.

Listening to rock-'n'-roll music, on the other hand, is first choice for both sexes at the high-school-sophomore level and first or second choice with high-school seniors. The working youth prefer the "top ten of the week" and musical-comedy tunes; collegians prefer classical music. New Orleans jazz has a following in all groups.

As a whole, American youth have a tolerant attitude about the use of alcohol. Most of them approve of "moderate" or "social" drinking, and large numbers of them drink. Almost half the college youth report that their companions drink "a lot"; more than 20 per cent of the high-school seniors and 10 per cent of the high-school sophomores and working youth make similar reports. Beer is consumed most frequently by all age groups, with wine in second place, although college youth are also cocktail and hard-liquor drinkers. Regionally, the East has more youthful drinkers; the South more teetotalers.

They are somewhat contradictory in their smoking habits. Although two thirds of them link cigarette smoking with lung cancer, they continue to smoke. The West has fewest youthful smokers. The breakdown:

	Drink		*Smoke*	
	Boys	*Girls*	*Boys*	*Girls*
High-School Sophomores	19%	13%	23%	12%
High-School Seniors	35	21	40	23
College Upperclassmen	82	71	54	51
Working Youth	63	56	66	45

An essential ingredient of most of their activities is companionship; even their television watching involves joint staring with a companion nearby. Togetherness appeals; singleness does not. But not all of them, of course, need peer approval or togetherness as they live their lives. There is a vigorous minority—mostly college males—who do not hide from "the raws of life" and

Ambitious Bill Stone and Susan Martin of Indianapolis: He plans a career in medicine, she in fash

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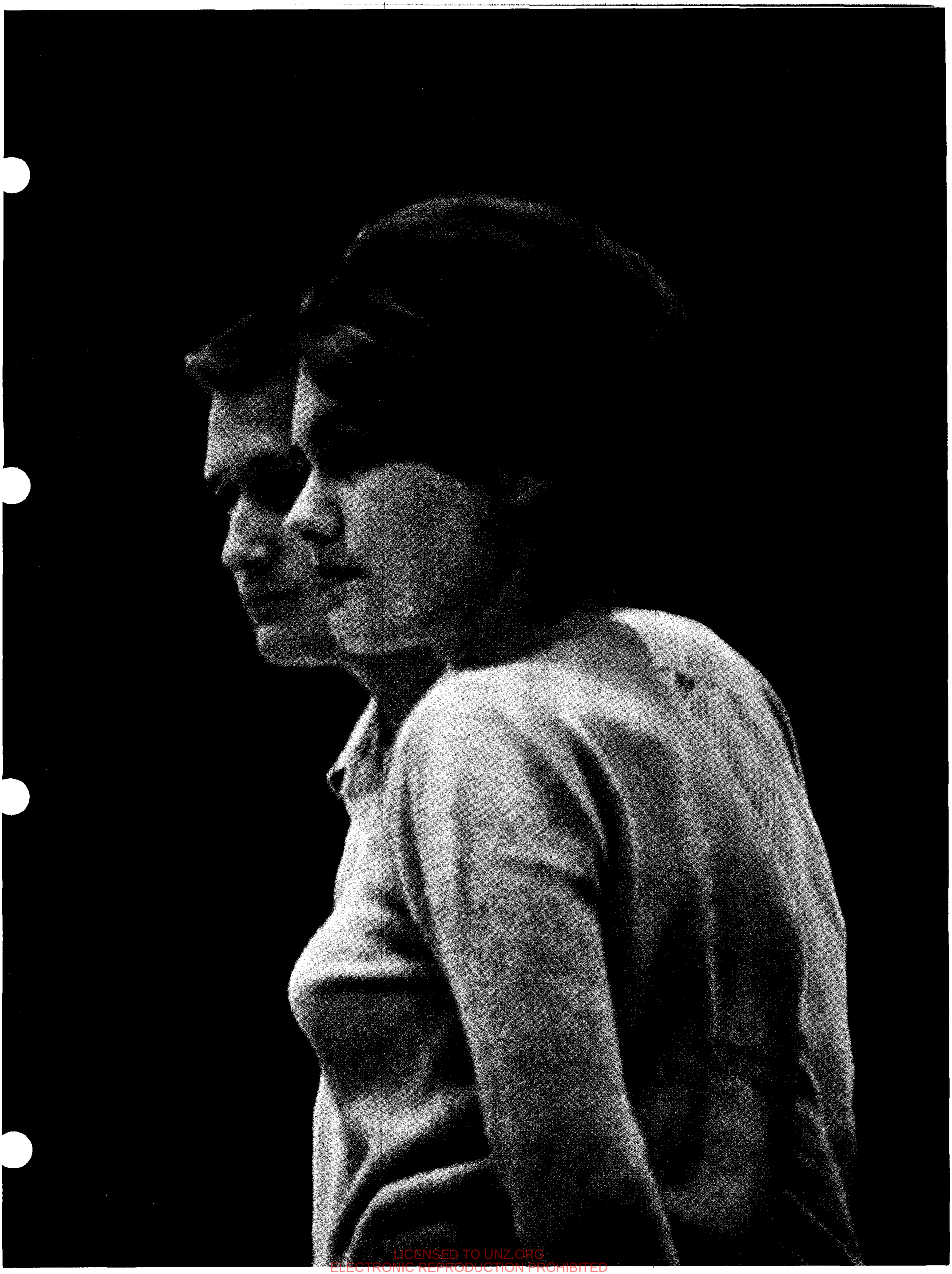

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Bryce Horst, eighteen, of Seattle: "Our parents led a tougher life—they fought a depression and a war. And they've protected us. They've made sure that we have more than they had. We're pampered." A freshman at the University of Washington, calm, articulate Bryce works as a stock boy at a local supermarket. He is critical of his generation's abuse of its freedom, "Immorality is not even frowned upon any more—it is accepted. Cheating in high school is frowned upon, but everybody cheats. There should be severe punishment for it." Speaking of himself: "It may sound corny, but I want to be useful to others."

who want to shape a better world. Politics attracts them. In our sample, four young men stand out especially.

Energetic and indignant, leftish liberal in his politics, courageous and impatient, eighteen-year-old William Bancroft is a light-skinned San Francisco Negro. His father is an attorney, and Bill is going to study law. Already he is an active member of four political-action groups. Last summer he spent six weeks in New York City at a youth Encampment for Citizenship where he studied "economics, labor relations, agriculture, jazz, poetry and politics." Last April he marched with 200 other Californians in a fifty-five-mile "Peace Walk." His mayor, his governor and his President have received letters from him "because I want to have a home and a family and peace. And I want to make sure I get them."

Two young men 3000 miles away in Miami also want what Bill wants, but their views are somewhat different. Ralph Milone Jr. is seventeen; his close friend Roger Davis is sixteen. Both are vigorous, intelligent and calmly articulate; both are ultra-conservatives. They favor the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren "because of his 92 per cent pro-Communist voting record." Roger calls the metropolitan government of Miami "a form of miniature Communism." They feel the nation would have few problems today if Barry Goldwater had been elected President years ago. Frequently their letters to the editor are published in Miami newspapers. They distribute John Birch literature.

When he was fifteen, young Ralph organized and became president of the Republican Youth League of Dade County; Roger is its secretary. The forty-member group, aged fourteen to twenty-one, meets once a month to praise or condemn political acts or actors and to plan letter-writing campaigns to influence legislation.

Somewhere between these liberal-conservative extremes is twenty-year-old Allan Wicker of Independence, Kansas. Wicker is a college junior, a short, thoughtful, intelligent youth who is resolutely religious, but not evangelical. Since he was fifteen he has tithed to his church—"When I got a dollar for mowing a lawn, I put away a dime." Our questions about his tithing puzzled him. "Why, any balanced person knows that he gets more from life than he gives," he says. "In order to be happy, you have to give instead of take." Occasionally he teaches Sunday school to local college students.

Last summer he worked as a reporter on his hometown daily. Two summers ago, after months of unsuccessful letter-writing and some intricate maneuvering, he managed a job as a deck boy on a Swedish oil tanker. In Antwerp his shipmates showed him the town, and he saw some of the raws of life. He was unfazed. "I had never seen drunks or prostitutes before, but I wasn't shocked. These things exist." After a few weeks with a student tour, he spent the rest of the summer as a laborer on a German farm. Now at the University of Kansas, Allan is preparing for a career with the State Department.

The typical American youth, however, is quite willing to let Bill Bancroft or the Miami conservatives or Allan Wicker dominate the nation's policies. Eighty-three per cent of our young people have no intention of entering politics. Many describe it as a "dirty, selfish, narrow, compromising game." And a peace walk—for all their hopes for peace—would either bore or embarrass them. Only one third—nearly half the high-school boys—want to vote at age eighteen, and these quote the cliché: "Old enough to fight; old enough to vote." Those opposed admit they are "too immature" or uninformed.

They have a simple mental picture of the two political parties. Republicans are "rich men opposing change ar bound by the past" who have good manners and are s cially acceptable. Democrats are "progressive common men agreeable to change" who are uncouth; one youth calls them "loud-mouth, like Harry Truman." The college group, however, equates Democrats with intellectuals, the Republicans with wealth and materialism. However, 45 per cent of American youth admit they have no image of either party.

With the exception of a small number of college youth (30 per cent of the males; 19 per cent of the females), our young people reflect the political values of their parents. If they had voted in the last election, Nixon would have carried the colleges with 51 per cent of the vote; Kennedy would have taken 55 per cent of the high-school vote and 58 per cent of the working youth's vote. Those few who have broken with their parents' political patterns say they are "more flexible, more independent and more liberal" than their parents.

And perhaps it will distress Miami's Republican Youth League—as well as Barry Goldwater—to learn that as of now, there is no conservative surge in U.S. colleges, or anywhere else among American youth. I American colleges Nelson Rockefeller is four times a popular, and Richard Nixon is three times as popular, as Barry Goldwater; in high school and among the working youth Nixon and Rockefeller reverse their positions, but Goldwater remains a poor third. In all groups, he attracts only one eighth of American youth.

Like Allan Wicker, slightly more than half of our youth say they have given "much thought" to making this a better world, but unlike Wicker, they plan to improve it by improving themselves. They tell us that reform can come if "I inform myself," or "understand others." Someone else, somewhere else, can do the hard work and the hard thinking that is needed. Yet Wicker has some companionship in his desire for foreign service—as long as hardship is eliminated. Forty per cent of our youth say they are interested in the Peace Corps, but almost half of these would like to serve with the corps in Western Europe. A few mention Paris as a desirable post. About 8 per cent are interested in Latin America; similar numbers would like to serve in the Far East or Africa.

And how does the new generation feel about schoo integration in the South? Except for Southern youth two thirds of them approve. But Southern youth, incredibly, seem to have a stronger feeling against Negroes in the classroom than Negroes next door, while the remainder of the nation's youth object more to Negro neighbors than to Negro classmates. Here's what they said of their racial feelings:

	White Southern Youth	*White Youth in Rest of Nation*
Should Integration Be Required in Southern Public Schools?	22% Yes	65% Yes
Would You Object To a Majority of Negroes in Your Class?	27 No	64 No
Would You Object To a Negro Family Next Door?	30 No	58 No

The younger generation's attitude toward parents, although tinged with condescension at times, may surprise older folks pleasantly.

Amid glare and congestion the automobile provides a precious privacy, rare in the lives of adolescent

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"GOALS? . . . OUR PARENTS HAVE ACHIEVED THEM ALL FOR US."

In Brookfield Center, Connecticut, teen-agers display ingeniously and weirdly decorated footgear at a "sock hop" given to benefit their junior high school's scholarship fund. Although the trinkets and baubles on their feet are frivolous, these youngsters called upon the creativity and energy so often dormant in their generation. Can these active qualities, if diverted to useful purposes, become the hope of the nation's future? Will dire predictions for this generation prove groundless? Many youngsters already seem to realize that they must somehow learn to salvage boldness from their blandness.

"When I was fourteen," Mark Twain once confided to the world, "my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have him around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."

In this respect American youth has hardly changed since Mark Twain was a boy. Only recently a New Hampshire boy told us, "When you're sixteen, you wish your parents would dry up and blow away. But when you're eighteen, you find they're fun, and you like to show them off. I know a girl who is embarrassed when her father jumps over the porch railing to greet her boy friend. Listen, when she's my age, she'll be proud he can still do it."

Actually American youngsters are fairly close to their parents. When they need advice, nearly 70 per cent of them turn first to their parents; and nearly a third do not plan to rear their children any differently from the way they were reared. Those who are dissatisfied with their own upbringing have scattered complaints. They will give their children more (or less) discipline and responsibility. Some are going to increase encouragement of education; others want a closer family spirit. Only 3 per cent say they are planning to give their children more material things.

But many parents embarrass their children. Almost universally our youth begin to squirm when their parents talk about them in front of other adults. "It makes us feel we're on display," a Midwest high-school girl complains. Another girl adds, "Usually they get the story all wrong anyway." And a Southern boy has this complaint: "My father exaggerates what I've said or done to make it look funny or to make me look better. I wish he wouldn't."

Some parents are too effusive with their children's friends. "They try too hard to be pleasant and make silly jokes." And others "simply don't act their age." A young college boy said, "They try to act like us and make fools of themselves. Take dancing, for example. They just can't dance, and they do it anyway, and it's plain embarrassing. Sometimes I wish they wouldn't act so young."

While so many of them turn first to their parents for advice, only 41 per cent say they talk over all their serious problems with their parents. Sometimes the parents are at fault. "On some problems I don't want an answer," a New England youth points out. "I want to get at the root of the thing. If I really wanted a solution, I could figure it out myself. But I want to discuss it, and my folks always seem too busy."

Yet parents in many ways have never been more generous. Their generosity in financial matters may have affected our youth curiously.

The nation has produced a generation of stay-at-homes and conservative spenders. We asked them: "If someone gave you $5000, what would you do with it?" Three fourths of them replied: "Put it in the bank," although a third of these planned to withdraw it for education. About 15 per cent of the boys would spend some of it for an automobile, and about one fourth of the girls would give all or part of it to church, charity or the family. But except for college women, there was hardly any mention of travel; and less than 2 per cent would use it to go into business for themselves. In fact, American youth is not much interested in being self-employed. Almost two thirds would rather work for a large corporation than start their own small company.

But while they seek security in the corporation, they want independence from government. Almost 70 per cent told us that they preferred to work out their ov economic problems rather than have the governmen maintain a minimum living standard for all. The girls are slightly more interested in a welfare state; but 80 per cent of the college boys rejected it. Concerning labor unions, the more independent college group is also more disapproving of the closed shop; while about two thirds of high-school and working youth disapprove, 78 per cent of the collegians were opposed. However, only one third of American youth disapprove of labor unions. The girls are slightly more approving of the labor movement, and there is slightly less approval among the college and the working youth.

How did youth become so bland? So cautious? So self-satisfied, secure and unambitious? And are they really so much different from the youth of yesterday? Memories are unreliable for comparing this generation with the last; yet memories are all we have. Unfortunately this study of American youth is not a repeat of one done twenty years ago, and therefore we cannot compare with accuracy. But our youth themselves point out that they are different from their parents, and they don hesitate to tell us why.

In Seattle, Bryce G. Horst says, "Our parents led a tougher life—they fought a depression and a war. And they've protected us. They've made sure that we have more than they had. We're pampered." An Eastern college girl says simply, "Of course we're soft. We got too much too soon. There isn't much we want that our parents don't give us." And the director of admissions at a large university says, "Parents have done just about everything they could to destroy character in their children. If student cars were banned on campus, I think parents would help their offspring violate the rule." A California high-schooler says, "Goals? We've got no goals. Our parents have achieved them all for us."

Certainly parents must share the blame. Denied so much when capitalism seemed to totter thirty years ago, they have been bountiful with their children. And some must wonder now if capitalism might not be destroying itself with its own success. The largess of the father has weakened the son.

But there are other contributing factors. The world is constantly confronted with overwhelming crises—Berlin, Laos, Cuba, Algeria, Tunisia, the Congo, South Vietnam—and our youth, unhardened in the crucible of struggle, might well turn inward to escape responsibility.

Allan Wicker says, "We've got to teach our children to think, and you don't do this in front of TV. We have to make them excited about ideas. And we've got to convince them that there's nothing shameful in being different. I don't mean they should be different just to attract attention, but they should know that every great person is different; that you can't do extraordinary things and be like everybody else."

How many of our youth will want to be—or can be—extraordinary? In an extraordinary age how will they react when tested? Will they do as well as their fathers did under the pressures of war and economic slump? A college girl says they will. "All we need is motive; then you'll see."

But the older generation wonders. In the meantime American parents candidly admit they are spoiling and pampering this new generation. They admit it, cluck their tongues and keep on pampering.

THE END

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Summer-time soap?

Perspiration odor doesn't take a winter holiday. Heavy clothes and over-heated rooms make the problem even worse. But, Dial soap with AT-7 works the same in any season—removes bacteria that cause odor.

That's why, winter or summer, people who like people like Dial.

Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!

(don't you wish everybody did?)

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✚ Blue Cross members get real value for their money. Out of every dollar paid in, Blue Cross returns in benefits far more than the average for all other forms of protection. Equally important is the kind of help Blue Cross offers —its unique "Personalized Benefits." That means *actual hospital care* for the member, rather than so-many-dollars per day. A special working relationship with hospitals makes this possible. Such modern help is why Blue Cross is the leader today. Ask your Blue Cross Plan for full details. *Blue Cross Association, Inc., 840 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 11, Ill.*

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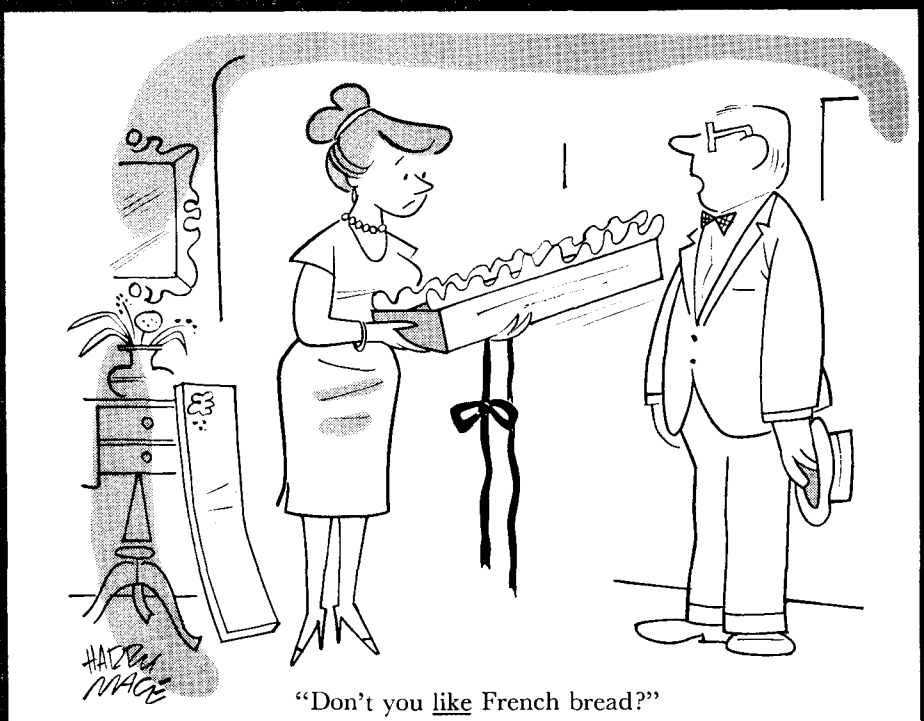
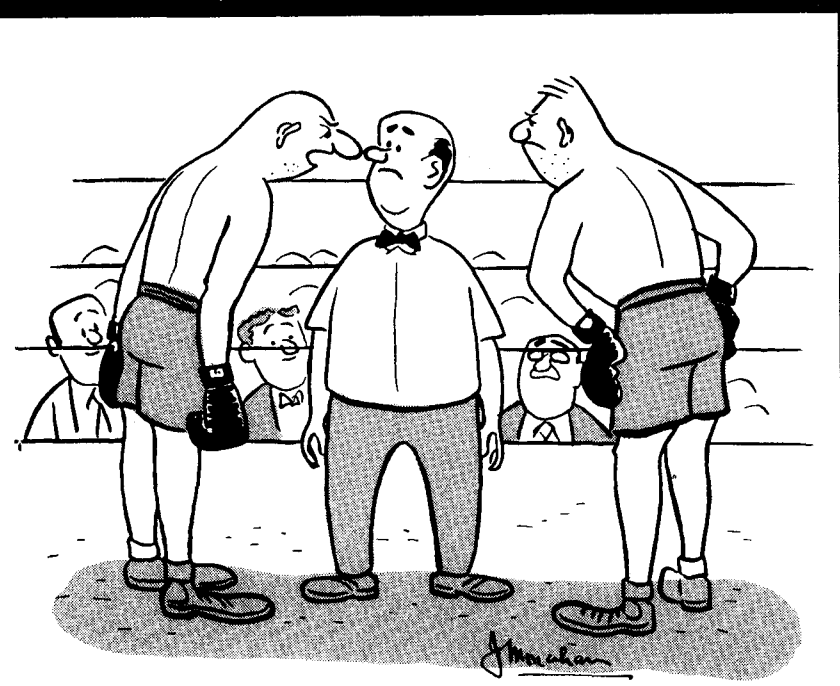
post scripts

"Do you think Stephen will be able to handle a two-wheeler?"



"Don't you <u>like</u> French bread?"

"It's none of my business, but aren't you supposed to be in a pear tree?"



"It's 'May the better man win'—not <u>best</u> man!"

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"Sixth floor—toys, Santa Claus, pandemonium."

Present Indicative

On the first day of Christmas his true love said, "I think
Henry's giving Elinore a cape or stole of mink."
On the second day of Christmas she told this mate of hers,
"Finklebaum's is having a Christmas sale of furs."

On the third day of Christmas she said, "I've always thought
Mink was an investment, like that camera you bought."
On the fourth day of Christmas she said, "You know, it's strange:
My poor old beaver jacket has simply got the mange!"

On the fifth day of Christmas she said, "I ought to dress
In keeping with my husband's position and success."
On the sixth day of Christmas she said, "Well, Elinore
Says Henry's been to Finklebaum's; they told her at the store."

So on up till Christmas his true love did discourse
On ranch mink and blond mink, and she'd like blond, of course.
On the morning of Christmas ecstatically she screamed,
"A *mink stole!* But darling, I never even dreamed! . . ."

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

"Allow me to introduce myself."

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"Well, that gets the Yuletide season off to a glorious start!"

"Oh, we're having another one of our riotous evenings. How about you?"

ONE OF OUR CAROLERS IS MISSING

The Christmas Eve Carolers will meet in the Christian Endeavor Room at nine P.M. for a final briefing by Choirmaster Fred J. Gravel before setting out. Dress warm, you singers.—*Notice in Church Bulletin.*

"All right, folks. You've got your song sheets, and you know whose cars you're riding in. Now just one thing: George Thrump's car is to hold No. 2 position at all times—right behind mine. We don't want any strays and stragglers again like last year. No side trips, no unauthorized stopovers. . . . Hear that, George?"

"Right, maestro. Whither thou goest ——"

"Well, just remember it. And by the way, George, I see you've brought along those sleigh bells again."

"I thought you wouldn't care. They add a festive note."

"Well, you may shake them with *Jingle Bells*, but that is all! . . . Oh, another thing, folks: When caroling, please group yourselves according to voice—sopranos, altos, tenors and basses. . . . Yes, George?"

"What am I, maestro? Tenor or what?"

"I was coming to that, George. For one thing, Blanche Fogel has asked me to ask you not to sing too close to her. It throws her off."

"Well, if that's how I affect our great prima donna, maybe ——"

"No offense, George. I was only about to suggest that, while you don't exactly sing bass, it might be a good idea if you stood in with the basses right between Harvey and Doctor Hollis and sang along with them. O.K.?"

"Well, O.K."

"Don't try too hard for the tune, George. Just listen and follow their lead. Hum a little."

"All right, *all right!*"

"And, George—no harmonizing. Just plain 'Noel, Noel.' No flourishes, no crescendos ——"

"Look, if you don't want me to sing, just say ——"

"But we *do*, George. Except maybe at the Drucker home. There you could maybe rest your voice. Alf Drucker's been pretty miserable with the flu, and his bedroom's right at the front of the house, so ——"

"Like I said, if you don't want me to sing, I'll just pack up my sleigh bells and ——"

"Come off it, old buddy. Nobody's picking on you. Come on, George, smile —— It's Christmas Eve. . . . And now, folks, a final word before we take off. As in previous years we may be invited into some homes—especially those up on the Hill—for a treat. Well, cider and cookies and coffee—that's fine. Only this year I don't want any of you carolers sneaking out into the kitchen with the host for—well, you know what for. . . . Hear that, George? No sneaking out for a quick —— Say, where did George disappear to? Anybody see George Thrump leave? George! Hey, George, come back! You gotta drive car No. 2 ——"

W. F. MIKSCH

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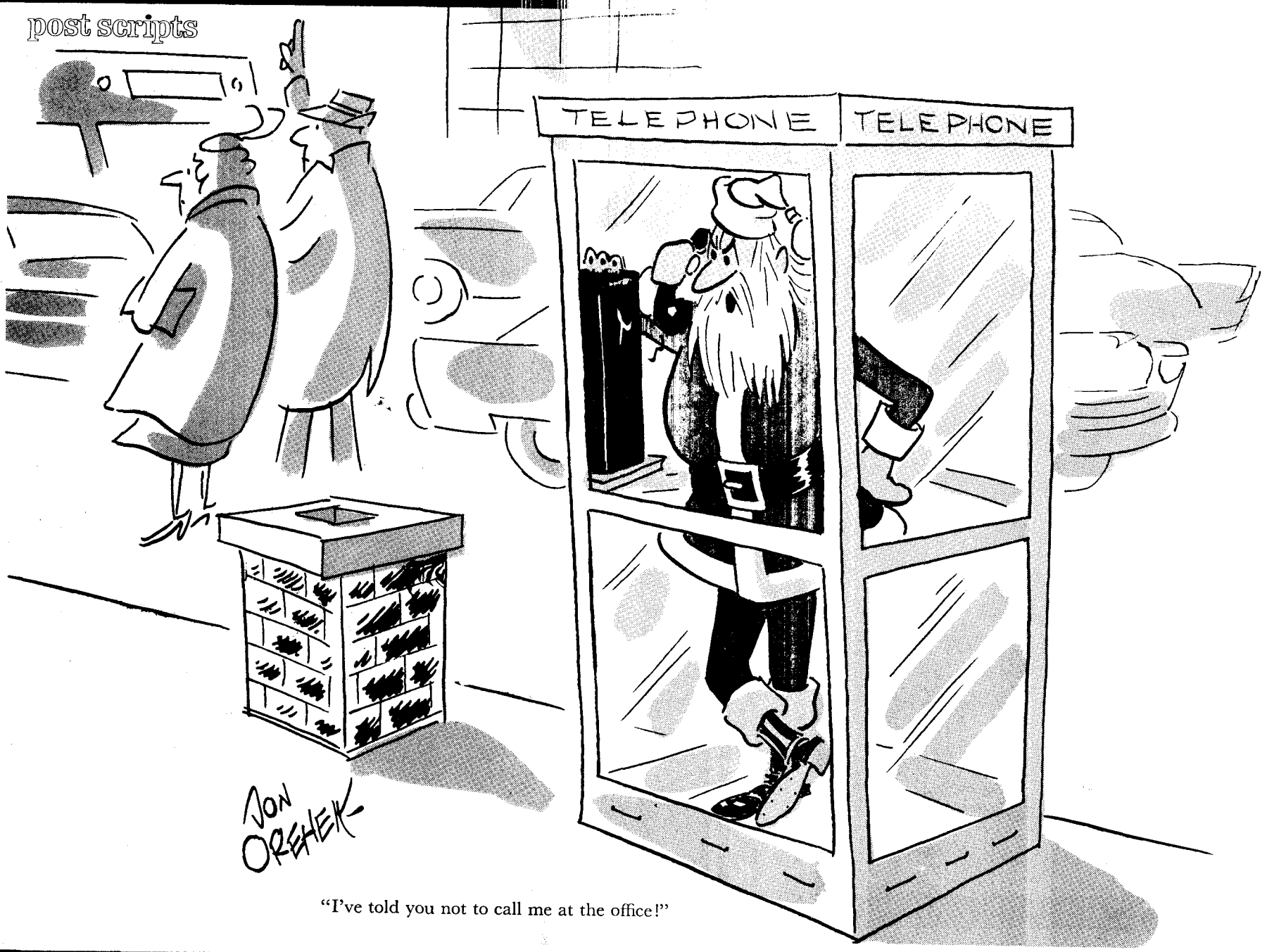

"I've told you not to call me at the office!"

"Nonsense! You're in marvelous condition for an old crock."

"He's got them all fired up for this game."

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A checking account helps keep family budgets healthy

How to discuss money and still keep peace in the family

There *are* married couples who can discuss money matters and smile.

It is not that they have better dispositions than others, but for them the subject is a whole lot tidier. They always know exactly where their money goes because they pay their bills by check.

And they simplify their money matters by handling *all* their banking needs at the same convenient full-service bank where they have their checking and savings accounts.

Checking accounts are available only at commercial banks—*full-service* banks. In fact, by law, these banks can do more for you than any other kind of financial institution. You not only enjoy the extra convenience of one-stop banking, but you will find it is also the simplest and surest way to build a sound financial standing.

Discover for yourself the extra advantages which only a full-service bank is able to offer you. A checking account is an excellent way to begin. Why not open one this week?

Foundation for Commercial Banks, Phila. 1, Pa.

Your Full-Service Commercial Bank

FULL BANK SERVICE ®

helps you make the most of your money

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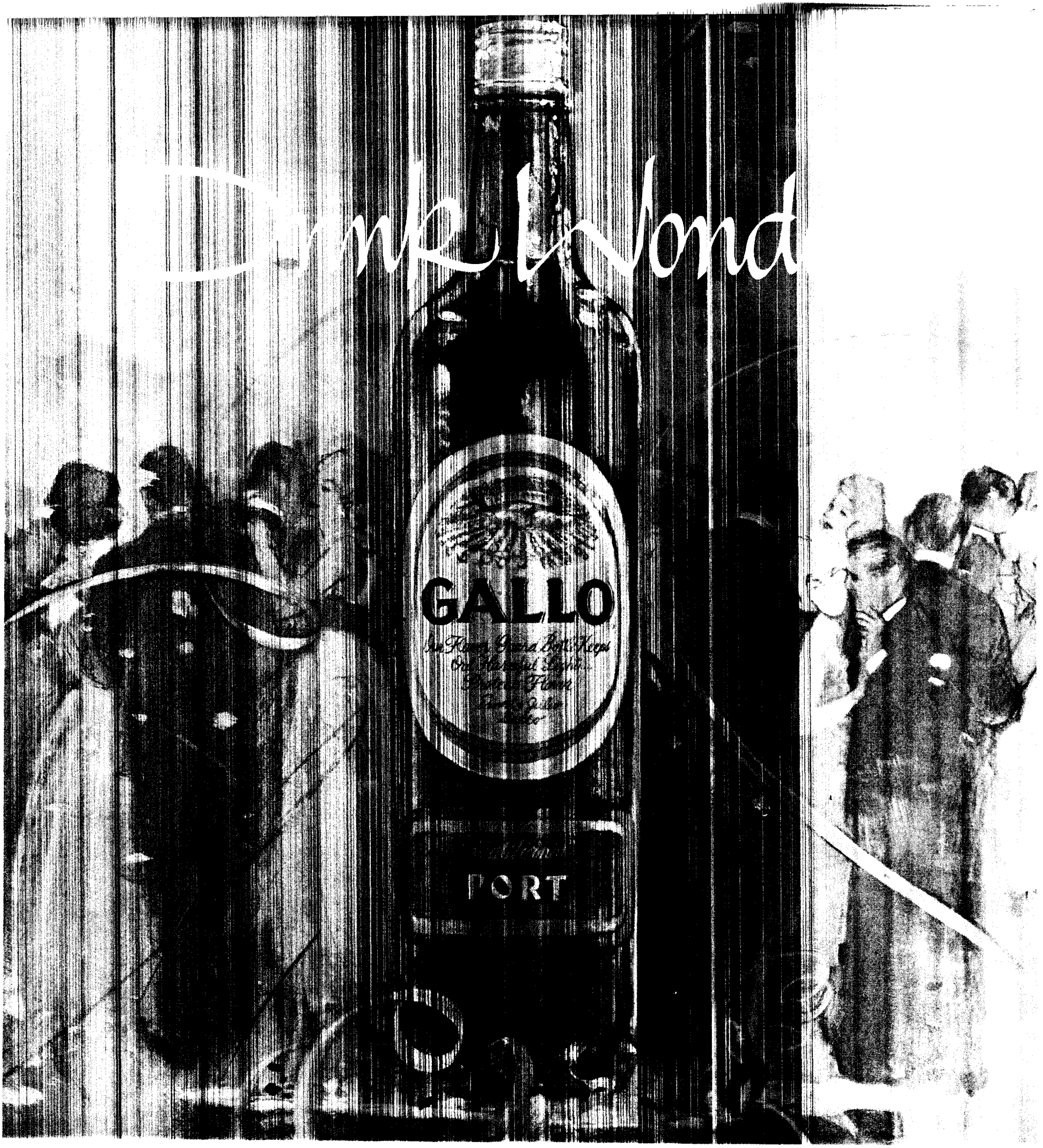

Holidays are wonderful times...times for wonderful wines.

Gallo brings you Port wines unusually rich and rewarding, smooth and satisfying, as only master vintners can make them. Their superb taste has earned them greater popularity than any other Ports in America.

This holiday season...drink wonderful, drink Gallo Port.

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California
PORT

The classic wine. Its rich color and smooth subtle taste add elegance to any occasion.

California
TAWNY PORT

Extra mellow, lighter-bodied port with a touch of tawniness that makes it distinctively different.

California
RUBY PORT

Jewel-bright and especially rich with an extra fruity flavor. Truly a dramatic taste adventure.

WHITE PORT

The true extra pale white port, mild and smooth, with all the natural grape sweetness.

E. & J. GALLO WINERY, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

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Wolfe had an officeful of suspects. But did he actually know which one was the murderer?

Young executive Dennis Ashby and bootblack Peter Vassos both met violent death. When the police learned of an affair between Ashby and Vassos's daughter Elma, they concluded that the irate father murdered Ashby, then killed himself. Convinced that the police had received false information, Nero Wolfe sought to smoke out the real killer by filing slander suits on Elma Vassos's behalf against several individuals. Wolfe's legal ploy proved effective when the defendants—John Mercer, Ashby's employer; Phillip Horan, Ashby's chief rival within the company; and Frances Cox, Ashby's sometime girl friend—rushed to his offices to protest the court actions against them. Taking advantage of their presence, Wolfe began questioning them about the circumstances of Ashby's death.

Conclusion Wolfe focused on Horan. "To resume. Did Peter Vassos ever shine your shoes?"

Horan's quick-moving eyes darted to Mercer, but the president was frowning at a corner of Wolfe's desk and didn't meet them. They went back to Wolfe. "No, he didn't. I suppose what you're getting at is did I tell Vassos about Ashby and his daughter. I didn't. I have never seen Vassos. I understand he always came around 10:30, and I am never there at that time. I'm out calling on customers. I was there Monday morning and was with Ashby a few minutes, but I left before ten o'clock."

Wolfe grunted. "Your observed presence there Monday morning is immaterial. Anyone could have got into Ashby's room unobserved by the door from the hall, including you. I'm not after ——"

"Then why pick on us if *anyone* could have got in?"

"I have two reasons: a weaker one, the attack on Miss Vassos's character, and a stronger one, which I reserve. I'm not after who told Vassos about Ashby and his daughter; I don't think anybody did; I'm after who told the police. Did you?"

"I answered their questions. I had to."

"You know better than that, if you're not a nincompoop. You did not have to. Telling them even about yourself and your movements was at your discretion; certainly you were under no compulsion to jabber about others. Did you?"

"I don't jabber. What I told the police is on record. Ask them."

"I have. You just heard me ask Mr. Cramer. You have more than once asked a female employee of your firm to find out about the relations between Mr. Ashby and Miss Vassos. What did she tell you?"

"Ask her."

"I'm asking you."

"Ask her."

"I hope I won't have to." Wolfe's eyes went right. "Miss Cox. What terms were you on with Mr. Vassos?"

"I wasn't on any terms with him."

"Did you like him? Did he like you?"

"I never asked him. I didn't like him or dislike him. He was the bootblack, that's all."

"Describe the customary routine. He would appear in the anteroom where you were stationed, and then?"

"He would ask me if it was all right to go in. He always went to Mr. Mercer's room first. If someone was with Mr. Mercer, it depended on who it was. Sometimes he wouldn't want to be disturbed, and Pete would go to Mr. Busch first. Mr. Busch's room is across the hall from Mr. Mercer's."

"Are the two doors directly opposite?"

"No. Mr. Mercer's door comes first on the left. Mr. Busch's door is nearly at the end of the hall on the right."

"After he had finished with Mr. Mercer and Mr. Busch, Mr. Vassos would go to Mr. Ashby?"

"Yes."

"Was the routine followed on Monday morning?"

"Yes, as far as I know. When Pete came, there was no one in with Mr. Mercer and he went on in. Then later he came and put his head around the corner, and I nodded, and he went on to Mr. Ashby's room."

"How much later?"

"I never timed it. About fifteen minutes."

"Did you see him enter at Mr. Ashby's door?"

"No, it's down the other hall. Anyway, I couldn't see him enter any of the doors, because my desk is in a corner of the reception room."

"What time was it when he put his head around the corner, and you nodded him on to Mr. Ashby's room?"

"It was ten minutes to eleven, or maybe eight or nine minutes. The police wanted to know exactly, but that's as close as I could come."

"How close could you come to the truth about Mr. Ashby and Miss Vassos?"

It took her off balance, but only for two seconds, and she kept her eyes at him. She raised her voice a little. "You think that's clever, don't you?"

"No. I'm not clever, Miss Cox. What did you tell the police about Mr. Ashby and Miss Vassos?"

"I said what Mr. Horan said. Ask them."

"What did you tell them about Mr. Ashby and yourself? Did you tell them that you and he were intimate? Did you tell them that Mrs. Ashby once asked an officer of the corporation to discharge you because you were a bad influence on her husband?"

She was smiling, a corner of her mouth turned up. "That sounds like Andy Busch. You don't care who you listen to, do you, Mr. Wolfe?"

"I'm persistent, madam. The police let up on you because they thought their problem was solved; I don't, and I won't. I shall harass you, if necessary, beyond the limit of endurance. You can make it easier for both of us by telling me now of your personal relations with Mr. Ashby. Will you?"

"There's nothing to tell."

"There will be." Wolfe left her. He swiveled to face John Mercer in the red-leather chair. "Now, sir. I applaud your forbearance. You must have been tempted a dozen times to interrupt, and you didn't. Commendable. As I told you, the only way to stop me would be to satisfy me that I'm mistaken, and Mr. Horan and Miss Cox have made no progress. I invite you to try. Instead of firing questions at you—you know what they would be—I'll listen. Go ahead."

"I'm going to disregard my attorney's advice."

Mercer had kept his eyes at Horan while Wolfe was questioning him, and then at Miss Cox and, since I had him full-faced past the profiles of the other two, I didn't have to be more than clever to tell that his immediate worry wasn't how to satisfy Wolfe, but how to satisfy himself. And from his eyes when he moved them to Wolfe, he still wasn't sure. He spoke.

"I want to state that I shouldn't have said that my attorney thinks this is a blackmailing trick and I agree with him. I want to retract that. I admit it's possible that Miss Vassos has persuaded you—that you believe she has been slandered, and you're acting in good faith."

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Wolfe said, "Ummf."

Mercer screwed his lips. He still wasn't sure. He unscrewed them. "Of course," he said, "if it's just a trick, nothing will satisfy you. But if it isn't, then the truth ought to. I'm going to disregard my attorney's advice and tell you exactly what happened. It seems to me ——"

Two voices interrupted him. Horan said, "No!" emphatically, and Miss Cox said, "Don't, Mr. Mercer!"

He ignored them. "It seems to me that's the best thing to do to stop this—this publicity. I told the police about Miss Vassos's—uh—her association with Mr. Ashby, and Mr. Horan and Miss Cox corroborated it."

Wolfe's palms were flat on his desk. "Let's make it explicit. You told the police that Miss Vassos had been seduced by Mr. Ashby?"

"Yes."

"How did you know that?"

"Ashby told me. He admitted it."

"Spontaneously? Voluntarily?"

"No. I asked him. There had been complaints about his conduct with some of the employees, and I had been told specifically about Miss Vassos."

"Told by whom?"

"Mr. Horan and Miss Cox."

"Who had told them?"

"Ashby himself had told Miss Cox. Horan wouldn't reveal his source."

"And you went to Ashby, and he admitted it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last week. Wednesday. A week ago yesterday."

Wolfe closed his eyes and took in air, through his nose, all the way down, and let it out through his mouth. He had got more than he had bargained for. No wonder the cops and the D.A. had bought it. He took on another load of air, held it a second, let it go and opened his eyes. "Do you confirm that, Miss Cox? That Ashby himself told you he had seduced Miss Vassos?"

"Yes."

"Who told you, Mr. Horan?"

Horan shook his head. "Nothing doing. I didn't tell the police, and I won't tell you. I'm not going to drag anyone else into this mess."

Wolfe looked at Mercer. "I must consult Miss Vassos and her attorney. I shall either advise her to withdraw her action, or to pursue it, and also to prefer a criminal charge against you three, conspiracy to defame her character—whatever the legal phrase may be. At the moment I don't know which I shall advise." He pushed back his chair and arose. "You will be informed, probably by her attorney through yours."

"Innocence has no contract with bliss."

"But I've told you the *truth!*"

"I don't deny the possibility. Meanwhile, I am not clear about the plan of your premises, and I need to be. I want Mr. Goodwin to inspect them. I wish to discuss the situation with him first, and it is near the dinner hour. He'll go after dinner, say at nine o'clock. I presume the door will be locked, so you will please arrange for someone to be there to let him in."

"Why? What good will that do? You said yourself that anyone could have got into Ashby's room by the other door."

"It's necessary if I am to be satisfied. I need to understand clearly all the movements of people—particularly of Mr. Vassos. Say nine o'clock?"

Mercer didn't like it, but he wouldn't have liked anything short of an assurance that the heat was off, or soon would be. It was agreed that one of them would meet me in the lobby of the 8th Avenue building at nine o'clock. They left together, Miss Cox with her chin up, Mercer with his down and Horan with his long, bony face even longer. When I returned after letting them out, Wolfe was still standing, scowling at the red-leather chair.

I said emphatically, "Nuts. Mercer and Miss Cox are both quoting a dead man, and Horan's quoting anonymous. They're all double-breasted liars. I now call her Elma. If she passes Busch up, I'll probably put in a bid myself after I find out if she can dance."

Wolfe grunted. "Innocence has no contract with bliss. Confound it, of course she's innocent. That's the devil of it. If she had misbehaved as charged, and as a result her father had killed that man and then himself, she wouldn't have dared to come to me unless she's a lunatic. Where is she?"

"In her room."

"I'm not in a mood to sit at table with her. Tell Fritz to take up a tray."

"I'll take it up myself, and one for me. She'll want to know how you made out with them. After all, we've got her dollar."

Every trade has its tricks. If he's any good, a detective gets habits as he goes along that become automatic, one of them being to keep his eyes peeled. As I turned the corner of 8th Avenue at 8:56 that Thursday evening, I wasn't conscious of the fact that I was casing the neighborhood; as I say, it gets automatic; but when my eye told me that there was something familiar about a woman standing at the curb across the avenue, I took notice and looked. Right; it was Frances Cox, and she had seen me. As I stopped in front of the building, she beckoned, and I crossed over to her. As I got there she spoke, "There's a light in Ashby's room."

I rubbernecked and saw the two lighted windows on the tenth floor.

"The cleaners," I said.

"No. They start at the top, and they're through on that floor at 7:30."

"Inspector Cramer. He's short a clue. Have you got a key?"

"Of course. I came to let you in."

We crossed the avenue and entered. It was an old building, and the lobby looked it, and so did the night man sprawled in a chair yawning. He gave Miss Cox a nod, and we entered the elevator, and on the way up she asked the operator if he had taken anyone to the tenth floor, and he said no. When we got out, she pointed to a door to the left and said, "That's Ashby's room."

"I'm going over you. I'm bigger and stronger."

There were two doors in range across the hall, the one she had pointed to, six paces to the left, and one six paces to the right with the number 1018 and below it MERCER'S BOBBINS INC., and below that ENTRANCE. I asked if that was the reception room and she said yes.

"This takes generalship," I said. "If we both go through the reception room and around, he hears us and ducks out this way. This door can be opened from the inside?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll stick here. Maybe you'd better get the elevator man to go in and around with you. He might get tough."

"I can take care of myself. But I'm not taking orders from you."

"O.K. Don't try to stalk him. Let your heels tap."

As I went to the door on the left and put my back to the wall near its edge that would open, I was regretting not having a gun along.

The door opened, and the opener, not seeing me, was coming out backward, pulling the door shut, easy. I put my hand in the small of his back and pushed him back in, not too easy, and followed him. He stumbled but managed to recover. Frances Cox's voice came. "Oh, it's you!"

I spoke. "This is getting monotonous, Mr. Busch. A door opens, and there you are. Are you surprising me, or am I surprising you?"

"You dirty double-crosser," Andrew Busch said.

"Wrong number," I said. "I didn't know who I was shoving. We don't owe you anything; we're working for Elma Vassos." He had turned, and I had approached. "As for my being with Miss Cox, I wanted to have a look around, and someone had to let me in. That's why I'm here. As I asked you once before, why are you here?"

"Go to hell. I think you're a liar and a rat."

"You're wrong, but I can't right you now. Of course you were looking for something and, if you found it, I want to know what it is. I'm going over you. I'm bigger and stronger, and you're an office manager and I'm a pro. Stand still, please." I moved behind him.

I frisked him. Miss Cox had moved away from the door and stood and watched, saying nothing. Busch stood stiff, stiff as stone. When I stepped back and said, "O.K., I guess you hadn't found it," he walked to the door, the inner one, and on out, without a word.

I looked around and put my hat and coat on a chair. Everything seemed to be in order; not even a drawer or a file was standing open. It was an ordinary executive office, nothing special, except that most of one wall was lined with filing cabinets. I went to the door Busch had left by, crossed the sill, turned right, stepped nine paces to a door on the right, turned through it, and was in the reception room. Miss Cox was at my heels. Facing me was the door to the outer hall with MERCER'S BOBBINS INC. on it. To the right of it were chairs. The wall on the left was lined with shelves displaying Mercer's Bobbins products. Near the corner at the right were a desk and a switchboard. On the chair nearest the door was Andrew Busch, sitting straight and stiff, his palms on his knees.

"I'm an officer of this corporation. I belong here."

"I'm an officer of this corporation," he said. "I belong here. You don't."

I ignored that and turned to Miss Cox. "That's your desk?"

"Yes."

"Where are Mercer's and Busch's rooms?"

She showed me, and I went for a look. It was like this: When you entered the reception room from the outer hall, the desk and switchboard were near the far left corner, and at the far right corner was the door into the inner hall. Passing through that door, if you turned left you went down a short stretch of hall with only one door in it, Ashby's, on the left; if you

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went straight ahead you were in a longer hall with a window at the end, and you came to Mercer's door first, on the left, and then Busch's door farther on, on the right. So as Miss Cox had said, she could see none of the doors from her desk. I made a rough plan of the layout on a sheet of paper she furnished on request, folded it and put it in my pocket and went to the chair where I had put my hat and coat.

"Just a minute," Andrew Busch said. "Now *I'm* going to search *you*."

"I'll be damned. You are?"

"I am. If you're taking something, I want to know what it is."

I dropped my coat on the chair. "I'll make a deal. Tell me what you were after in Ashby's room, and I'll let you finger me if you don't tickle."

"I don't know. I was going through his files. I thought I might find something that would give me an idea who killed him. I'm for Elma Vassos, and I think you're lying when you say you are. You came here with *her*." He aimed a finger at Frances Cox. "She's a liar too. She lied to the police."

"Can you prove it?"

"No. But I know her."

"Watch it. She'll sue you for slander. Did you find anything in Ashby's files?"

"No."

"Since you're an officer of the corporation, why did you scoot to the hall when you heard footsteps?"

"Because I thought it was her. I was coming back to see what she was up to."

"O.K. You're wrong about Nero Wolfe and me, but time will tell. Frisking me will be easier with my hands up." I put them up. "If you tickle, the deal's off."

He wasn't as clumsy as you would expect, and he didn't miss a pocket. When he was through, he said all right and returned to his chair, and I put on my coat and went to the door; and there was Miss Cox. Evidently she was seeing me out of the building. Not a word had passed between her and Busch since she had said "Oh, it's you," and no more than necessary between her and me. I opened the door and followed her through, and at the elevator she pressed the button, touched my sleeve with finger tips and said, "I'm thirsty," in a voice I hadn't thought she had in her. It was unquestionably a come-on.

"Have a heart," I said. "First Busch is suddenly a bulldog, and now you're suddenly a siren. I'm being crowded."

"Not you." The same voice. "I'm no siren. It's just that I've realized what you're like—or what you may be like. I'm curious, and when a girl's curious —— I only said I'm thirsty."

An hour and ten minutes later, at a corner table at Charley's Grill, I decided I had wasted seven dollars of Wolfe's money, including tip. Her take-off had been fine, but she hadn't maintained altitude. After only a couple of sips of the first drink she had said, "What was that about asking Andy Busch once before why he was here? Where? I didn't know you had met." I don't mind being foxed by an expert, it's how you learn; but that was an insult. I hung on as long as there was a chance of getting something useful out of her, and then put her in a taxi and gave my lungs a dose of fresh cold December air by walking home. It was 11:30 as I mounted the seven steps of the stoop; Wolfe would probably be in bed.

He wasn't. There were voices—voices I recognized—in the office as I put my coat and hat on the rack, and also the click of my typewriter. I proceeded down the hall and entered. Wolfe was at his desk. Elma was at my desk, typing. Saul Panzer was in the red-leather chair and Fred Durkin was in one of the yellow ones. Panzer and Durkin were free-lance detectives. I stood. Wolfe was speaking.

"...but the sooner the better, naturally. It must be conclusive enough for me, and through me for the police, but not necessarily for a judge and jury. You will phone every hour or so whether or not you have got anything; one of you may need the other. Archie will be out much of the day: he will be with Miss Vassos arranging for the burial of her father and attending to it; but the usual restrictions regarding nine to eleven in the morning and four to six in the afternoon will not apply. Call as soon as you have something to report. I want to settle this matter as soon as possible. Whatever you must disburse can't be helped, but it will be my money; it will not be billed to anyone. Have that in mind. . . . Archie, give them each $500."

As I went and opened the safe and pulled out the cash-reserve drawer, I was remarking to myself that that sounded more lavish than it actually was, since it would be deductible as business expense.

By the time I had it counted, in used fives, tens and twenties, Saul and Fred were on their feet, ready to go, the briefing apparently finished. As I handed them the lettuce, I told Wolfe I had a sketch of the Mercer's Bobbins office if that would help them, and he said it wouldn't. I said it might be useful for them to know that I had found Andrew Busch in Ashby's room, hoping, according to him, to find something that would give him an idea about who had killed Ashby, and Wolfe said it wasn't. Evidently I had nothing to contribute except my services as an escort for Saul and Fred to the door, opening it and closing it after them, which I supplied, with appropriate exchanges between old friends and colleagues. When I returned to the office, Wolfe was out of his chair but Elma was still at the typewriter. I handed him the sketch, and he looked it over.

He handed it back. "Satisfactory. Who let you in?"

"Miss Cox. Shall I report, or have you gone on ahead with Saul and Fred?"

"Report."

I did so, and he listened, but when I had finished he merely nodded. No questions. He told me Miss Vassos was typing the substance of a conversation she had had with him, said good night and went out to his elevator. Elma turned to say she was nearly through and did I want to read it, and I took it and sat in the red-leather chair. It was four pages, all about her father—or rather, what her father had told her at various times about his customers at Mercer's Bobbins, and one who hadn't been a customer, Frances Cox. Apparently he had told her a lot, part fact and part opinion.

Dennis Ashby. Pete hadn't thought much of him, except as a steady source of a dollar and a quarter a week.

John Mercer. Not as steady a customer as Ashby, since he spent part of his time at the factory in Jersey, but Pete was all for him. A gentleman and a real American. However, Elma said, her father had been very grateful to Mercer, because he had given her a good job.

Andrew Busch. Pete's verdict on Busch had varied from week to week. Before Elma had started to work there he had—but what's the use? This was what Elma saw fit to report of what her father had said about a man who had asked her to marry him just yesterday. That affects a girl's attitude. What she had put in was probably straight enough, but what had she left out?

Phillip Horan. Elma corroborated Horan. Pete had never shined Horan's shoes and probably had never seen him.

Frances Cox. I got the feeling that Elma had toned it down some, but even so it was positively thumbs down. The general impression was that Miss Cox was a high-nose and a female baboon.

"What good is this?" Elma said as we collated the original and carbons. "He asked me a thousand questions about what my father said about them."

"Search me," I told her, "I just work here. If it comes to me in a dream, I'll tell you in the morning."

At the moment, half past three Friday afternoon, that Saul Panzer was finding what Pete Vassos had scrawled on a rock with his finger dipped in his blood, I was at the curb in front of a church on Cedar Street, Greek Orthodox, getting into a rented limousine with Elma Vassos and three friends of hers. The hearse, with the coffin in it, was just ahead, and we were going to follow it to a cemetery somewhere on the edge of Brooklyn. I had offered to drive us in the sedan, which was Wolfe's in name but mine in practice, but no, it had to be a black limousine. I had asked Elma if she wanted the stack of dollar bills from the safe, but she said she would pay for her father's funeral with her own money, so apparently she had some put away.

I wouldn't have been jolly even if it had been a wedding instead of a funeral, with Saul and Fred somewhere doing something, I had no idea where or what, and me spending the day convoying, on her personal errands, a girl on whom I had no designs, private or professional. The idea, according to Wolfe when I had gone up to his room at 9:30 A.M. for instructions, was that it would be risky to let her go anywhere unattended.

So I spent the day bodyguarding, and it didn't help much that the body I was guarding was 110 pounds of attractive female with a sad little face. I have nothing against sympathy when my mind is free, but it wasn't. It was with Saul and Fred, and that was very frustrating because I didn't know where they were.

When we finally got back to Manhattan and the friends had been dropped off at their addresses and the rented limousine stopped in front of the old brownstone it was after six o'clock. Elma paid the driver. Mounting the stoop with her and finding that the door wasn't bolted, knew that at least nothing had blow up, but stepping inside, I saw that someone had blown in. There on the hall rack were objects that I recognized: a brown wool cap, a gray hat, a blue hat and three coats. As I took Elma's coat, I told her, "Go up and lie down. There's company in the office. Inspector Cramer, Saul Panzer and Fred Durkin."

"But what—why are they ——"

"The Lord only knows, or maybe Mr. Wolfe does. If you want ——"

Her look stopped me. She was facing the door. I turned. There on the stoop was John Mercer, with a finger on the bell button, with Frances Cox and Phillip Horan behind him. I told Elma to beat it and waited until she had turned up the stairs before opening the door.

So Wolfe thought he had it. I wondered, as I let them in and took their things and sent them to the office. More than once I had seen him risk it when all he had hold of was the tip of the tai even with a big fee at stake, and with no intake but a dollar bill already spent and then some, he could be trying it with no hold at all. He knew I was home, since Saul had appeared at the office door when the bell had rung and had seen me admitting the guests, and I had a notion to go to the kitchen and sit down with a glass of milk. But while I was considering it, another guest appeared on the stoop. Andrew Busch. I had the door open before he pressed the button. Since I had crossed him off—I thought Wolfe had too—his coming meant there would be a real showdown, all or nothing, so I took him to the office and followed him in. I found that it was the full cast: Joan Ashby was on the couch at the left of my desk, with a mink coat, presumably not paid for, draped on her shoulders. Cramer was in the red-leather chair. Saul and Fred were over by the big globe. Mercer, Horan and Miss Cox were on yellow chairs in a row facing Wolfe's desk, and there was a vacant one waiting for Busch. As I circled around the chairs, Wolfe told Busch he was late, and Busch said something. As I sat, Cramer said he wanted Elma Vassos there.

Wolfe shook his head. "You are here by sufferance, Mr. Cramer, and you will either listen or leave, as agreed. As I told you on the phone, you can't expect to interfere in your official capacity, since you have closed your investigation of the only death by violence in your jurisdiction that these people are connected with. Or you *had* closed it. You agreed to listen or leave. Do you want to leave?"

"Go ahead," Cramer growled. "But Elma Vassos ought to be here."

"She's at hand if needed." Wolfe's eyes left him. "Mr. Mercer, I told *you* on the phone that if you would bring Miss Cox and Mr. Horan I thought we could come to an understanding about the actions Miss Vassos has brought. It seemed desirable for Mrs. Ashby and Mr. Busch to be present, and I asked them to come. I'm on better ground than I was yesterday. The I only knew that Mr. Vassos had not killed Dennis Ashby; now I know who did. I'll tell you briefly ——"

Cramer cut in. "*Now* I'm here officially! Now you're saying you can name a

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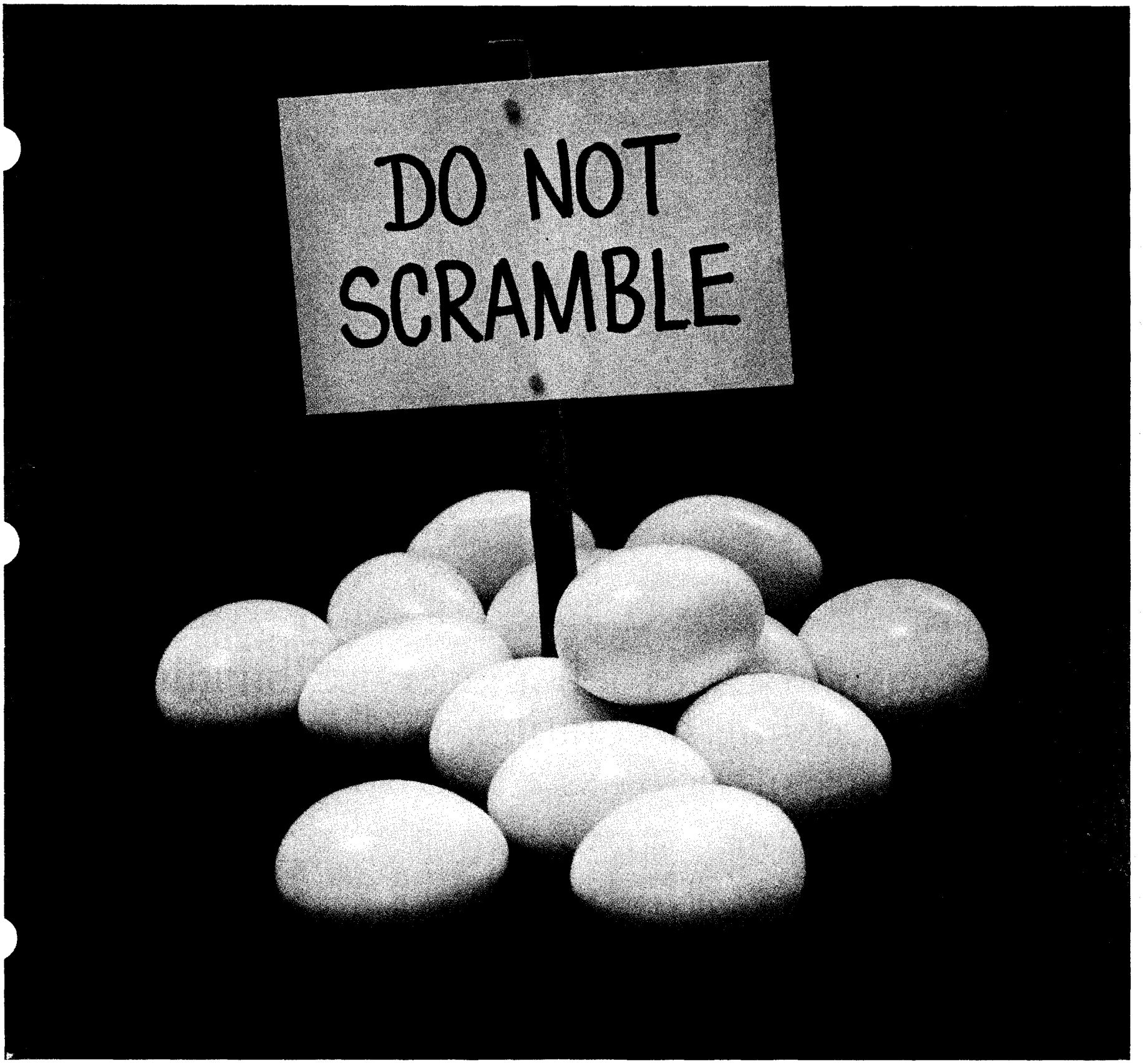

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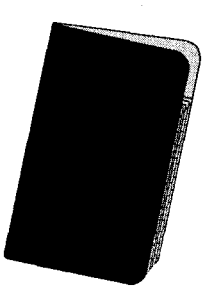

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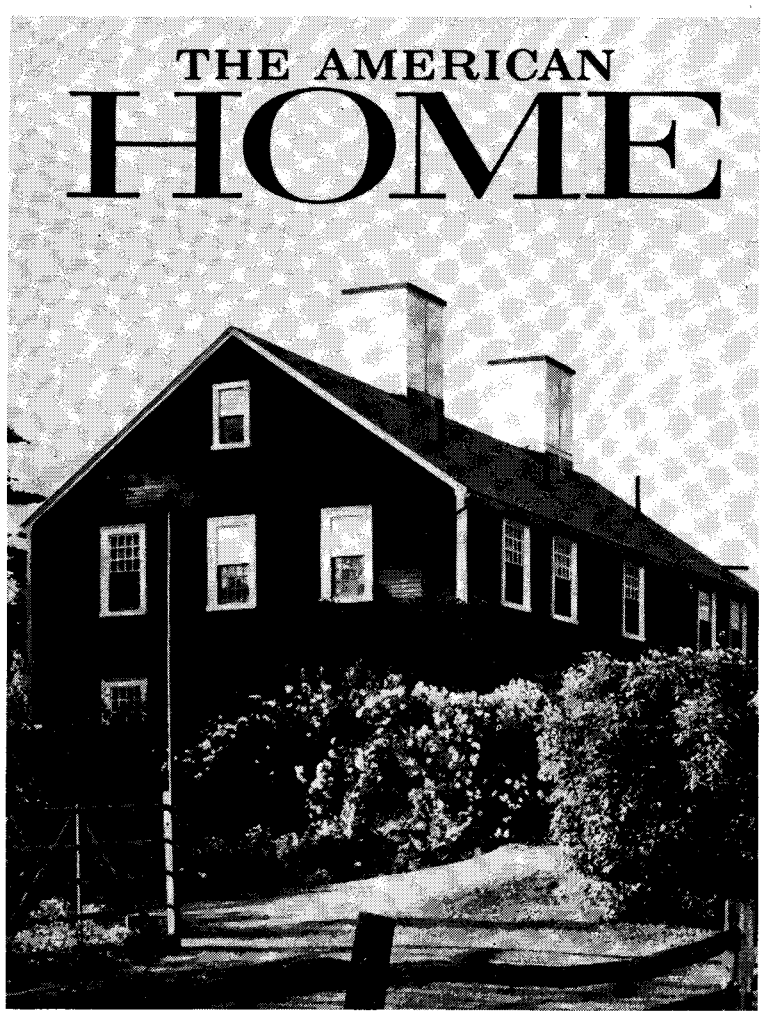

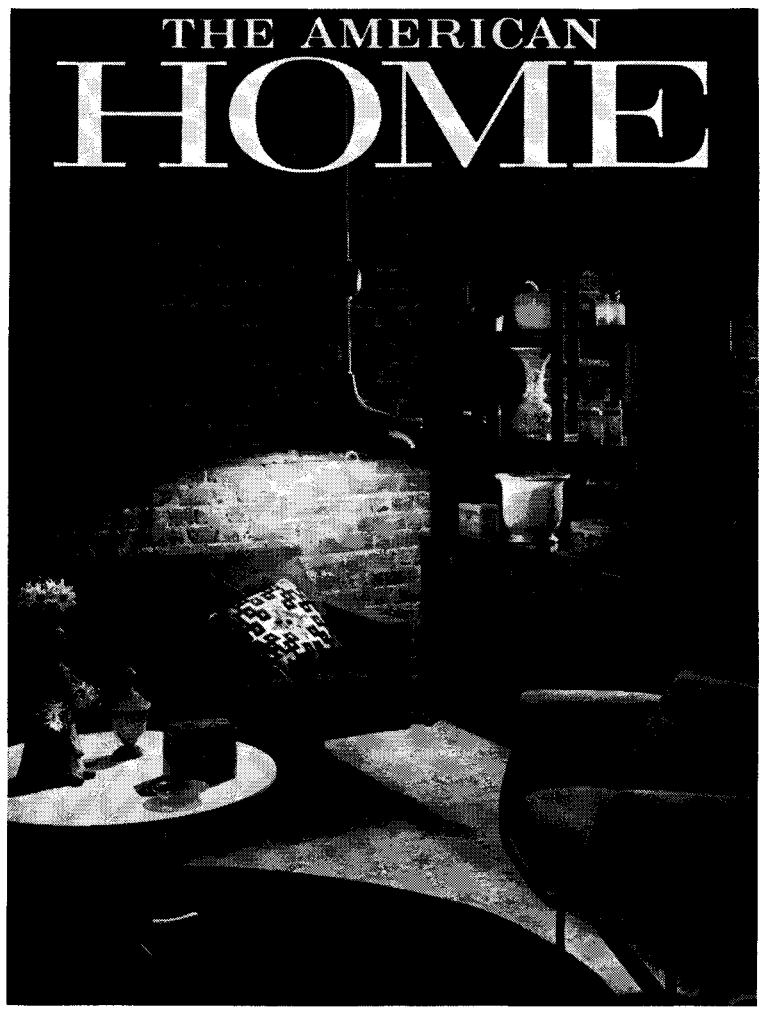

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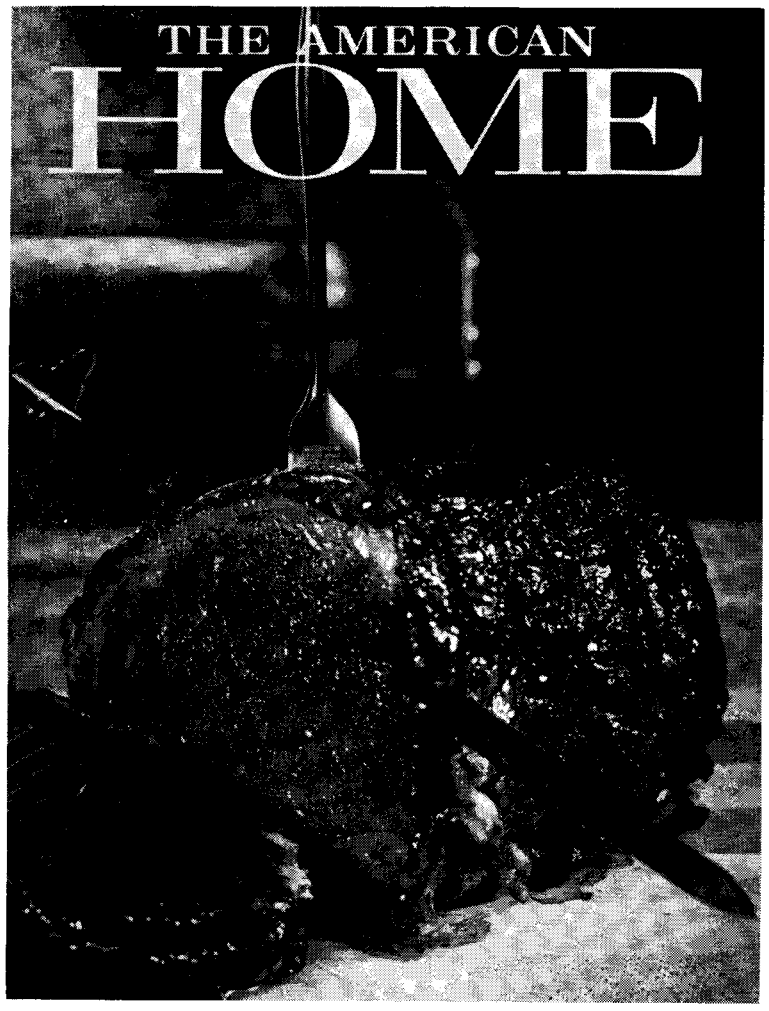

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murderer! How did you know Vassos hadn't killed Ashby?"

"I was about to tell." Wolfe turned to the others. "I was saying, I'll tell you briefly how I knew that. Miss Vassos came to me Tuesday evening to engage my services. She said that someone had lied to the police about her; that the police were persuaded that she had been seduced by Ashby and her father had found out about it and had killed Ashby and then himself; that none of that was true; that her father had told her I was the greatest man in the world; that she wanted to hire me to discover and establish the truth; and in payment she would give me all the dollar bills, some 500, I had paid her father for shining my shoes over a period of more than three years."

He turned a palm up. "Very well. If she had in fact misbehaved, and if her misbehavior had been responsible for her father's committing murder and suicide, what on earth could possibly have impelled her to come to me—the greatest man in the world to her father, and therefore a man not to be hoodwinked—and offer me what was for her a substantial sum to learn the truth and expose it? It was inconceivable. So I believed her."

He turned his hand back over. "But I won't pretend that I was moved to act by the dollar bills, by the pathos of Miss Vassos's predicament, or by a passion for truth and justice. I was moved by pique. Monday afternoon, the day before Miss Vassos came, Mr. Cramer had told me that I was capable of shielding a murderer in order to avoid the inconvenience of finding another bootblack; and the next day he told Mr. Goodwin that I had been beguiled by a harlot and ejected him from his office. That's why ——"

"I didn't eject him!" Cramer said.

Wolfe turned to him, annoyed. "I'll pass over the actions at law I advised Miss Vassos to bring; that was merely a ruse to make contact. I needed to see these people. I already had a strong hint about the murderer. So had you."

"If you mean a hint about somebody besides Vassos, you're wrong. I hadn't."

"You had. I gave it to you, half of it, or Mr. Goodwin did, when he reported verbatim my conversation with Mr. Vassos Monday morning. He said he saw someone. He said that he had only said what if he told a cop he saw someone, but it was obvious that he actually *had* seen someone. Also he told his daughter that evening that there was something he hadn't told either me or the police, and he was going to come and tell me in the morning and ask me what he ought to do; and he wouldn't tell his daughter what it was. Surely that's a strong hint."

"Hint of what?"

"That he knew, or thought he knew, who had killed Ashby. Where and when he had seen someone can only be conjectured, but it is highly probable that he had seen someone leaving Ashby's room. Not entering; you know the times involved as well as I do, or better; he must have seen him leaving, at a moment which made it likely that he had been in that room when Ashby left it by the window. And it was someone whom he did not want to expose, for whom he had affection or regard, or who had put him under obligation. There I have the advantage of you. Mr. Vassos and I had formed the habit, while he was shining my shoes, of discussing the history of ancient Greece and the men who made it, and I knew the bent of his mind. He was tolerant of violence and even ferocity, and the qualities he most strongly condemned were ingratitude and disloyalty. That was, of course, not decisive, but it helped."

Wolfe wiggled a finger. "So. The person, call him X, whom Mr. Vassos had seen in compromising circumstances and who was probably the murderer, was one who had earned his affection, his high regard, his gratitude, or his loyalty." He left Cramer and surveyed the others. "Was it one of you? That was the point of my questions yesterday afternoon when the three of you were here, and of a discussion I had with Miss Vassos last evening. It isn't necessary to elaborate; as you know, only one of you qualifies. You, Mr. Mercer. You fit admirably; Mr. Vassos owed you gratitude for giving his daughter a job. By which door were you leaving Ashby's room when he saw you, the one to the outer hall, or the other?"

"Neither one." Wolfe had telegraphed the punch, and Mercer had got set. "You're not intimating that *I* killed Dennis Ashby. Are you?"

"I am indeed." Wolfe turned to Cramer. "The question of which door isn't vital, but the inner one is more likely. You are, of course, familiar with the arrangement. If Mr. Mercer left by the door to the outer hall after killing Ashby, he would have had to get back in through the reception room and would have been seen by Miss Cox and anyone else who happened to be there. The other way there was a good chance of being seen by no one, and he was seen only by Mr. Vassos, who had just entered the reception room and been nodded in by Miss Cox."

"You say," Cramer growled. "So far, damn little. I'm still listening."

Wolfe nodded. "I thought it proper to explain what directed my attention to Mr. Mercer. After my talk last evening with Miss Vassos, I called in Saul Panzer and Fred Durkin. You know them. Mr. Goodwin wouldn't be available today. There was a possibility that Mr. Mercer was not the only likely candidate, that there was someone in another office in that building who qualified—whom Mr. Vassos would have been reluctant to expose and who might have had a motive for killing Ashby. Mr. Durkin's job ——"

"Did Mercer have a motive?" Cramer asked.

"I'll come to that. Confound it, don't interrupt! Mr. Durkin's job was to explore that possibility, and he has spent the day at it. No negative can be established beyond question, but he found no one who met the specifications; and he got some suggestive information. On the sixth floor of that building is a firm which is the chief competitor of Mercer's Bobbins, and its president told Mr. Durkin that Ashby's death was a blow to him, because he had been discussing with him the possibility of Ashby's coming to his firm, and they had been approaching agreement on terms. It could be that that man had been so harassed by a competitor that he had killed him, but he fails the other test. He had never had his shoes shined by Mr. Vassos. Only two people in that office had, and only occasionally, and neither of them had put him under any obligation of affection or gratitude or loyalty."

Wolfe took a breath. His eyes stayed at Cramer. "Before calling on Mr. Panzer, I'll dispose of Miss Vassos. Your information about her came from three sources, and probably you would have tested them further if her father had not died, as he did, outside your jurisdiction, but even so you are open to a charge of nonfeasance. Miss Cox and Mr. Mercer gave Ashby as *their* source, and he was dead. Were they lying? Mercer's reason for lying is, of course, manifest, since he had himself killed both Ashby and Mr. Vassos. As for Miss Cox, Ashby may have boasted to her of a feather he had not in fact gathered, or she may be a born liar, or she —— Pfui. She's a woman. Pry it out of her when you have nothing better to do. As for ——"

"I still believe it," Frances Cox said.

Wolfe didn't give her a glance. "As for Mr. Horan, you know, of course, that he coveted Ashby's job. He has refused to name the source of his information. He may have been lying, or he may have himself been misled. That's immaterial now; I'll move to what *is* material. . . . Saul?"

Saul Panzer got up, went to Mercer's chair and stood behind it, facing Cramer. There was nothing about him to catch the eye; he looked just ordinary, but people who had dealt with him knew better, and Cramer was one of them.

"My job," he said, "was to check on John Mercer for Monday evening. Mr. Wolfe's theory was that he knew Vassos had seen him leaving Ashby's room that morning, and that evening he phoned him and arranged to meet him. They met and Mercer had a car and he drove across the river to Jersey and to a place he knew about. He slugged Vassos with something, stunned him, or killed him, and pushed him over the edge of the cliff. That was the theory, and ——"

Democracy is a method of letting the people determine who will get the blame.

Dan Bennett

"To hell with the theory," Cramer snapped. "What did you get?"

"I was lucky. I couldn't start at Mercer's end, for instance at the garage where he kept his car, because I had no in. So I went to Graham Street to try to find someone who had seen Vassos leaving the house that evening. You know how that is, inspector; you can spend a week at it and come out empty, but I was lucky. Within an hour I had it. Mr. Wolfe has told me to keep the details for later, since Mercer is here and listening, but I have the names and addresses of three people who saw Vassos get into a car at the corner of Graham Street and Avenue A on Monday evening a little before nine o'clock. There was only one person in the car, the man driving it, and they can describe him. Then I ——"

"Did you describe him for them?"

"No, I'm dry behind the ears, inspector. Then I wasted an hour trying to pick up the car this side of the river. That was dumb. I got my car and drove to Jersey and spent two hours trying to pick up the car at that end. That wasn't dumb, but I didn't hit. I found a law officer I know, a State man, and he went with me to the cliff. After looking around at the top and finding nothing useful, but it ought to be gone over right, we climbed down to where Vassos's body was found. That should be gone over too, better than it has been, but we found one thing that shouldn't have been missed by a Boy Scout. Vassos hadn't been dead when Mercer pushed him over. He died after he reached the bottom, and before he died he dipped his finger in his blood and printed M, E, R, C, on a rock. It wasn't very distinct, and there was more blood around, but it should have been noticed. It's still there and being protected. The State man is a good officer, and it will be there. I went to a phone and called Mr. Wolfe, and he told me to come in. Of course, I had already reported what I had found at Graham Street."

Cramer had come forward in his chair. "Did you and the State man climb down together?" he demanded.

Saul smiled. His smile is as tender as he is tough, and it helps to make him the best poker player I know. "That *would* have been dumb, inspector. With the blood four days old? How could I? By jabbing myself in the leg and using some of mine, nice and fresh? And it might not match."

"I want the names and addresses of those three people," Cramer said and stood up. "And I want to use the phone."

"No," Wolfe snapped. "Not until you have taken Mr. Mercer into custody. Look at him. If he is allowed to walk out of here, he might do anything. Besides, I haven't finished. After getting a report from Mr. Durkin this afternoon, I phoned Mrs. Ashby." He looked at her. "Tell Mr. Cramer what you told me."

I didn't turn to see her, back of me on the couch, because that would have taken my eyes away from Mercer. But I heard her.

"I told you that my husband hadn't decided whether to leave Mercer's Bobbins or not. He had told Mr. Mercer that he would stay if he got 51 per cent of the stock of the corporation and, if he didn't get it, he would go to another firm. Just last week he told him he had to know by the end of the month."

"He told me the same thing," Frances Cox said. "He said if he left he wanted to take me with him. I've thought all along that probably Mr. Mercer killed him." She was a real prize, that Cox girl. She was going on, "But I didn't say so, because I had no real ——"

Mercer stopped her. His idea was to stop her by getting his fingers around her throat, but he didn't quite make it, because Saul was there. But he was fast enough and strong enough, in spite of his age, to make a stir. Cramer came on the bound, Joan Ashby let out a scream, Horan scrambled up, knocking his chair over and, of course, I was there. And for the first time in my life I saw a man frothing at the mouth, and I wouldn't care to see it again. The line of foam seeping through Mercer's lips, as Paul pinned him from behind, was exactly the color of his hair.

Cramer said, "I'll take him, Panzer."

I looked away and became aware that we were shy a guest. Andrew Busch had disappeared. He didn't know which room was Elma's and he would probably barge into Wolfe's room, so I went out to the stairs and on up, two steps at a time. At the first landing a glance showed me that the door of Wolfe's room was closed, so I kept going. At the second landing the door of the south room was standing open, and I went to it. Elma, over by a window, saw me, but Busch's back was to me. He was talking.

". . . so it's all right, everything's all right, and that Nero Wolfe is the greatest man in the world. I've asked you if you'll marry me, so I won't ask you again right now, but I just want to say . . ."

I turned and headed for the stairs. He may have been a good office manager, but as a promoter he had a lot to learn. The darned fool was standing ten feet away from her. That is not the way to do it.

THE END

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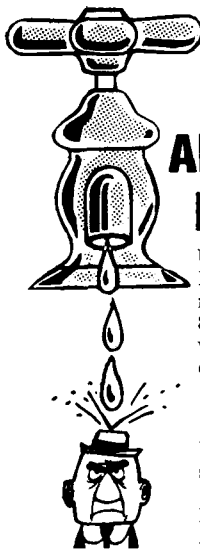

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TRAIL TO ABILENE

continued from page 35

pan farther in and withdrew his hand, and the horse moved forward, as if accepting tribute, and dropped its head to the pan. The boy picked up a small stick. Carefully he reached in and nudged the pan farther along. The stallion's head followed, and the compact body turned some until it was roughly parallel to the rails.

Slowly the boy stood up and began to climb the rails. The horse, intent on the grain, ignored him. Slowly he eased one leg over the top rail, then the other, and was sitting there, feet inside on the next rail down. The horse swung its head a bit, rolling an eye, fixing him there. It dropped the head back, ignoring him.

Suddenly the boy was out from the rails, long thin legs straddling the powerful back, hands fastening into the mane. The horse reared, breath whistling through nostrils. It plunged and bucked in furious action, and the boy clung, eyes alight, hair flying, thin legs locked to the twisting, wrenching body. The horse reared again, tottering on hind legs close by the far-side rails, and dropped down, crashing into them. The shock shook the boy loose, and he pushed out and fell scrambling to regain his feet and ran for the near side of the corral and threw himself flat and squirmed under the bottom rail as forehoofs pounded into the ground behind him. He stood up and a small, wry grin showed on his lips, and he looked at the horse inside the rails and saw the smudged bruising on the one foreshoulder.

He turned toward the woman running, white-faced, from the house. "I'm all right, ma," he said. "And that thing's just scraped some is all."

She stared at him, frightened. "What will your—what will he say?"

The boy said, "He maybe won't even notice. He don't need to know."

In the slow dusk of the plains a sturdy buckboard rested in front of the small barn. The thin, half-starved mustang that had drawn it was with the old draft horse in the skimpy pasture beyond the chicken house. Inside the barn, in the darkening dimness, the boy hung the harness on a high peg, the bridle on another.

He moved out of the barn toward the house, shivering in the dropping night chill. Lamplight shone through the one front window, and he stepped into the patch of light to peer in. The woman was busy by the cookstove. The man relaxed in a chair by the table was big and bulky and florid-faced. He wore dark, oiled boots and striped trousers tucked in and a white shirt with black string tie. His soft, dark hat and frock coat hung on the wall behind the chair. His voice reached through the flimsy wall of the house.

"Tilman's bringing a mare out tomorrow. Seven dollars' stud fee. He squawked on that, but I got the only horse with Morgan blood in him anywheres around. A gold mine, that's what that horse'll be."

"Morgan blood," muttered the boy. "In a pig's eye." He moved on into the house and eased onto another chair well around the table from the man.

"You take care of that pony?"

"Yeah," said the boy. "Why'n't you let me give him a good feed sometime?"

"He gets enough," said the man. "You finish that plowing?"

"Yeah," said the boy.

"You feed that stud?"

"Yeah."

"Is he all right?"

"Aw, shucks," said the boy. "He got jumpy and scraped himself on the fence, but that won't slow him none."

The man stared steadily at the boy. He rose from the chair, reaching back to take the frock coat and shrug it on. He strode to the door, took a lantern from the wall beside it, lighted this with a match from a coat pocket and went out.

Silence in the dingy front room of the flimsy frame house. The woman had turned and was looking at the boy.

"You going to tell him?" said the boy.

The man came back in and closed the door. He blew out the lantern and hung it on its nail, stepped across the room and took off the coat and hung it on its hook. "Limping," he said. He turned to the boy. "You been monkeying with that horse?"

The boy sat on the edge of his chair, body tense. "What would I do that for?"

"Because ——" said the man, anger breaking in his voice and being caught and controlled again. "Because you're a damn fool about anything on four legs." He turned to the woman. "Has he?"

She said nothing. Silence in the dingy room except for the small, sobbing catch of breath in the boy's throat.

Suddenly the man moved, leaping to get around the table, but the boy was quicker, whirling up and around and heaving his chair into the man's path, diving headlong for the doorway. He yanked the door open and was out.

He ran toward the outbuildings, the man pounding after. He started along the corral and reversed, dodging back, along the front of the barn. The buckboard was in the way, pocketing him in the angle it made out from the barn. He turned and dashed through the open wide doorway into the dark interior.

The man stood in the doorway. "All right," he said. "Come on out of there."

"I ain't coming!" The boy's voice snapped out of the blackness. "You ain't agoing to lick me ever again."

"No?" said the man. He turned sideways in the doorway and pulled at the old sliding door to narrow the opening. He staggered, caught off balance, and went down as the lean weight of the boy hurtled into him out of the blackness. He caught one foot in its heavy old work shoe as the boy jumped over his fallen body. He grunted, letting go, as the other heavy old shoe stomped down hard on his arm. He heard footsteps fade away along by the pasture beyond the chicken yard.

He pushed up and moved slowly toward the house, brushing dust from his clothes. The woman in the doorway backed on in as he approached. "He'll come in," he said. "When he gets hungry and cold."

The house and the barn were dark, hunched shapes on the face of the big land in the dim suggestion of light of the new moon dropping down the western sky. Close by the barn the boy sat on the ground, a ragged saddle blanket up around his shoulders. He sat still, watching the house, the two patches of light that were the one front and the one side window of the front room.

Time passed and a new patch of light appeared, the window of the back room.

Time passed and the front-room patches of light faded, and there was only the patch of light of the back room.

Time passed and this too faded and was gone, and far off a coyote howled and another answered, and the boy shifted restlessly and was quiet again.

Time passed and the boy rose and laid the saddle blanket aside. Shivering in the night chill, he moved toward the house. He stood on the doorstep, listening. Faintly he could hear the slow rhythm of heavy snoring and breathing. Gently he turned the doorknob and eased in, standing silent by the near wall.

In the faint light of the moon through the front window he could see on the table a plate heaped with a cold, congealed mass of beef stew. Quietly he moved past the table to the inner doorway. Inside, on the brass bedstead, he could make out the woman asleep under an old quilt and beside her the bulk of the man, lying on his side.

He backed away and moved to the far corner of the front room where a straw mattress lay on the floor with a blanket over it. He took a ragged denim jacket from a hook on the wall and picked up the blanket. With these under one arm, he moved to the table and picked up the plate. He eased through the outer doorway and closed the door softly behind him.

Thirty minutes and three miles later he stood by the wagon ruts of a stage road snaking ghostlike in the last light of the moon through the endless miles of sagebrush. He walked off into the darkness of the lonely road.

The sun was well up, aiming at noontime. Its welcome warmth lay over the bleak land, over the four mules plodding along, pulling a freight wagon loaded with well-filled grain bags. The man on the driving seat was short-legged, short and round of body, with huge shoulders and thick arms. Under his wide-brimmed hat his face was broad and sun- and wind-tanned. Behind him, sprawled on the grain bags, lay the boy, mouth open, sound asleep.

The road dropped to cross a dry arroyo, and the wheels jolted on stones, and the boy stirred and sat up.

"Come on up here," said the man. "You ain't much company back there."

The boy scrambled forward and sat on the seat. The man turned his head, and a slow smile creased his broad face. He said. "When you stumbled into my camp about sunup, you was plenty beat."

The boy said, "Just tired was all."

The man gave his attention to the mules. "Where'd you come from?" he said.

The boy edged farther away on the seat. He reached back and took his blanket and set this on his knees. "Nowhere much," he said. "Back the road a piece."

The man looked straight ahead, watching the mules. "Got any folks?"

"No," he said. "Not now."

"Dead?" said the man.

The boy hesitated. "No," he said. His muscles tightened toward the leap out and away, and the man's right hand jumped across him and grasped the side rail, the thick arm pinning him to the seat. The man looked straight ahead.

The boy struggled against the arm, felt the strength in it, and sat still. "I ain't agoing back!" he said.

"Of course you ain't," said the man. "And you ain't doing any jumping. I knew a man broke a leg that way."

The mules plodded on. "Maybe you've shook that notion," said the man.

"Maybe I have," said the boy.

"Maybe won't do," said the man.

The boy looked at the tanned face sideways to him, watching the road ahead. "All right," he said. "I ain't agoing to"

"Of course not," said the man. He let go of the side rail, and his right hand rested on his right knee. "Running away's the thing sometimes. I did it myself." He slapped the reins down on the mules'

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rumps, and they paid no attention and plodded on. "It was a cow. A crazy old milk cow. That silly damn cow had to keep breaking into my ma's garden. I chased her out and I fixed that fence so many times I got me a mite mad. Took my pa's shotgun and pried the buckshot out of a shell and put some beans in. Figured to pepper her good. Sure enough, next day she was back in, and I grabbed that gun and blazed away. Plenty surprised to see her drop like somebody'd poleaxed her. How was I to know when I was off somewhere my pa'd seen a hawk and used that gun and maybe cussed like he could when nothing much happened and put a new shell in? I grabbed a few things and took out fast."

The boy looked at the man beside him, and a small grin showed on his lips.

The mules plodded on. "Where you going?" said the man.

"Anywheres there's a job," said the boy.

"A job's nothing," said the man. "Only something to do. It's the kind of a job that counts."

"A cow outfit," said the boy. "That's what I want. A cow outfit."

"Not milk cows?" said the man.

"No," said the boy. "Not milk cows."

"Of course not," said the man. "Only there ain't any cow outfits around here. Not yet anyway." The mules plodded on. The man sat up straighter. "Station's not far now. We ought to come in looking good." He slapped with the reins, and the mules paid no attention. "Forgot my whip," he said, "or I'd make 'em hop."

"Let me get on that lead mule," said the boy, "and I'll make 'em move."

The man asked, "Think you can?"

"Sure. Sure thing."

"Try it," said the man, beginning to pull in on the reins.

"Shucks," said the boy. "You don't need to stop." He climbed over the front of the wagon and stood on the long, swaying tongue. He moved out, past the wheelers, to the lead team. He hopped astride the left leader. It grunted and tried to buck, bumping heels against the front doubletree. The boy sat tight to it and drummed heels against its sides. It plodded on, ignoring him.

He reached and took hold of a long ear and twisted. The mule grunted again and, the twist tightened more, lunged into a trot, yanking the others into this with it. The wagon moved forward at a fair clip.

Ahead the road swerved around jutting rock to the two log buildings of the stage relay station. The mules swerved with it and came to a stop by the first building. The agent appeared in the doorway of the other building, watching. The boy jumped off the mule, and the man climbed down out of the wagon.

"Lucky these things know where to stop," said the man. "I couldn't do much, not with you sitting on the reins. You help me unload these bags, which the agent here won't do, and I'll speak to the driver when the stage comes along. He'll give you a lift to the next stop."

With the ease of long practice the man swung a grain bag up to one huge shoulder. The boy heaved and struggled with another, getting it to one thin shoulder.

"Name," said the man.

"Monte," said the boy.

"Rest of it," said the man.

The boy hesitated. He looked at the man, at the broad, solid face. He straightened some under the bag. "Walsh," he said. "Monte Walsh."

They were back by the wagon, other bags on shoulders. "Monte," said the man, "I got a cousin over in the Indian nation's got a road ranch. North of Darlington some on the Chisholm Trail. Name's Martin. Redheaded he is. Trail herds stopping there. You manage to get there and hang around, maybe he'd feed you and maybe somebody'd take you on. Think you could make it?"

Monte Walsh stood straight under his load. "I'll get there," he said.

"Of course you will," said the man.

The shadow of the unfinished homestead cabin was long in late-afternoon sun as Monte Walsh unloaded stones for the fireplace from a makeshift stoneboat. He rolled the last rock off and unhitched the meager Indian pony and hung the harness on a knob of the cabin wall.

"Well, now," said the gray-mustached man in worn overalls standing in the doorless cabin doorway, "you sure got more out of that horse in an afternoon'n I ever could. Come on. Food's ready."

Monte sat inside on a small keg by the wooden box that served as a table and contemplated the empty plate in front of him that had been filled three times.

"Well," said the man. "You sure you can't hold more? I ain't got any cash, not right now, but I got plenty to eat."

"Shucks," said Monte.

"Always like to see a young one eat," said the man. "Always wonder where they put it all. Well, now, why'n't you stay around a few days. I got plenty grub."

"No," said Monte. "Thanks. I got to get where I'm going."

"Not tonight," said the man. "I got blankets. In the morning I'll fix you up with some breakfast and something to take along." He was looking at Monte's old work shoes, at what remained of them and the bare toes poking through. He looked away and back. He began to take off his hard-worn but still stout boots.

"Try these," he said. "I got another pair I been saving some."

Rolling country this, rolling into distance everywhere, broken only by far, scattered low thickets of scrub oak. The road, despite a few wheel tracks, was little more than a horse trail. The sun, slanting into afternoon, sent down a steady glare. In the small shade of an oak thicket some thirty feet from the trail Monte Walsh sat. He was seventeen days and some three hundred miles on his way, a day and a half from his last meal. The blisters inside his boots were rubbed raw.

He sat motionless. Nothing seemed to move anywhere. He caught the sound of hoofs and turned his head to look along the trail to the left. Over the last rise came an old Indian, the years long since lost in the many wrinkles of the stern old face, riding bareback on a squat, bunch-muscled pinto. He was naked from the waist up, wearing only some kind of faded canvas trousers and moccasins. He was leading on a twenty-foot length of rope a heavy-shouldered dark-gray mustang.

He came along the trail at a steady dogtrot and looked to neither side, yet when he was opposite Monte he stopped, and the mustang stopped behind him, and he swung his head to look steadily at Monte in the shadow of his thicket.

There was no discernible expression on the old face. He raised an arm in an arc, pointing on ahead along the trail.

Monte nodded his head vigorously. "Martin's ranch," he said.

The old Indian might not have heard. No flicker of expression showed. He raised the arm again and pointed at the mustang.

"You bet!" said Monte, jumping up. He hobbled forward and around the pinto

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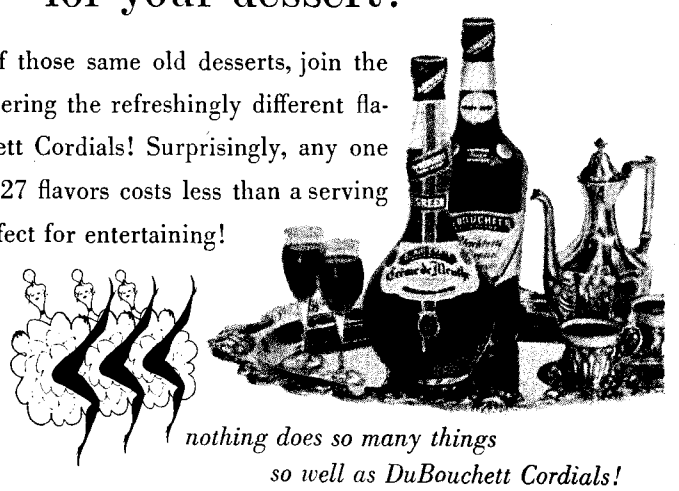

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ABILENE

and approached the mustang. It stood motionless, head turned slightly, watching him with one rolled eye. He put a hand on its withers. It stood, motionless. He leaped to throw a leg over, and as he leaped it hunched its back and he hit off balance, and it bucked, head going down, hindquarters rising in sudden surge, and he pitched forward and hit the ground.

Monte flipped over and away and sat up. He stared at the old Indian. The old body was rocking on the pinto, shaking in tremendous silent mirth.

"Like that, is it?" said Monte, mad. He stood up. The blisters were forgotten. He leaped and was astride the mustang before it could hunch. It reared, angry in turn, and pounded down and forward, bucking, and the rope was yanked out of the old Indian's hand and Monte clung, long legs gripping the heaving sides.

The old Indian sat still, watching.

The mustang was scattering dust like a small whirlwind. Monte was leaning down, upper body tight along the neck, arms around. He caught hold of the dangling rope and whipped a coil around the mustang's nose. He sat up, pulling hard, and the coil tightened, and the mustang squealed, fighting for breath, and slowed. It stopped, legs braced, resigned to the day's fate. Monte pulled its head around, going back toward the pinto.

The old Indian regarded him, impassive, expressionless. The old Indian raised a hand, palm outward, in what could have been a kind of salute. He nudged the pinto into its dogtrot along the trail and beckoned to Monte to follow.

The scrub thickets cast long shadows over the big land. Two other long shadows moved among them, cast by an old Indian on a squat pinto and a knobby boy on a dark-gray mustang.

They came to a sharp fork in the trail. The old Indian stopped, and the boy pulled up beside him. The old Indian raised an arm and tapped himself and pointed out along the south prong. He pointed at the boy and out along the north prong.

"Shucks," said Monte Walsh. "I guess this is where I get off." He slid from the mustang's back. He handed the rope end to the old Indian. "Thanks," he said. "I hope you know what that means."

The old Indian raised the arm again and pointed at Monte, then at the mustang. He shook again in silent mirth. He swung the pinto to start along the south prong of the trail, and the rope tightened and the mustang followed.

Monte Walsh watched them go. They dropped from sight into a hollow, and he turned to start along the north prong.

The blisters broke into pain, and he hobbled slowly. Time passed, and he hobbled on and there was nothing but the trail leading on, rising as the land sloped upward. "Shucks," he murmured. "Wonder if that old buck thought it'd be funny to lose me out in the middle of nowhere."

The shadows were stretching to merge together as he topped out on the rising land, and the ground fell away before him in long, slow slope, and in the last light of the sun he saw it, several miles away still, out on the level, the long, thin ribbon, only a ribbon from here, there narrowing and widening and narrowing again and rods wide at the narrowest, the great trail cut deep through brush and sod by thousands of hoofs moving north.

His head turned as his eyes followed it swinging northward. There it crossed the Cimarron, the "Red Fork of the Arkansas." There it snaked on through a natural clearing in the black jack forest of stunted oaks that came down to the river and stopped. There, where the clearing widened in huge sweep, was the big cattle corral, big enough to hold twenty-five hundred head, and some distance away the smaller horse corral and the two stockade-style log buildings.

"What do you know," murmured Monte. "I guess I've got there."

Monte Walsh swept the plank floor of the bar-store-trading post with an Indian brush-broom with conscientiously daily regularity. He carried assorted items from the other building, storehouse and cookhouse, and put them on shelves as needed and as directed by a gruffly genial redheaded man. He slapped an ancient cavalry saddle on an always mean-tempered Indian pony and rode out with a coiled rope over one shoulder and rode back dragging firewood for the querulous but competent bent-legged man who ruled the cookhouse. He ate enormous meals to the amused amazement of the redheaded man and the never-expressed satisfaction of the bent-legged man, and his thinness tightened toward the rawhide leanness of a young animal.

And every day or two dust rose to the southward and drifted over the great trail and came on and was a herd of Texas cattle and these were bedded for the night and men lean and hard and squint-eyed from wind and sun, wearing high-heeled boots with huge spurs and low-slung cartridge belts with holstered Colt .45's, long-barreled and wooden-handled, jingled in for supplies and something to rake the dust from their throats. And each time Monte looked for the one quieter than the others with responsibility on him and edged close and asked his question—and was shushed and pushed aside.

And one afternoon when Monte was sweeping and the redheaded man was checking antelope hides left by an old Indian who always pointed at Monte and sketched in the air with his hands an imaginary mustang and shook with silent mirth, hoofs sounded outside and a well-lathered cow pony slid to a stop and a man entered. He was young, as most of them always were, but big-framed, with wide, sloping shoulders, and a hard-worn dusty competence came from him.

The redheaded man looked up and set a bottle and small glass on the counter.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Rather like it over there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He said. "Hat Henderson! Wondered if you'd be coming up this year."

"Certain I'm coming," said the man. "And all hell's coming with me." He poured a drink and downed it. "I get shoved up to trail boss. And what happens? Nothing but trouble. Spookiest bunch of cows ever rattled horns. Running most every night. Then I lost a man crossing the Washita. Now another one has to go bust a cinch and break a leg."

"Rough," said the redheaded man.

"But we ain't shy any cows," said the man. "You got a bed upstairs for Petey—it was Petey broke that leg."

"Of course," said the redheaded man.

"Supposing we put them damned cows in that big corral for tonight?"

"Go right ahead," said the redhead.

The other started for the door. Monte stepped forward. "Hey, mister ——"

"Quit it, kid," said the man. "I ain't got time for you."

Twenty-two hundred longhorn steers were in the big stock corral. Seventy-three cow ponies were in the horse corral. In the upper room of the two-story building a lean, whipcord man, maybe all of twenty, lay on a cot with barrel-stave splints along one leg. Downstairs, apart from the seven men around a big table, the redheaded man leaned on the inside of the high counter he used for a bar. Hat Henderson leaned on the outer side, cradlin drink on one big hand. Monte Walsh on a box nearby, listening.

"Hey, kid," shouted someone at the table. "Bring us another bottle."

The redheaded man handed a bottle to Monte and made another mark on a piece of paper. Monte took the bottle to the table and came back to his box.

"—shift young Jenkins to regular riding," Hat Henderson was saying. "But then who will wrangle the cavy?"

"Damn it," said Monte. "I'm here."

"So you are. What there is of you. Think you can handle horses and ride?"

"I can ride anything you've got."

"You don't say," murmured Hat. He swung toward the redheaded man. "Mighty big talk," he said.

The redheaded man chuckled, shrugging his shoulders. He sobered. He nodded his head just a bit.

"All right, kid," said Hat. "We'll try it anyways. Be around in the morning."

And later, when the others had left were rolling into blankets outside and redheaded man and Monte had finished cleaning the place some, the redheaded man pointed to the three new saddles on their racks by the rear wall. "Maybe you could use one of those," he said.

"I can't pay for it."

"Don't I know that," said the redheaded man, gruff, seeming angry. "I ain't dumb. You trying to do me out of a sale? Pay me when you come back through or send it by somebody."

And in the morning when the chuck wagon had taken on supplies and was moving on and the men were swinging loops in the horse corral and one of them, grinning, led out a rangy dark bay, Hat Henderson said, "Might be fun. He sure talked big. But we ain't got time for games. Bring us that little dun."

And when the dun was brought, Monte Walsh slapped his new saddle on it and swung up, and the dun broke in tw mildly, getting the kinks out of its be bone, and Monte rode out the little sto and Hat said, "All right, kid, likely you'll do. That one and the little black over there and that pinto will be your string. Come on, we'll get the bunch moving. They're pretty well trail-broke."

And while the others loped for the big stock corral, Hat and Monte hazed the rest of the cavy out of the horse corral and started it following the chuck wagon. "Stop when cooky stops," said Hat, "and keep 'em bunched handy," and left.

Like a great sprawled snake, weaving and changing shape, but always re-forming into the long, wide line of crackling hoofs and rattling horns, twenty-two hundred steers moved north along the great trail. Off to the left, drawing ever more in advance, the chuck wagon bumped along, and behind it trailed the cavy and behind this rode Monte Walsh.

Another young one was riding north with a trail herd, with the lean, hard, squint-eyed men and the lean, hard, rawhide horses taking the Texas longhorn to the farthest shores of the American of grass, uncaring, unknowing that and his kind, compound of ignorance a gristle and guts and something of the deep, hidden decency of the race, would in time ride straight into the folklore of a weary old world. THE END

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Will you leave these freedoms to your children?

Men have died to leave you these 4 symbols of freedom:

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A pencil—freedom to speak or write what you think, whether you agree with the government or not. (First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

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And Khrushchev says it can happen here. He boasts that our grandchildren will live under socialism.

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BIG EGO, BIG TALENT

Robert Horton, *Wagon Train's* Flint McCullough, will make an enemy— or risk his career— to do as he pleases.

By ROBERT JOHNSON

Back in 1957, when Robert Horton was signed to play frontier scout Flint McCullough in a brand-new television series called *Wagon Train*, he knew that this might be his last chance to make a name for himself. Time and again fame had seemed almost within his grasp, only to vanish like mist. And, as his agent put it, "How many shots at success do you get?"

Determined not to miss again, Horton set out to make *Wagon Train* the best possible showcase for his talents. From the beginning, for example, he analyzed each script as zealously as a politician dissecting a foe's campaign speech. Wherever he detected weak spots, he urged revisions upon the studio. "After all, it's your face there on the screen," he says. "If you can make the show better, you're going to look better."

Now in its fifth season, *Wagon Train* is riding higher than ever in the television ratings, having taken an early grip on the No. 1 spot. And while there is disagreement over the extent to which Horton's scripting has boosted this popularity, more often than not his revisions have been accepted. He is, after all, *the* authority on Flint McCullough.

On first signing for *Wagon Train*, Horton prepared himself for the scout role by reading up on the frontier period and then by driving the old wagon route from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, as nearly as it could be retraced by car. "All the way," he recalls, "I kept thinking what tremendous motivation people had to have to make this trip, because it's not easy even in a car. It's rugged country."

Then, when studio shooting began, he says, "I sat around for about six weeks waiting for somebody to tell me what kind of person the scout was supposed to be. But no such creative thought came, so I sat down and wrote out a 'biography' of Flint, which I gave to the writers."

Sifting clues to McCullough's character from the scripts on hand, Horton decided that the scout was an educated, well-bred Virginian and former Confederate who had journeyed west to Salt Lake City in his youth, made friends with the famous Indian scout Jim Bridger, served in the Civil War until Appomattox, then headed west again. "The last I heard of him," Horton's imaginative account ends, "he was scouting for Major Seth Adams."

"As it was left to me to create the character," Horton says, "I naturally created a character that would be easiest for me to play." In doing so, he endowed Flint with traits which he personally admires and practices—among them honesty, forthrightness, courtesy, and an aversion to religious, racial and social discrimination.

The script tinkering which attended and followed this character molding, however, has not always endeared Horton to his associates at Revue Studios, which produces *Wagon Train* for NBC. (Next season the show will be aired by ABC, which recently paid $20,000,000 for that privilege.) One technician observed not long ago, "He is an artist whose ego is exceeded only by his ability."

Least endeared of all was the show's other, older and far better-known star, Ward Bond, who, until his death in November, 1960, played wagonmaster Seth Adams.

Bond tended to regard *Wagon Train* as his own personal show, and Revue Studios, relying heavily on the older actor to build a following for its series, was reluctant to dispute this point. Horton, with no such reservations, defended his contractual status as co-star with considerable fervor.

Bond, according to some accounts, regarded Horton as an impudent whippersnapper who, because he dressed carefully, swore seldom, drank sparingly, and wore make-up on the set, didn't really belong in a he-man's world. Horton, although reluctant to discuss Bond since his death, considered the big actor an overbearing blowhard with an excessive tendency to throw his weight around.

Fortunately for the show's longevity, the two men rarely had to work together for more than the one day in the week it takes to turn out a single episode. Basically *Wagon Train's* format calls for the wagonmaster to dominate one weekly show and the scout the next, each in turn sharing the honors with a guest star, while the other appears only briefly.

In the fall of 1960, however, one short scene together was enough to trigger an explosion that almost blew the series off the air. Bond felt that the scout's lines made Major Adams look ridiculous, by needling him into doing something he normally wouldn't have done. He insisted that these lines be cut. Horton retorted that if the lines were omitted he would be left with nothing to do. Instead, he proposed that he be taken out of the sequence entirely—"It was a ludicrous, low-comedy scene anyhow," he says.

Producer Howard Christie ruled against changing the script, however, and an impasse resulted. As Horton recalls it: "Ward wouldn't play the scene the way it was written, so every time he skipped some lines, I'd turn around and walk out of the shot. Finally the director called Christie. He came down to the set and said, 'What's going on here?' And I said, 'I just want to know who's producing the show. If you're producing it, then produce it, and we'll do the scene the way you O.K.'d it. If Mr. Bond's producing it, then I shouldn't be in the show. It's that simple.'"

Christie took Bond aside, and the scene was finally shot as planned. Afterward, however, Bond stormed into the studio front office and proclaimed that he had worked with Horton for the last time. Horton's reaction was: "That's fine with me. I've had enough of this jazz." And he served notice that neither would he work with Bond again.

By the time another joint show came up, three weeks later, Bond had backed down from his ultimatum. If the studio expected Horton to do likewise, it got a shock. "I had taken a stand," he says, "and I meant what I said." He proved it by staying away from the studio that week. The script was hastily revised to give his lines to another actor, and the studio suspended him—until he reported back for work the following week.

Ironically, he and Bond came closest to accepting each other one evening shortly afterward. Horton, having finished his scenes, wanted to discuss the next week's script with Terry Wilson and Frank McGrath, the show's assistant wagonmaster Bill Hawks and cook Charlie Wooster. As they shared Bond's dressing room, Horton went there. He expected Bond to be gone, but the older man had stayed to have a drink with Wilson and McGrath. He offered one to Horton. Horton declined, but made a point of chatting pleasantly with Bond about the show just finished. Neither of them had liked the story. In leaving,

Horton as Flint McCullough: He has created his alter ego largely in his own image.

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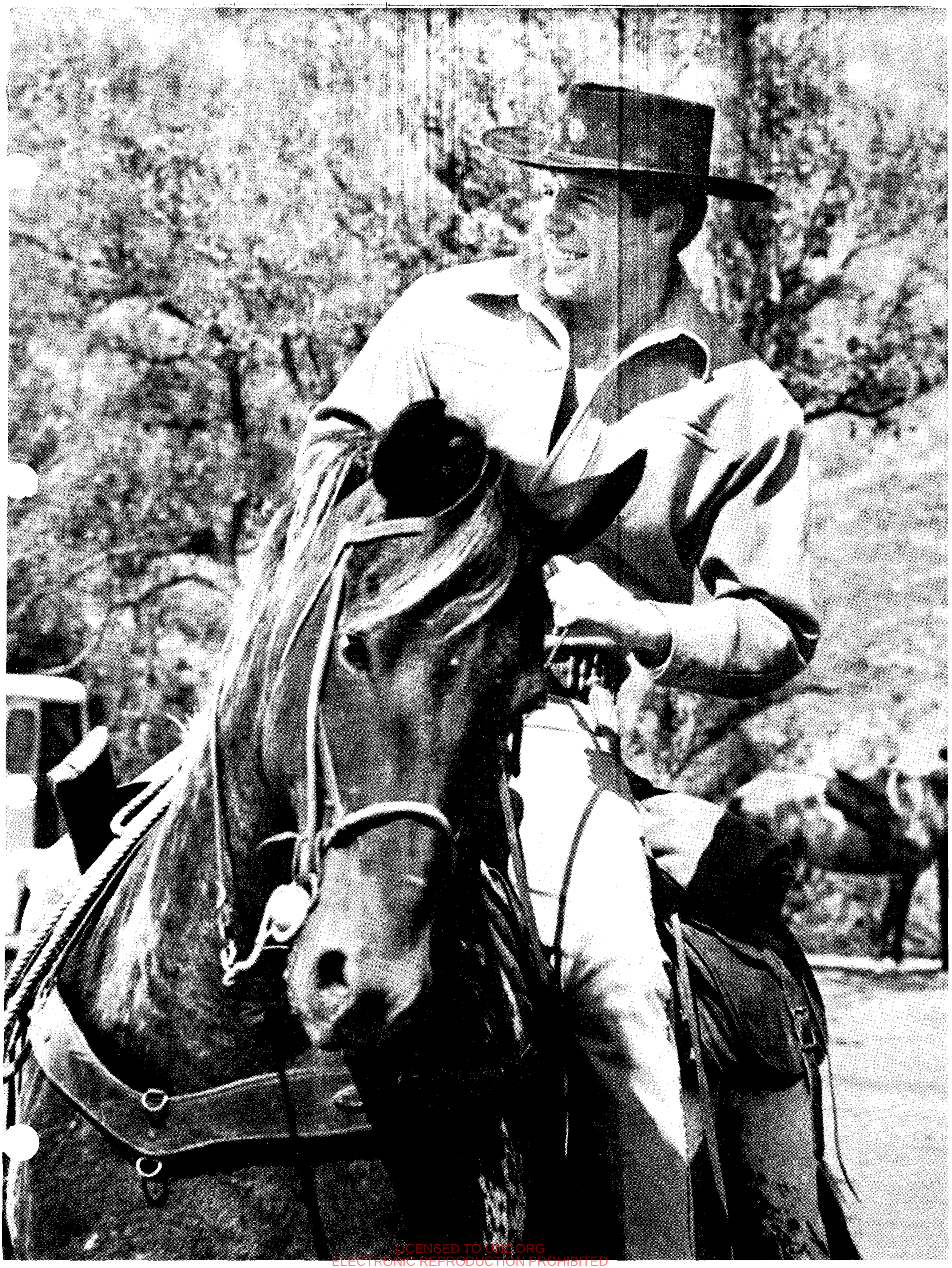

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Horton remarked, "I know we've had our differences, Ward, but we certainly agree about this script."

Bond cocked an eyebrow and said, "Bobby"—something he'd never called Horton before—"Bobby, we don't have any blankety-blank differences." They both smiled, and Horton left. He never saw Bond again. Two days later the veteran actor died of a heart attack.

The measure of Horton, the man, can be taken by the manner in which he made his peace with Ward Bond—and yet was willing, in taking issue with Bond a short while earlier, to risk his whole career. Revue Studios could have suspended their scout for the duration of his contract, eighteen months. By then, Horton knew, his fame might have faded beyond recall. And stardom had taken him fifteen years to win. He struggled uphill against every obstacle, from parental wishes to bad breaks.

Born to substantial Mormon parents in Los Angeles, July 29, 1924, and christened Meade Howard Horton Jr., the future actor was too boisterous and independent a boy ever to fit comfortably into the rather strait-laced household. As one longtime friend says, "His parents didn't know what to make of this strange egg they had hatched," and during most of his childhood he was entrusted largely to a patient Negro maid named Mary Augustine. Asked whether he felt misunderstood as a child, Horton recently replied flatly, "I *am* misunderstood." The misunderstanding perhaps reached its peak over his urge to act.

Horton had been graduated from a local military academy, enlisted in the Coast Guard in 1943 when he was eighteen, and received a medical discharge the following December because of an enlarged kidney which had plagued him in his early teens. For the next two years he "just bummed." In 1945 he became the central figure in one of those little Hollywood dramas which happen so often in stories and so seldom in real life. A talent scout stopped him on the street for a match, and ended by taking him to see director Lewis Milestone. Horton, who had not even decided upon an acting career at the time, received a small part in *A Walk in the Sun*, perhaps the best of World War II films.

He raced home with the good news, as proud as a terrier dragging in his first rat. "I remember very clearly running all the way upstairs," he says. "Dad was shaving and I rushed in and said, 'Dad, I've got a part in this picture!' And he said, 'That's probably the worst thing that ever happened to you.'"

For a time, events bore out the father's dire statement. *A Walk in the Sun* brought him no further offers, and neither did a subsequent screen test for producer David Selznick, who, despite the recommendation of the screen-test director, decided to cast an actor already under contract to him.

At that point Horton decided that he was missing opportunities "because I didn't have any training or any knowledge of myself," so he concluded that he had "better go learn something." In 1946 he enrolled at the University of Miami, Florida, later transferring to U.C.L.A. In three years he earned a bachelor's degree in theater arts. "And," he says, "I got marvelous grades."

Eagerly he took a major screen test for 20th Century-Fox—and flunked. So in the spring of 1950 he left for New York. "I had read," he explains, "that the majority of people who were successful in Hollywood had come from the New York theater." Heading east proved to be a move in the right direction. After three months of study at the American Theater Wing, he spent a summer as resident leading man in a summer-stock company at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

That fall he landed his first television role. In the last of ten Danny Thomas comedy-hour skits, Horton appeared in a football team's locker room and declaimed one line: "On your feet, men; here comes the coach." Unimpressive as this debut was, it soon led to starring roles in TV dramatic shows, and these in turn projected Horton back into movies. In the summer of 1951 he was given a role in a Warner Brothers war film, *The Tanks Are Coming*. He stayed in California, made a film for Fox, then was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to a long-term contract.

Horton's very first M-G-M picture, *Apache War Smoke*—which he terms "a very cheap thirteen-day Western"—won him the kind of acclaim that all ambitious young actors yearn for. The trade paper *Variety* commented: "Film impresses as a full-length screen test for Robert Horton, who should skyrocket as a result."

Like a missile whose second stage fails to ignite, however, Horton never got into orbit at M-G-M. In six other films his parts steadily declined. "I was beginning to feel kind of thrown away," he recalls. "This was a very difficult period in my life."

In 1953, on the advice of his older brother, a physician, he embarked upon a four-year course of psychoanalysis. "Before that," he explains, "I felt that, to be accepted, I had to play a certain role. For example, I always had to enter a room kind of dramatically. But I came out of the analysis with more self-assurance and security than I used to have."

Nevertheless, this period was not a happy one for Horton, either professionally or personally. M-G-M let its option lapse after two years, and for the next three years he led the financially precarious life of a free-lance television actor.

During this time, moreover, Horton's third venture into matrimony failed. He had first married at eighteen, a week before entering the Coast Guard, so secretly that he never has divulged the bride's name. Her mother found out, however, when he wrote both the mother and his bride from the cutter *Shawnee* and put the letters in the wrong envelopes. A quiet annulment followed. While working on *A Walk in the Sun*, Horton met shy Mary Katherine Jobe. They were wed in 1946, divorced in 1953—largely, he believes, because the social demands of the theater set made Mary "very uncomfortable."

Bride No. Three, whom Horton married shortly after the divorce, was Barbara Ruick, an actress he met while working in *Apache War Smoke*. "I was sort of the personification of the young successful fellow at the studio when we met," he says. But after his career slumped, there were separations, reconciliations and finally, in 1956, a divorce.

Horton's fourth and current marriage sprang literally from a note of harmony. The swaggering six-footer with his level brown eyes and shock of auburn hair set out to show that he had more than looks and acting ability—he had a fine baritone voice. And he proved it. In the summer of 1959 he essayed the demanding lead role in the musical, *Guys and Dolls*, singing first at Warren, Ohio, and then at Detroit. Singing a leading feminine part was Marilynn Bradley. They harmonized as well offstage as on, and were married last New Year's Eve.

"When I first saw her, my reaction was that she had too much make-up," Horton says. "But she had the prettiest hair I think I've ever seen." She was also such a talented singer, he adds, that "she could be in grand opera if she had my drive."

Encouraged by Marilynn's belief in him, Horton that winter accepted an offer to sing at the renowned London Palladium. As *Wagon Train* is extremely popular in England, he got a rousing reception. "Not since Liberace," one journal reported, "have there been such squeals and shrieks." Horton shrugs it off with the comment, "I was a sex symbol over there."

In the summer of 1960, he sang the lead in *Brigadoon* on a New England straw-hat circuit to capacity houses. A local drama critic commented: "Robert Horton set the audience back on its heels when he began to sing. No one expected him to be *that* good."

One prime aim of *Wagon Train*'s roving scout is now the Broadway musical field. "From my knowledge of the theater," he hopefully remarks, "there is anything but a plethora of leading men who can act and sing." But his plans do not exclude TV and movie work. He has recently formed his own independent film company; and, he says, "I don't see why I can't do a television series just about any time I want to."

The thing that Horton is surest about, however, is leaving *Wagon Train* at the end of this season. The decision jarred both actor and studio. His studio offered him a handsome raise if he would sign up for another five years. Horton declined with regrets. "*Wagon Train* has been fabulous for me—it's been my break," he says. "It has taught me to trust myself completely as an actor, so that I function about as truthfully and securely in front of the camera as I do in life. And that's pretty securely."

Yet he felt compelled to quit the financial security of *Wagon Train* and gamble on his future—for several reasons.

First, Horton has been haunted by the spectre of being typed as Flint McCullough, without a screen identity all his own. To avoid this, he has begged off short periods to play non-Western roles in a number of television dramas, including seven Alfred Hitchcock shows. He has also hit the personal appearance trail at rodeos, livestock shows and the like. "*Wagon Train* has given me a wedge," he says. "The people come to see Flint McCullough, but they meet Robert Horton." He rides into the rodeo arena in Western attire—but not Flint's buckskins—dismounts and, walking to a microphone, astonishes the crowd by bursting into song.

A second factor that prodded Horton into quitting the series was his lively running battle with the script writers. On this he minces no words. "I have to rewrite half the scripts," he says. "Otherwise I'd get laughed off the screen. It's fun, if you're an actor, to use all your talent, energy and training to do your own job in a show—but not to help restage it. This is what bugs me—to have to point out things in the script to people who earn good money. And you don't get any of the credit. They get the credit."

Most important of all, perhaps, he has come to feel that the series does not give his talents enough scope. "There is a lot more to this business than just collecting your pay check," he says. "Getting rich as an actor and then sitting on an island some place and drinking vodka is not my idea of how to spend my life. I'm interested in using whatever talent I have. I think that's kind of an obligation."

THE END

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Photographs by Don Ornitz

With his wife, singer Marilynn Bradley. Horton frequently pilots his own plane cross-country on personal-appearance trips.

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EDITORIAL

LET'S STAND UP ON OUR HIND LEGS AND BE AMERICANS

This is our last issue before Christmas, and traditionally this should be a Christmas editorial. It will not be. It also happens that this is the last issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* in which my name will appear as editor, and there are some things I want to say. I came to the editorship of *The Post* in a time of national crisis—in the black early months of World War II—and now, twenty years later, I am leaving the editorship in another era of crisis and doubt. I suppose you might call this editorial, if indeed it is an editorial, a declaration of my faith in a country that I love deeply.

There was a time when our way of life in America was simpler and easier, when human values seemed to be more nearly black and white, when the currents of national pride ran more strongly than they do now. The younger generation cannot remember those times. I do, and while I am not ancient enough or foolish enough to wish vainly for the return of an era that is past, I think it is urgent that we recapture some of the national fortitude, the ebullience of spirit, that were so evident in the time of our fathers and our grandfathers.

As a kid growing up on the Kansas prairies of fifty years ago, I often listened to the yarns of the old sodbusters as they sat around the stove in my father's hardware store of a winter evening. These were the leathery old pioneers who had lived through drought and blizzard and the devastation of the grasshopper years, who had subsisted on very little and who in the end had taken this raw plains country by the scruff of its neck and turned it into a gracious and smiling land. Among them were men of foreign extraction. Some were veterans of the Civil War, which was still recent enough to be green in the memories of our elders, and some had fought, even later, in the final Indian wars of the Western prairies. Doubtless there was an element of fiction in the tales they told, but there was also a deep and justifiable pride in what they had accomplished. And above all, they possessed an abiding faith in the future of America and a profound gratitude to the country that had given them their chance.

In those days the Fourth of July orators called America "the land of opportunity" and "the greatest country on earth," and we believed them. In our schools and churches and our homes we were taught pride in country, and on holidays the bands played and the flags waved. It never occurred to anyone that all this was unsophisticated or corny. Although the prairie country of my youth was closer to the pioneer days than most of America, the same spirit of pride and belief in our destiny pervaded the nation as a whole during the early years of this century. This was the atmosphere in which I and millions of other young Americans, who are now past middle age, grew up. It was an atmosphere, a state of mind, which gave meaning to life, put some purpose into toil and struggle, fired the soul of many a young man with a consuming desire to "be somebody."

Now America is no longer an insular country. In a brief half century we have had to grow up and take our place among the nations of the world, and it has been a painful, and often confusing, experience. We have made some mistakes and have learned that we have some national faults. We have become indisputably the leaders of the Western World, and we have found that such leadership involves some awesome responsibilities. We also have learned that a leader is always the target for criticism of all kinds, much of it captious and unreasonable.

The heads of neutralist nations come to this country and lecture us on our faults, at the same time asking for financial assistance. The press of many so-called friendly countries carries on a constant drumfire of criticism of America and its actions—and even sometimes of its motives. We are told by people who don't really know us, who don't know what America is like, that we are all materialists, with but little desire or capacity for the finer things of life; that we are brash and cocksure; that we are psychopathic about the threat of world Communism; and so on and on down the list of our sins—personal, national and international.

We, of course, can live through this senseless sort of carping. It is also true that in some cases we deserve the censure that is leveled at us. The bungled Cuban invasion of last spring is a sad example. What worries me, however, is that this barrage of niggling criticism from abroad, this posture of superiority on the part of our friends, is having its effect on our own national attitude of mind. The seeds of doubt—doubt of ourselves—are becoming too strong within us. It is right, of course, that we should examine our faults, and I honor our American writers who do this chore fairly and honestly. I have published much of their work in *The Post*. It was in *The Post*, for example, that the provocative book, *The Ugly American*, was first given to the public. For it is only by a free discussion of our errors that we can correct those errors.

But throughout all this, in the name of heaven let us remember that we still have a great deal to be proud of. We Americans have become so sensitive about what the rest of the world thinks of us that we are now inclined to lie down and roll over whenever the finger of criticism is pointed our way. Yet there is no reason to be apologetic about America. Other nations have also made their mistakes, and it would be hard for any one of them to match the decent idealism which we have brought to our role in world affairs.

In World War II we did more than any other nation to destroy the evil forces which were determined to dominate the earth. After the war it was our Marshall Plan which helped restore Western Europe and kept Communism at bay in that vital part of the world. We have continued to pour out our wealth and our manpower in an attempt to shore up freedom and human decency in other parts of the earth—sometimes without success, but we keep trying. We are now attempting, insofar as our resources permit, to assist the undeveloped countries and the emerging nations, and we know that the end is not in sight. We do these things because we believe they are right, not for territory or trade or the love of power. We have demonstrated that on the international scene we are an unselfish people, and we all know, even if it doesn't occur to our foreign critics, that the wherewithal for all this comes right out of our burdensome income-tax remittances, and that in many families there is hardship because of our national generosity. Foreign legend to the contrary, we are not a nation of millionaires.

Back in 1948 that wise old statesman, Bernard Baruch, wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post* which he titled A FEW KIND WORDS FOR UNCLE SAM. It was a resounding pronouncement of his pride in his country. I think it is high time that we all start saying a few kind words for Uncle Sam whenever the occasion arises, and perhaps even when there is no obvious occasion. Somehow we must revive in the hearts of our young people the deep pride that all Americans must have in their heritage.

Elsewhere in this issue of *The Post* there is a fascinating survey of the attitudes of some 3000 typical young Americans, boys and girls of high-school and college age, on a variety of matters. It is a survey that was made with scrupulous care by the Gallup organization, and it was done on such a broad and scientifically balanced base that its results can hardly be challenged. The thing that emerges most clearly from this study is that far too many of our boys and girls these days have a curiously flabby and uninformed attitude of mind about our country, its history and its future, and about their own lives and their own futures. Too many are interested chiefly in security, an eight-hour day and a relatively easy way of life. If the spark of ambition is there, it is buried pretty deep in some of them.

Now, this may be nothing more serious than evidence that the first stirrings of maturity are slower in coming these days. But I am afraid it is a bit more than that. I am afraid that somehow we have lost the ability, or perhaps the will, to fire our boys and girls with the human spark of pride in self and country, with the urge to accomplish something and to be somebody in this land of opportunity. And if this is true, we must not make the mistake of laying the blame entirely on the schools. The place where these things are best taught is right in the home—by example as well as by word.

These are bewildering times, fearful times. The shadow of atomic destruction hangs constantly over us. I am not one of those who believe the shadow will become reality, but I cannot deny the possibility. In any event, our only safeguard is to remain strong, strong in heart and fiber as well as in arms. This I believe we shall find a way to do. This is the basic faith I have in America. Perhaps it is too simple, but there it is.

Last June my old friend, MacKinlay Kantor, famed novelist who writes of the Civil War era and pioneer days in the West, was given an honorary degree by Iowa Wesleyan College, and I have before me a copy of his address. He discussed, in far more eloquent language than I can command, some of the same things I have dealt with in this editorial. His tone was one of firmness and hope. At the end of his speech he addressed his remarks to the spirit of old Abe Lincoln, and his final paragraph was this: "The dreams are ever around us, Mr. Lincoln. There is medicine in the breeze and an enzyme beneath the sod; and we still have a yearning and a gallantry, sir."

I like that high trumpet note from Mac Kantor. I echo it. I think we still have it in us to dream and to achieve, to be gallant and proud, to stand up on our hind legs and be Americans.

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
The Saturday Evening Post

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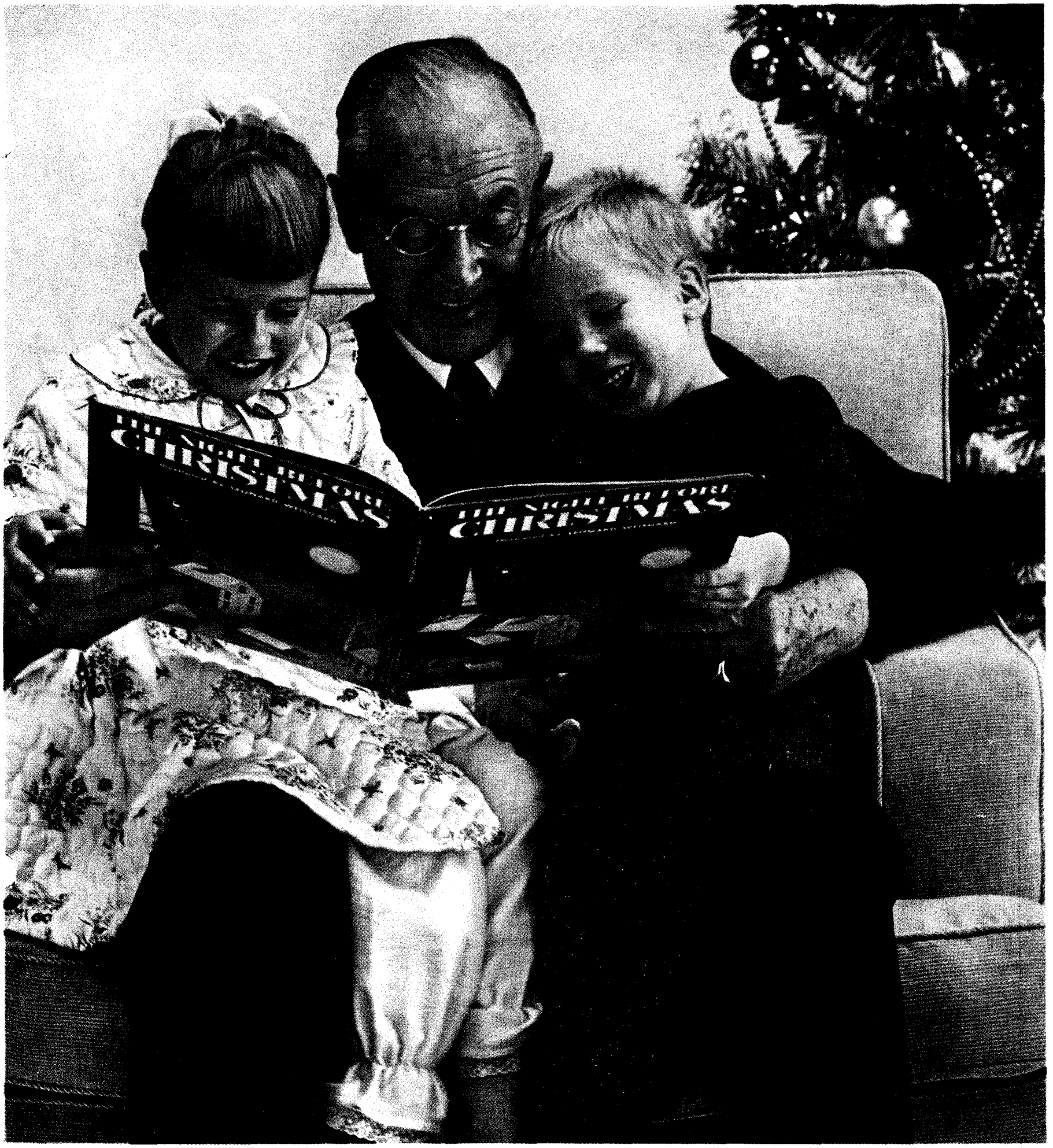

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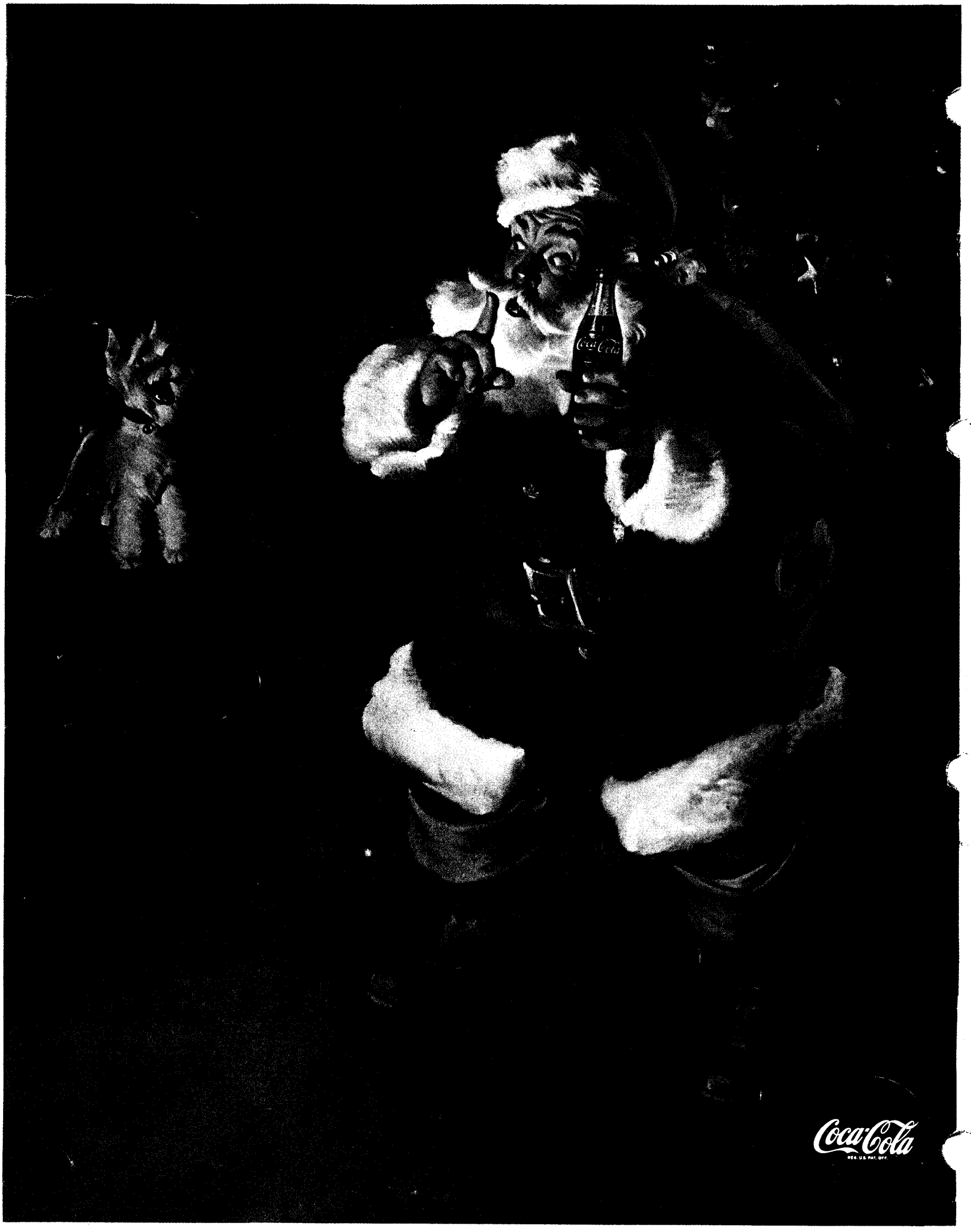

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